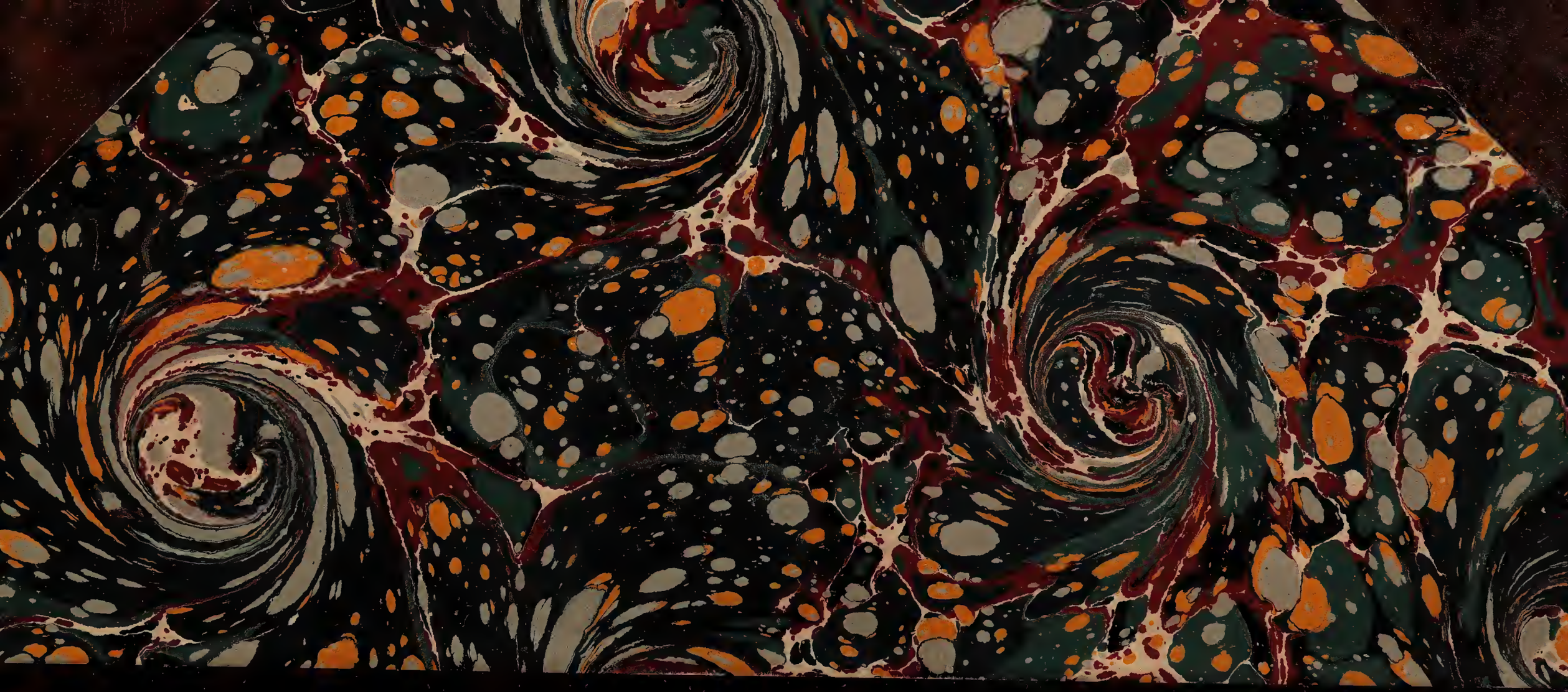


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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Francis Beaumont*, AND Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME *the* FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

The KNIGHT of the BURNING PESTLE.
LOVES PILGRIMAGE.
The DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
The MAID in the MILL.
KNIGHT of MALTHA.
LOVE's CURE; or, the MARTIAL MAID.
WOMEN PLEAS'D.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXI.

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THE KNIGHT OF THE Burning Pestle.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

PROLOGUE.

WHere the Bee can ſuck no Honey, ſhe leaves her Sting behind; and where the Bear cannot find Origanum *to heal his grief, he blaſteth all other Leaves with his Breath. We fear it is like to fare ſo with us; that ſeeing you cannot draw from our Labours ſweet Content, you leave behind you a ſour Miſlike, and with open Reproach blame our good Meaning, becauſe you cannot reap the wonted Mirth. Our Intent was at this time to move inward Delight, not outward Lightneſs; and to breed (if it might be) ſoft ſmiling, not loud laughing; knowing it (to the wiſe) to be a great pleaſure, to hear Counſel mixed with Wit, as to the fooliſh to have Sport mingled with Rudeneſs. They were baniſhed the Theatre of* Athens, *and from* Rome *hiſſed, that brought Paraſites on the Stage with apiſh Actions, or Fools with uncivil Habits, or Courtezans with immodeſt Words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unſeemly Speeches, to make your Ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind Reports, or miſtaking the Author's Intention (who never aimed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our Cheeks bluſh. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own Cenſure, to like or diſlike.* Vale.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THE *Prologue.*
Then a Citizen.
The Citizen's Wife, and Ralph *her Man, ſitting below amidſt the Spectators.*
A rich Merchant.
Jaſper *his Apprentice.*
Maſter Humphrey, *a Friend to the Merchant.*
Luce, *the Merchant's Daughter.*
Miſtreſs Merry-thought, Jaſper's *Mother.*
Michael, *a ſecond Son of Miſtreſs* Merry-thought.
Old Mr. Merry-thought.
A Squire.
A Dwarfe.
A Tapſter.
A Boy that danceth and ſingeth.
An Hoſt.
A Barber.
Two Knights.
A Captain.
A Sergeant.
Soldiers.

THE

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

Enter Prologue.

FROM all that's near the Court, from all that's great
Within the compaſs of the City Walls,
We now have brought our Scene.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace, good-man Boy.

Pro. What do you mean, Sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: Theſe ſeven years there hath been Plays at this Houſe, I have obſerved it, you have ſtill girds at Citizens; and now you call your Play, *The London Merchant*. Down with your Title, Boy, down with your Title.

Pro. Are you a Member of the noble City?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a Free-man?

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

Pro. So Grocer, then by your ſweet favour, we intend no abuſe to the City.

Cit. No, Sir,
Yes, Sir,
If you were not reſolv'd to play the Jacks,
What need you ſtudy for new Subjects,
Purpoſely to abuſe your Betters?
Why could not you be contented,
As well as others,
With the Legend of *Whittington*,
Or the Life and Death of Sir *Thomas Greſham*?
With the building of the *Royal Exchange*?
Or the Story of Queen *Elenor*,
With the rearing of *London-bridge* upon Woolſacks?
Pro. You ſeem to be an underſtanding Man;
What would you have us do, Sir?
Cit. Why,
Preſent ſomething notably
In honour of the Commons of the City.
Pro. Why,
What do you ſay to the Life and Death of fat *Drake*,
Or the repairing of Fleet Privies?
Cit. I do not like that,
But I will have a Citizen,
And he ſhall be of my own Trade.
Pro. Oh,
You ſhould have told us your mind
A Month ſince,
Our Play is ready to begin now.
Cit. 'Tis all one for that,
I will have a Grocer,
And he ſhall do admirable things.
Pro. What will you have him do?
Cit. Marry I will have him——
Wife. Husband, Husband.
[*Wife below*, Ralph *below*.
Ralph. Peace, Miſtreſs.
Wife. Hold thy peace, *Ralph*,
I know what I do,
I warrant ye.
Husband, Husband.
Cit. What ſay'ſt thou, Cony?

Wife

Wife. Let him kill a Lion with a Peſtle, Husband,
Let him kill a Lion with a Peſtle.
Cit. So he ſhall,
I'll have him kill a Lion with a Peſtle.
Wife. Husband,
Shall I come up, Husband?
Cit. Ay, Cony.
Ralph, help your Miſtreſs this way:
Pray Gentlemen make her a little room,
I pray you, Sir,
Lend me your Hand to help up my Wife;
I thank you, Sir,
So.
Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all,
I'm ſomething troubleſome,
I'm a Stranger here,
I was ne'er at one of theſe Plays, as they ſay, before;
But I ſhould have ſeen *Jane Shore* once,
And my Husband
Hath promiſed me any time this Twelvemonth,
To carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*,
But in truth he did not;
I pray you bear with me.
Cit. Boy,
Let my Wife and I have a couple of Stools,
And then begin,
And let the Grocer do rare things.
Pro. But, Sir,
We have never a Boy to play him,
Every one hath a part already.
Wife. Husband, Husband,
For Gods ſake let *Ralph* play him,
Beſhrew me if I do not think
He will go beyond them all.
Cit. Well remembred Wife,
Come up *Ralph*;
I'll tell you Gentlemen,
Let them but lend him a ſuit of Reparrel,
And Neceſſaries,
And by Gad,

If any of them all blow Wind in the Tail on him,
I'll be hang'd.
Wife. I pray you Youth,
Let him have a ſuit of Reparrel:
I'll be ſworn, Gentlemen,
My Husband tells you true,
He will act you ſometimes at our Houſe,
That all the Neighbours cry out on him:
He will fetch you up a couraging Part ſo in the Garret,
That we are all as fear'd I warrant you,
That we quake again:
We'll fear our Children with him,
If they be never ſo unruly,
Do but cry,
Ralph comes, *Ralph comes* to them,
And they'll be as quiet as Lambs.
Hold up thy Head *Ralph*,
Shew the Gentlemen what thou canſt do,
Speak a huffing Part,
I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.
Cit. Do *Ralph*, do.
Ralph. By Heav'n
(Methinks) it were an eaſie leap
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the Sea,
Where never fathome Line toucht any Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour
From the lake of Hell.
Cit. How ſay you Gentlemen,
Is it not as I told you?
Wife. Nay, Gentlemen,
He hath plaid before, my Husband ſays, *Muſidorus*,
Before the Wardens of our Company.
Cit. Ay, and he ſhould have plaid *Jeronimo*
With a Shoo-maker for a Wager.
Pro. He ſhall have a ſuit of Apparel,
If he will go in.
Cit. In *Ralph*, in *Ralph*,
And ſet out the Grocers in their kind,
If thou lov'ſt me.

Wife.

Wife. I warrant our *Ralph* will look finely,
When he's drest,
Pro. But what will you have it call'd?
Cit. The Grocers Honour
Pro. Methinks,
Methinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.
Wife. I'll be sworn Husband,
That's as good a Name as can be.
Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin;
My Wife and I will sit down.
Pro. I pray you do.
Cit. What stately Musick have you?
You have Shawns.
Pro. Shawns? No.
Cit. No?
I'm a Thief if my Mind did not give me so.
Ralph plays a stately Part,
And he must needs have Shawns:
I'll be at the charge of them my self,
Rather than we'll be without them.
Pro. So you are like to be.
Cit. Why and so I will be,
There's two Shillings,
Let's have the Waits of *Southwark*,
They are as rare Fellows as any are in *England*;
And that will fetch them all o'er the Water, with a Ven-
As if they were mad. (geance,
Pro. You shall have them:
Will you sit down then?
Cit. Ay, come Wife.
Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen,
I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.
Pro. From all that's near the Court,
From all that's great
Within the compass of the City Walls,
We now have brought our Scene:
Fly far from hence
All private Taxes, immodest Phrases,
Whate'er may but shew like vicious,

For

For wicked Mirth never true Pleasure brings,
But honest Minds are pleas'd with honest Things.
Thus much for that we do:
But for *Ralph*'s part
You must answer for your self.
Cit. Take you no care for *Ralph*,
He'll discharge himself, I warrant you.
Wife. I'faith Gentlemen,
I'll give my word for *Ralph*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Jasper *his Man.*

Merch. SIrrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of Fortune, gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I have at home,
In foreign Staples, or upon the Sea,
To thy direction, ty'd the good Opinions
Both of self and Friends to thy Endeavours,
So fair were thy Beginnings: But with these,
As I remember, you had never Charge
To love your Master's Daughter, and even then,
When I had found a wealthy Husband for her,
I take it, Sir, you had not; but however,
I'll break the Neck of that Commission,
And make you know you are but a Merchant's Factor.
Jasp. Sir,
I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by Love and Duty to your Service:
In which my Labour hath been all my Profit,
I have not lost in Bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest Gains upon my Back,
Nor have I given a Pension to my Blood,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your Stock.
These, and the Miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are Strangers

To all my temperate Actions; for your Daughter,
If there be any love to my deſervings,
Born by her virtuous ſelf, I cannot ſtop it:
Nor am I able to refrain her Wiſhes.
She's private to her ſelf, and beſt of Knowledge
Whom ſhe'll make ſo happy as to ſigh for.
Beſides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a Fellow of ſo lame a Preſence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

Mer. 'Tis very well, Sir, I can tell your Wiſdom
How all this ſhall be cur'd.

Jaſp. Your care becomes you.

Merch. And thus it ſhall be, Sir; I here diſcharge you
My Houſe, and Service, take your Liberty,
And when I want a Son I'll ſend for you. [*Exit.*

Jaſp. Theſe be the fair Rewards of them that Love,
Oh you that live in Freedom never prove
The travel of a Mind led by Deſire.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why how now Friend, ſtruck with my Father's Thunder?

Jaſp. Struck, and ſtruck dead, unleſs the Remedy
Be full of ſpeed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your Father's.

Luce. But mine.

Jaſp. But yours, and only yours I am,
That's all I have to keep me from the Statute;
You dare be conſtant ſtill?

Luce. O fear me not.
In this I dare be better than a Woman.
Nor ſhall his Anger nor his Offers move me,
Were they both equal to a Prince's Power.

Jaſp. You know my Rival?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
Even as I love an Ague, or foul Weather;
I prethee *Jaſper* fear him not.

Jaſp. Oh no,
I do not mean to do him ſo much kindneſs:
But to our own Deſires, you know the Plot
We both agreed on.

Luce.

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.
Jasp. I desire no more,
Farewel, and keep my Heart, 'tis yours.
Luce. I take it,
He must do Miracles,
Makes me forsake it. [*Exeunt.*
Cit. Fie upon 'em little Infidels,
What a matter's here now?
Well, I'll be hang'd for a half-penny,
If there be not some abomination Knavery in this Play,
Well, let 'em look to't,
Ralph must come,
And if there be any Tricks a brewing——
Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too Husband, a God's name,
Ralph will find all out I warrant you,
And they were older than they are.
I pray my pretty Youth, is *Ralph* ready?
Boy. He will be presently. (him,
Wife. Now I pray you make my Commendations unto
And withal, carry him this stick of Licoras,
Tell him his Mistress sent it him,
And bid him bite a piece,
'Twill open his Pipes the better, say.
Enter Merchant, and Master Humphrey.
Mer. Come, Sir, she's yours, upon my Faith she's yours,
You have my Hand; for other idle letts,
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They are scattered, and no more: My wanton Pretice,
That like a Bladder blew himself with Love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New Masters yet unknown.
Hum. I thank you Sir,
Indeed I thank you, Sir; and e'r I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle Blood, and gentle seem.
Mer. Oh, Sir, I know it certain.
Hum. Sir, my Friend,
Altho' as Writers say, all things have end,

And

And that we call a Pudding, hath his two,
Oh let it not ſeem ſtrange, I pray to you,
If in this bloody ſimile, I put
My Love, more endleſs, than frail Things or Gut.
Wife. Husband,
I prithee ſweet Lamb tell me one thing,
But tell me truly:
Stay Youths I beſeech you,
Till I queſtion my Husband.
Cit. What is it, Mouſe?
Wife. Sirrah,
Didſt thou ever ſee a prettier Child?
How it behaves it ſelf, I warrant ye:
And ſpeaks and looks, and pearts up the Head?
I pray you Brother with your favour,
Were you never none of Mr. *Moncaſter*'s Scholars?
Cit. Chicken,
I prethee heartily contain thy ſelf,
The childer, are pretty childer,
But when *Ralph* comes, Lamb.
Wife. Ay when *Ralph* comes, Conie,
Well my Youth you may proceed.
Mer. Well, Sir, you know my Love, and reſt, I hope
Aſſur'd of my conſent; get but my Daughter's,
And wed her when you pleaſe; you muſt be bold,
And clap in cloſe unto her, come, I know
You have Language good enough to win a Wench.
Wife. A whoreſone Tyrant,
Hath been an old ſtringer in his Days,
I warrant him.
Hum. I take your gentle Offer, and withal
Yield Love again for Love reciprocal.

Enter Luce.

Mar. What *Luce*, within there?
Luce. Called you, Sir?
Mer. I did;
Give entertainment to this Gentleman;
And ſee you be not froward to her, Sir: [*Exit.*
My preſence will but be an Eye-ſoar to you.
Hum. Fair Miſtreſs *Luce*, how do you, are you well?

Give

Give me your Hand, and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little Sister, and your Brother?
And whether you love me or any other.
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.
Hum. So they are,
Where Women are not cruel; but how far
Is it now distant from the Place we are in,
Unto that blessed Place, your Father's Warren.
Luce. What makes you think of that, Sir?
Hum. Even that Face,
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that Place,
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my Cost and Charges brought you thither,
And there began.
Luce. Your Game, Sir.
Hum. Let no Game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Be evermore remembred, thou fair Killer,
For whom I sate me down and brake my Tiller.
Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you; when will you do as much for me, *George*?
Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, I am sorry for your Losses,
But as the Proverb says, *I cannot cry*;
I would you had not seen me.
Hum. So would I,
Unless you had more Maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange Passion be withstood?
Send for a Constable, and raise the Town.
Hum. Oh no, my valiant Love will batter down
Millions of Constables, and put to flight
Even that great Watch of Midsummer Day at Night.
Luce. Beshrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then,
Weak Women cannot hope, where valiant Men
Have no Resistance.
Hum. Yield then, I am full
Of Pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my Pocket thus a Pair of Gloves.
Look *Luce*, look, the Dog's Tooth, nor the Doves
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with Silk, as you may see.

If

If you deſire the Price, ſhoot from your Eye
A Beam to this Place, and you ſhall eſpie
F. S. which is to ſay, my ſweeteſt Honey,
They coſt me three and two Pence, or no Mony.
Luce. Well Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you;
What would you more?
Hum. Nothing.
Luce. Why then farewel.
Hum. Nor ſo, nor ſo, for Lady I muſt tell,
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me Time, and Patience, and fair Weather.
Luce. Speak and declare your Mind in Terms ſo brief.
Hum. I ſhall; then firſt and foremoſt, for Relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it,
I care not at what Price, for on my Word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it coſt me
More than I'll ſpeak of now, for Love hath toſt me
In furious Blanket like a Tennis-Ball,
And now I riſe aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas good Gentlemen, alas the Day.
Hum. I thank you heartily, and as I ſay,
Thus do I ſtill continue without Reſt,
I'th'Morning like a Man, at Night a Beaſt,
Roaring and bellowing mine own Diſquiet,
That much I fear, forſaking of my Diet,
Will bring me preſently to that Quandary,
I ſhall bid all adieu.
Luce. Now by St. *Mary*
That were great pity.
Hum. So it were, beſhrew me,
Then eaſe me, luſty *Luce*, and pity ſhew me.
Luce. Why, Sir, you know my Will is nothing worth
Without my Father's Grant; get his Conſent,
And then you may with aſſurance try me.
Hum. The Worſhipful your Sire will not deny me,
For I have ask'd him, and he hath reply'd,
Sweet Maſter *Humphrey*, *Luce* ſhall be thy Bride.
Luce. Sweet Maſter *Humphrey* then I am content.
Hum. And ſo am I in Truth.
Luce. Yet take me with you,

There

There is another Clauſe muſt be annext,
And this it is I ſwore, and will perform it.
No Man ſhall ever joy me as his Wife,
But he that ſtole me hence: If you dare venture,
I am yours; you need not fear, my Father loves you,
If not, farewel for ever.

Hum. Stay Nymph, ſtay,
I have a double Gelding coloured Bay,
Sprung by his Father from *Barbarian* kind,
Another for my ſelf, though ſomewhat blind,
Yet true as truſty Tree.

Luce. I am ſatisfied,
And ſo I give my Hand, our courſe muſt lye
Through *Waltham* Foreſt, where I have a Friend
Will entertain us, ſo farewel, Sir *Humphrey*, [*Exit* Luce.
And think upon your Buſineſs.

Hum. Though I die,
I am reſolv'd to venture Life and Limb,
For one ſo young, ſo fair, ſo kind, ſo trim. [*Ex.* Hum.

Wife. By my faith and troth, *George*, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindeſt young Man that ever trode on Shoe-Leather; well go thy ways, if thou haſt her not, 'tis not thy Fault 'ifaith.

Cit. I prithee Mouſe be patient, a ſhall have her, or I'll make ſome of 'em ſmoak for't.

Wife. That's my good Lamb *George*; fie, this ſtinking Tobacco kills Men, would there were none in *England*: Now I pray Gentlemen, what good does this ſtinking Tobacco? Do you nothing; I warrant you make Chimnies a your Faces. Oh Husband, Husband, now, now there's *Ralph*, there's *Ralph*.

Enter Ralph, *like a Grocer in's Shop, with two Prentices, reading* Palmerin *of* England.

Cit. Peace Fool, let *Ralph* alone; hark you *Ralph*, do not ſtrain your ſelf too much at the firſt, peace, begin *Ralph*.

Ralph. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* ſnatching their Lances from their Dwarfs, and claſping their Helmets, gallopt amain after the Giant, and *Palmerin* having gotten a Sight of him, came poſting amain, ſaying, Stay traiterous Thief, for thou may'ſt not ſo carry away her, that is

worth

worth the greatest Lord in the World; and with these Words gave him a blow on the Shoulder, that he struck him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* coming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soon besides his Horse, with his Neck broken in the fall, so that the Princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief said; All happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Arms, now may I be well assured of the Love thou beareſt me; I wonder why the Kings do not raise an Army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand Men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rosicler*, and destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that go in quest of their Knights.

Wife. Faith Husband, and *Ralph* says true, for they say the King of *Portugal* cannot sit at his Meat, but the Giants and the Ettins will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy Tongue; on *Ralph*.

Ralph. And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their Possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarf through the Desarts, to relieve poor Ladies.

Wife. Ay by my Faith are they *Ralph*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed; our Knights neglect their Possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous, and fair well-spoken Knights in this Age; they will call one the Son of a Whore, that *Palmerin* of *England* would have called fair Sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called Right beautiful Damsel, they will call Damn'd Bitch.

Wife. I'll be sworn will they *Ralph*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy Pipe of Tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave Spirit could be content to sit in his Shop with a flapet of Wood, and a blew Apron before him selling *Methridatam* and *Dragons Water* to visited Houses, that might pursue feats of Arms, and through his noble Atchievements, procure such a famous History to be written of, in his Heroick Prowess.

Cit. Well said *Ralph*, some more of those Words, *Ralph*.

Wife. They go finely, by my Troth.

Ralph. Why ſhould I not then purſue this Courſe, both for the credit of my ſelf and our Company, for amongſt all the worthy Books of Atchievements, I do not call to mind, that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the ſaid Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurniſhed of his Squire and Dwarf? My elder Prentice *Tom* ſhall be my truſty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarf, hence my blew Apron, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my Shield ſhall be pourtraid a *Burning Peſtle*, and I will be call'd the *Knight of the burning Peſtle.*

Wife. Nay, I dare ſwear thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meek. *Ralph. Tim.*

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other Name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman or Wench, but fair Lady, if ſhe have her deſires; if not, diſtreſſed Damſel; that you call all Foreſts and Heaths, Deſarts, and all Horſes Palfries.

Wife. This is very fine: Faith do the Gentlemen like *Ralph*, think you Husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the Shoes in their Shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved Squire *Tim*, ſtand out, admit this were a Deſart, and over it a Knight Errant pricking, and I ſhould bid you enquire of his intents, what would you ſay?

Tim. Sir, my Maſter ſent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus; Fair Sir, the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, commanded me to enquire upon what Adventure you are bound, whether to relieve ſome diſtreſſed Damſel or otherwiſe.

Cit. Whoreſon Blockhead cannot remember.

Wife. I'faith, and *Ralph* told him on't before; all the Gentlemen heard him; did he not Gentlemen, did not *Ralph* tell him on't?

George.

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed Damsel, to have a half penny worth of Pepper.

Wife. That's a good Boy, see, the little Boy can hit it, by my Troth it's a find Child.

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous Language, now shut up Shop, no more my Prentice, but my trusty Squire and Dwarf, I must bespeak my Shield, and arming Pestle.

Cit. Go thy ways *Ralph,* as I am a true Man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph.

Ralph. What say you, Mistress?

Wife. I prethee come again quickly, sweet *Ralph.*

Ralph. By and by. [*Exit* Ralph.

Enter Jasper *and his Mother Mistress* Merry-thought.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my Blessing? No, I'll never give thee my Blessing, I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my Blessing: Thou art thy Father's own Son, of the Blood of the *Merry-thoughts*; I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy Father, he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings and cries, *A merry Heart lives long-a.* And thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy Master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger Son *Michael,* and thou thinkest to bezle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither *Michael,* come *Michael,* down on thy Knees, thou shalt have my Blessing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you Mother pray to God to bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee; but *Jasper* shall never have my Blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall he not *Michael?* how saist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth Mother, and grace of God.

Mist. Mer. That's a good Boy.

Wife. I'faith is't a fine spoken Child:

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a Parent's Love,
I must preserve the Duty of a Child.
I ran not from my Master, nor return

To have your Stock maintain my Idleneſs.

Wife. Ungracious Child I warrant him, hark how he chops Logick with his Mother; thou hadſt beſt tell her ſhe lies, do, tell her ſhe lies.

Cit. If he were my Son, I would hang him up by the Heels, and flea him, and ſalt him, Whoreſon halter-ſack.

Jaſp. My coming only is to beg your Love,
Which I ever though I never gain it,
And howſoever you eſteem of me,
There is no drop of Blood hid in theſe Veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Miſt. Mer. I'faith I had ſorrow enough for thee: (God knows) but I'll hamper thee well enough, get thee in thou Vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy Brother *Michael*.

Old. Mer. within. *Noſe, Noſe, jolly red Noſe, and who gave thee this jolly red Noſe?*

Miſt. Mer. Hark my Husband he's ſinging and hoiting,
And I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough.
Husband, *Charles, Charles Merry-thought.*

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old. Mer. Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinamon and Cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red Noſe.

Miſt. Mer. If you would conſider your Eſtate, you would have little liſt to ſing, I wiſs.

Old. Mer. It ſhould never be conſider'd, while it were an Eſtate, if I thought it would ſpoil my ſinging.

Miſt. Mer. But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old Man, and thou canſt not work, and thou haſt not forty Shillings left, and thou eateſt good Meat, and drinkeſt good Drink, and laugheſt?

Old. Mer. And will do.

Miſt. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, *Charles?*

Old. Mer. How? Why how have I done hitherto theſe forty years? I never came into my Dining-room, but at eleven and ſix a Clock, I found excellent Meat and Drink o' th' Table: My Cloaths were never worn out, but next Morning a Tailor brought me a new Suit, and without queſtion it will be ſo ever! Uſe makes perfectneſs; if all

ſhould

should fail, it is but a little straining my self extraordinary, and laugh my self to Death.

Wife. It's a foolish old Man this: Is not he, *George?*

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' Purse while I live, *George.*

Cit. I by Lady Cunny, hold thee there.

Mist. Mer. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Jasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael:* I pray you pay *Jasper* his Portion, he's come home, and he shall not consume *Michael*'s Stock; he says his Master turn'd him away, but I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No indeed Mistress *Merry-thought*, though he be a notable Gallows, yet I'll assure you his Master did turn him away, even in this place, 'twas i'faith within this half Hour, about his Daughter, my Husband was by.

Cit. Hang him Rogue, he serv'd him well enough: Love his Master's Daughter! By my troth Cunny, if there were a thousand Boys, thou would'st spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his Mother alone with ~~him~~.

Wife. Ay *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old. Mer. Where is *Jasper?* He's welcome however, call him in, he shall have his Portion, is he merry?

Enter Jasper *and* Michael.

Mist. Mer. I foul chive him, he is too merry. *Jasper. Michael.*

Old Mer. Welcome *Jasper*, tho' thou run'st away, welcome, God bless thee, 'tis thy Mother's Mind thou should'st receive thy Portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learnt Experience enough to govern it: Thou art of sufficient years, hold thy Hand: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten Shillings for thee, thrust thy self into the World with that, and take some settled course, if Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me, I have twenty Shillings left, be a good Husband, that is, wear ordinary Cloaths, eat the best Meat, and drink the best Drink; be merry, and give to the Poor, and believe me, thou hast no end of thy Goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still.
But Father?

Old. Mer. No more Words *Jaſper*, get thee gone, thou haſt my Bleſſing, thy Father's Spirit upon thee. Farewel *Jaſper*; but yet, or e'er you part (oh cruel) kiſs me, kiſs me ſweeting, mine own dear Jewel: So, now begone, no Words. [*Exit* Jaſper.

Miſt. Mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forſooth Mother, but I'll have my Father's Bleſſing firſt.

Miſt. Mer. No *Michael*, 'tis no matter for his Bleſſing; thou haſt my Bleſſing, begone; I'll fetch my Mony and Jewels, and follow thee: I'll ſtay no longer with him I warrant thee, truly *Charles* I'll be gone too.

Old. Mer. What you will not?

Miſt. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Old Mer. Hay ho, farewel *Nan*, I'll never truſt Wench more again, if I can.

Miſt. Mer. You ſhall not think (when all your own is gone) to ſpend that I have been ſcraping up for *Michael*.

Old. Mer. Farewel good Wife, I expect it not, all I have to do in this World, is to be merry; which I ſhall, if the Ground be not taken from me; and if it be,

When Earth and Seas from me are reft,
The Skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*

[*Boy danceth, Muſick.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Wife. I'll be ſworn he's a merry old Gentleman for all that: Hark, hark Husband, hark, Fiddles, Fiddles; now ſurely they go finely. They ſay 'tis preſent Death for theſe Fiddlers to tune their Rebecks before the great *Turks* Grace, is't not *George?* But look, look, here's a Youth dances, now good Youth do a turn o' th' Toe; Sweet-heart, I'faith I'll have *Ralph* come, and do ſome of his Gambols; he'll ride the wild Mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your Hearts good to ſee him: I thank you kind Youth, pray bid *Ralph* come.

Cit. Peace Conie. Sirrah, you ſcurvy Boy, bid the Players ſend *Ralph*, or by Gods——and they do not, I'll tear ſome of their Periwigs beſide their Heads; this is all Riff-Raff.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

Merch. AND how faith? how goes it now, Son *Humphrey?*

Hum. Right worshipful and my beloved Friend
And Father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well, it should be so, I'm glad the Girl
Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl
From hence, and you must wink: for so I say,
The Story tells to morrow before day.

Wife. George, dost thou think in thy Conscience now 'twill be a Match? tell me but what thou think'st sweet Rogue, thou seest the poor Gentleman (dear Heart) how it labours and throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the Father for't.

Cit. No, no, I prithee sit still Honey-suckle, thou'lt spoil all; if he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good Fellows my self, and in the shutting of an Evening knock't up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buss thee for that I'faith, Boy; well, *George*, well, you have been a Wag in your days I warrant you: but God forgive you, and I do with all my Heart.

Merch. How was it, Son? you told me that to Morrow Before Day break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,
Your Daughter rides upon a brown Bay Steed,
I on a Sorrel, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion
In *Waltham* situate: Then if you may,
Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay,
The fatal Sisters come, and do the Office,
And then you'll sing another Song.

Merch. Alas,
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as your self agree

To any thing, ſo it be good and fair?
Then ſteal her when you will, if ſuch a pleaſure
Content you both, I'll ſleep and never ſee it,
To make your joys more full: but tell me why
You may not here perform your Marriage?

Wife. God's bleſſing o' thy Soul, old Man, i'faith thou art loath to part true Hearts: I ſee a has her, *George*, and I'm as glad on't; well, go thy ways *Humphrey* for a fair ſpoken Man, I believe thou haſt not thy fellow within the Walls of *London*, and I ſhould ſay the Suburbs too, I ſhould not lie: Why doſt not thou rejoice with me, *George*?

Cit. If I could but ſee *Ralph* again, I were as merry as mine Hoſt i' faith.

~~*Cit.*~~ The cauſe you ſeem to ask, I thus declare;
Help me oh Muſes nine: Your Daughter ſware
A fooliſh Oath, the more it was the pity:
Yet none but my ſelf within this City
Shall dare to ſay ſo, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble Science.
And yet ſhe ſware, and yet why did ſhe ſwear?
Truly I cannot tell, unleſs it were
For her own eaſe; for ſure ſometimes an Oath,
Being ſworn thereafter, is like Cordial Broth:
And this it was ſhe ſwore, never to marry,
But ſuch a one whoſe mighty Arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am ſuch a one)
Her bodily away through Stick and Stone,
'Till both of us arrive, at her requeſt,
Some Ten Miles off in the wide *Waltham* Foreſt.

Merch. If this be all, you ſhall not need to fear
Any denial in your Love, proceed,
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed. (more,

Hum. Good Night, twenty good Nights, and twenty
And twenty more good Nights, that makes threeſcore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought, *and her Son* Michael.

Miſt. Mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not weary, Boy?

Mich. No forſooth Mother not I.

Miſt. Mer. Where be we now, Child?

Mich.

Mich. Indeed forsooth Mother I cannot tell, unless we be at *Mile-end*, is not all the World *Mile-end*, Mother?

Mist. Mer. No, *Michael*, not all the World, Boy; but I can assure thee, *Michael*, *Mile-end* is a goodly matter, there has been a pitch'd Field my Child, between the naughty *Spaniels* and the *Englishmen*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *Englishmen* followed: my Neighbour *Coxstone* was there Boy, and kill'd them all with a Birding-piece.

Mich. Mother forsooth.

Mist. Mer. What says my white Boy?

Mich. Shall not my Father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No, *Michael*, let thy Father go snick up, he shall never come between a pair of Sheets with me again, while he lives: let him stay at home and sing for his Supper, Boy; come Child sit down, and I'll shew my Boy fine knacks indeed, look here, *Michael*, here's a Ring, and here's a Bruch, and here's a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and here's Mony, and Gold by th' Eye, my Boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, Mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay *Michael*, thou shalt have all, *Michael*.

Cit. How lik'st thou this, Wench?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would have *Ralph*, *George*; I'll see no more else indeed: law, and I pray you let the Youths understand so much by word of Mouth, for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o'my Boy: come, come, *George*, let's be merry and wise, the Child's a Fatherless Child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins, 'twere worse than knot-grass, he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, *Squire, and Dwarf.*

Cit. Here's *Ralph*, here's *Ralph*.

Wife. How do you *Ralph?* you are welcome, *Ralph*, as I may say, it's a good Boy, hold up thy Head, and be not afraid, we are thy Friends. *Ralph*, the Gentlemen will praise thee, *Ralph*, if thou play'st thy part with audacity, begin *Ralph* a Gods Name.

Ralph. My trusty Squire unlace my Helm, give me my Hat, where are we, or what Desart might this be?

Dwarf. Mirror of Knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous *Waltham* Down; in whose bottom stands the inchanted Valley.

Mist.

Miſt. Mer. Oh *Michael*, we are betray'd, we are betray'd, here be Giants; fly Boy, fly Boy, fly.

[*Exeunt Mother and* Michael.

Ralph. Lace on my Helm again: what noiſe is this?
A gentle Lady flying the Embrace
Of ſome uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.
Go Squire, and ſay, the Knight that wears this Peſtle
In Honour of all Ladies, ſwears Revenge
Upon that recreant Coward that purſues her;
Go comfort her, and that ſame gentle Squire
That bears her Company.

Squire. I go, brave Knight.

Ralph. My truſty Dwarf and Friend, reach me my Shield,
And hold it while I ſwear, firſt by my Knighthood,
Then by the Soul of *Amadis de Gaule*,
My famous Anceſtor, then by my Sword,
The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,
By this bright burning Peſtle of mine Honour,
The living Trophy, and by all reſpect
Due to diſtreſſed Damſels, here I vow
Never to end the queſt of this fair Lady,
And that forſaken Squire, 'till by my Valour
I gain their liberty.

Dwarf. Heav'n bleſs the Knight
That thus relieves poor errant Gentlewomen. [*Exit.*

Wife. I marry *Ralph*, this has ſome ſavour in't, I would ſee the proudeſt of them all offer to carry his Books after him. But *George*, I will not have him go away ſo ſoon, I ſhall be ſick if he go away, that I ſhall; call *Ralph* again *George*, call *Ralph* again, I prithee Sweet-heart let him come fight before me, and let's ha' ſome Drums, and Trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, and thou lov'ſt me, *George*.

Cit. Peace a little, Bird, he ſhall kill them all, and they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. Now Fortune, if thou be'ſt not only ill,
Shew me thy better Face, and bring about
Thy deſperate Wheel, that I may climb at length
And ſtand, this is our place of meeting,

If

If Love have any conſtancy. Oh age!
Where only wealthy Men are counted happy:
How ſhall I pleaſe thee? how deſerve thy ſmiles?
When I am only rich in miſery?
My Father's Bleſſing, and this little Coin
Is my Inheritance, a ſtrong Revenue,
From Earth thou art, and to Earth I give thee,
There grow and multiply, whilſt freſher Air
Breeds me a freſher Fortune: How, illuſion!
[*Spies the Casket.*
What hath the Devil coin'd himſelf before me?
'Tis Mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now God's dear bleſſing
Upon his Heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
Theſe Pearls, I take it, were not left for Swine. [*Exit.*

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty Youth ſhould embezel away the Mony, the poor Gentlewoman his Mother will have a heavy Heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And reaſon good, Sweet-heart.

Wife. But let him go, I'll tell *Ralph* a Tale in's Ear, ſhall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and beſides *George*, here be a number of ſufficient Gentlemen can witneſs, and my ſelf, and your ſelf, and the Muſicians, if we be call'd in queſtion; but here comes *Ralph*, *George*, thou ſhalt hear him ſpeak, as he were an Emperal.

Enter Ralph *and Dwarf.*

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?

Dwarf. Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Lady.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought, Michael, *and Squire.*

For and the Squire of Damſels as I take it.

Ralph. Madam, if any Service or Devoir
Of a poor Errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am preſs'd to give you Succour,
For to that holy end I bear my Armour.

Miſt. Mer. Alas, Sir, I am a poor Gentlewoman, and I have loſt my Mony in this Foreſt.

Ralph. Deſart, you would ſay, Lady, and not loſt
Whilſt I have Sword and Launce; dry up your Tears

Which

Which ill befits the Beauty of that Face,
And tell the Story, if I may requeſt it,
Of your diſaſtrous Fortune.

Miſt. Mer. Out alas, I left a thouſand Pound, a thouſand Pound, e'en all the Mony I had laid up for this Youth, upon the ſight of your Maſterſhip, you look'd ſo grim, and as I may ſay it, ſaving your Preſence, more like a Giant than a mortal Man.

Ralph. I am as you are, Lady, ſo are they
All mortal; but why weeps this gentle Squire?

Miſt. Mer. Has he not cauſe to weep do you think, when he has loſt his Inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of Valour, weep not, I am here
That will confound thy Foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward Head, that dare deny
Diſtreſſed Squires and Ladies Equity.
I have but one Horſe, on which ſhall ride
This Lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, Fortune will give us more
Upon our next Adventure; fairly ſpeed
Beſide us Squire and Dwarf, to do us need. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nell* what your Man would do? by the faith of my Body Wench, for clean Action and good Delivery, they may all caſt their Caps at him.

Wife. And ſo they may i'faith, for I dare ſpeak it boldly, the twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, Timber for Timber: Well *George*, and he be not inveigled by ſome of theſe paltry Players, I ha much marvel; but *George* we ha done our Parts, if the Boy have any Grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you Duckling.

Enter Humphrey *and* Luce.

Hum. Good Miſtreſs *Luce*, however I in fault am,
For your lame Horſe; your welcome unto *Waltham*,
But which way now to go, or what to ſay
I know not truly, 'till it be broad Day.

Luce. O fear not Maſter *Humphrey*, I am Guide
For this Place good enough.

Hum. Then up and ride,

Or

Or if it pleaſe you, walk for your Repoſe,
Or ſit, or if you will, go pluck a Roſe:
Either of which ſhall be indifferent,
To your good Friend and *Humphrey*, whoſe Conſent
Is ſo intangled ever to your Will,
As the poor harmleſs Horſe is to the Mill.
Luce. Faith and you ſay the Word, we'll e'en ſit down,
And take a Nap.
Hum. 'Tis better in the Town,
Where we may nap together; for believe me,
To ſleep without a ſnatch would mickle grieve me.
Luce. You're merry, Maſter *Humphrey.*
Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my Dam.
Luce. Your Nurſe had the leſs Labour.
Hum. Faith it may be,
Unleſs it were by Chance I did beray me.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. *Luce*, dear Friend *Luce.*
Luce. Here *Jaſper.*
Jaſp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be ſo, my Friend, you uſe me fine:
What do you think I am?
Jaſp. An arrant Noddy.
Hum. A Word of Obloquy; now by god's Body,
I'll tell thy Maſter, for I know thee well.
Jaſp. Nay, and you be ſo forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him, Sir, I gave it:
And ſay I paid you well.
Hum. O Sir, I have it,
And do confeſs the Payment, pray be quiet.
Jaſp. Go, get you to your Night-Cap and the Diet,
To cure your beaten Bones.
Luce. Alas, poor *Humphrey*,
Get thee ſome wholeſome Broth with Sage and Cumfry:
A little Oil of Roſes, and a Feather
To noint thy Back withal.
Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorry.*
Luce. Farewel my pretty Nump, I am very ſorry
I cannot bear thee Company.

Hum.

Hum. Farewel,
The Devil's Dam was ne'er ſo bang'd in Hell. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young *Jaſper* will prove me another Things, a my Conſcience, and he may be ſuffered; *George*, doſt not ſee *George* how a ſwaggers, and flies at the very Heads a fokes as he were a Dragon; well if I do not do his Leſſon for wronging the poor Gentleman, I am no true Woman; his Friends that brought him up, might have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him theſe Fegaries: He's e'en in the Highway to the Gallows, God bleſs him.

Cit. You're too bitter, Cony, the young Man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither Maſter *Humphrey*, has he hurt you? now beſhrew his Finger's for't, here Sweet-heart, here's ſome Green Ginger for thee, now beſhrew my Heart, but a has Pepper-nel in's Head, as big as a Pullets Egg; alas, ſweet Lamb, how thy Temples beat; take the Peace on him ſweet Heart, take the Peace on him.

Enter a Boy.

Cit. No, no, you talk like a fooliſh Woman, I'll ha *Ralph* fight with him, and ſwinge him up well-favour'dly: Sirrah Boy, come hither, let *Ralph* come in and fight with *Jaſper*.

Wife. Ay and beat him well, he's an unhappy Boy.

Boy. Sir, you muſt pardon us, the Plot of our Play lyes contrary, and 'twill hazard the ſpoling of our Play.

Cit. Plot me no Plots, I'll ha *Ralph* come out, I'll make your Houſe too hot for you elſe.

Boy. Why Sir, he ſhall, but if any thing fall out of Order, the Gentlemen muſt pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways goodman Boy, I'll hold him a Penny he ſhall have his Belly full of fighting now, ho here comes *Ralph*; no more.

Enter Ralph, *Miſt.* Merr. Michael, *Squire and Dwarf.*

Ralph. What Knight is that, Squire, ask him if he keep
The Paſſage bound by love of Lady fair,
Or elſe but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no Knight,
But a poor Gentleman, that this ſame Night,

Had

Had stoln from me on yonder Green,
My lovely Wife, and suffered to be seen
Yet extant on my Shoulders such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that Meeting.

Wife. Ay *Ralph*, he beat him unmercifully, *Ralph*, and Spar'st him *Ralph*, I would thou wert hang'd. (thou

Cit. No more, Wife, no more.

Ralph. Where is the Caitiff Wretch hath done this Deed,
Lady, your Pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the Quest of this injurious Knight.
And thou fair Squire repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great Venture of the Purse,

Enter Jasper *and* Luce.

And the rich Casket, 'till some better Leisure.

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my Trea- (sure.

Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant Knight at Arms, to crave Delivery
Of that fair Lady to her own Knight's Arms.
If he deny, bid him take Choice of Ground,
And so defie him.

Squire. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defie thee Knight.
Unless thou make fair Restitution
Of that bright Lady.

Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an Ass, and I will keep the Wench,
And knock his Head-Peice.

Ralph. Thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous Terms.

Wife. Break his Pate *Ralph*, break his Pate *Ralph*, soundly.

Jasp. Come, Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle [*Snatches away his Pestle.*
Shall try what Temper, Sir, your Mortar's of;
With that he stood upright in his Stirrops,
And gave the Knight of the Calves-Skin such a knock,
That he forsook his Horse, and down he fell, (met.
And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Hel-

Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run———

[*Ex.* Humphrey *and* Ralph.

Wife.

Wife. Run *Ralph*, run *Ralph*, run for thy Life Boy; *Jasper* comes, *Jasper* comes.

Jasp. Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you, *Humphrey* and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the Devil, God bless us, is in this Springald; why *George*, didst ever see such a Fire-Drake. I am afraid my Boy's miscarry'd; if he be, though he were Master *Merry-thought*'s Son a thousand times, if there be any Law in *England*, I'll make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I have found out the Matter, Sweet-heart, *Jasper* is enchanted as sure as we are here, he is enchanted, he could no more have stood in *Ralph*'s Hands, than I can stand in my Lord Mayor's: I'll have a Ring to discover all Enchantments, and *Ralph* shall beat him yet: Be no more vext, for it shall be so.

Enter Ralph, *Squire*, *Dwarf*, *Mistress* Merry-thought, *and* Michael.

Wife. Oh Husband, here's *Ralph* again; stay *Ralph*, let me speak with thee; how dost thou *Ralph*? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great Lungies laid unmercifully on thee, there's some Sugar-Candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If *Ralph* had him at the Fencing-School, if he did not make a Puppy of him, and drive him up and down the School, he should ne'er come in my Shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly Master Knight of the *Burning Pestle*, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed Law-Mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and your fair Squire.
For in this Desart there must needs be plac'd
Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights,
And 'till I bring you safe to one of those
I swear by this my Order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well said *Ralph*: *George*, *Ralph* was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes Duck.

Wife. I shall ne'er forget him: When we had lost our Child, you know it was stray'd almost alone to *Puddle-Warf*, and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it self but for a Sculler, *Ralph* was the most comfortablest

to

to me: Peace Miſtreſs, ſays he, let it go, I'll get you another as good; did he not *George*? Did he not ſay ſo?

Cit. Yes indeed did he, Mouſe.

Dwarf. I would we had a meſs of Pottage, and a Pot of Drink, Squire, and were going to Bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Waltham* Townsend, and that's the *Bell* Inn.

Dwarf. Take courage valiant Knight, Damſel, and Squire,
I have diſcovered, not a Stones caſt off,
An antient Caſtle held by the old Knight
Of the moſt holy Order of the *Bell*,
Who gives to all Knights Errant entertain:
There plenty is of Food, and all prepar'd
By the white Hands of his own Lady dear.
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Gueſts:
The firſt, High Chamberlain, who will ſee
Our Beds prepar'd, and bring us Snowy Sheets,
Where never Footman ſtretch'd his butter'd Hams.
The ſecond height *Tapſtro*, who will ſee
Our Pots full filled, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle Squire *Oſtlero* height,
Who will our Palfries ſlick with wiſps of Straw,
And in the Manger put them Oats enough,
And never greaſe their Teeth with Candle-ſnuff.

Wife. That ſame Dwarf's a pretty Boy, but the Squire's a grout-nold.

Ralph. Knock at the Gates my Squire, with ſtately Lance.

Enter Tapſter.

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you ſee a Room?

Dwarf. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the *Burning Peſtle*, this is the Squire *Tapſtro*.

Ralph. Fair Squire *Tapſtro*, I a wandring Knight,
Height of the *Burning Peſtle*, in the queſt
Of this fair Lady's Casket, and wrought Purſe,
Loſing my ſelf in this vaſt Wilderneſs,
And to this Caſtle well by fortune brought,
Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,

Gives to all Damſels, and all Errant Knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapſt. An't pleaſe you ſee a Chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, I would have ſomething done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, *Nell?*

Wife. Why *George*, ſhall *Ralph* beat no body again? Prethee Sweet-heart let him.

Cit. So he ſhall *Nell*, and if I joyn with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter Humphrey *and Merchant.*

Wife. O *George*, here's Maſter *Humphrey* again now, that loſt Miſtreſs *Luce*, and Miſtreſs *Luce*'s Father, Maſter *Humphrey* will do ſome bodies Arrant I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in Arms I ne'er ſhall claſp her,
For ſhe is ſtol'n away by your Man *Jaſper.*

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Mer. Unhappy that I am to loſe my Child:
Now I begin to think on *Jaſper*'s Words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy fooliſhneſs,
Why didſt thou let her go, thou lov'ſt her not,
That wouldſt bring home thy Life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgive me, I ſhall tell you true,
Look on my Shoulders, they are black and blue,
Whilſt too and fro fair *Luce* and I were winding,
He came and baſted me with a hedge binding.

Mer. Get Men and Horſes ſtraight, we will be there
Within this hour; you know the Place again?

Hum. I know the Place where he my Loins did ſwaddle,
I'll get ſix Horſes, and to each a Saddle.

Mer. Mean time I'll go talk with *Jaſper*'s Father.
[*Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, what wilt thou lay with me now, that Maſter *Humphrey* has not Miſtreſs *Luce* yet; ſpeak *George*, what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No *Nell*, I warrant thee, *Jaſper* is at *Puckeridge* with her by this.

Wife. Nay *George*, you muſt conſider Miſtreſs *Luce*'s Feet

Feet are tender, and beſides, 'tis dark, and I promiſe you truly, I do not ſee how he ſhould get out of *Waltham* Foreſt with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Ralph* has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay againſt *Ralph*, Honny, becauſe I have not ſpoken with him: but look *George*, Peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. When it was grown to dark Midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came *Margaret*'s grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William*'s Feet.

I have Mony, and Meat, and Drink before-hand, till to Morrow at Noon, why ſhould I be ſad? Methinks I have half a dozen Jovial Spirits within me, I am three merry Men, and three merry Men: To what end ſhould any Man be ſad in this World? Give me a Man that when he goes to hanging cries troul the black Boul to me: And a Woman that will ſing a Catch in her Travel. I have ſeen a Man come by my Door with a ſerious Face, in a black Cloak, without a Hatband, carrying his Head as if he look'd for Pins in the Street. I have look'd out of my Window half a Year after, and have ſpied that Man's Head upon *London-Bridge*: 'Tis vile, never truſt a Taylor that does not ſing at his Work, his Mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this *George*, 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Taylor, you know, never Sings, and he had fourteen Yards to make this Gown; and I'll be ſworn, Miſtreſs *Peniſtone* the Draper's Wife had one made with twelve.

Old Mer. 'Tis Mirth that fills the Veins with Blood,
More than Wine, or Sleep, or Food,
Let each Man keep his Heart at eaſe,
No Man dies of that Diſeaſe;
He that would his Body keep
From Diſeaſes, muſt not weep,
But whoever laughs and ſings,
Never his Body brings

Into Feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,
Or lingringly his Lungs conſumes:
Or meets with Aches in the Bone,
Or Catarrhs, or griping Stone:
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look *George*, how ſay'ſt thou by this *George?* Is't not a fine old Man? Now God's Bleſſing a thy ſweet Lips. When wilt thou be ſo merry, *George*? Faith thou art the frowningſt little thing, when thou art angry, in a Country.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Conny, Thou ſhalt ſee him took down too I warrant thee: Here's *Luce*'s Father come now.

Old Mer. As you came from *Walſingam*, from the Holy Land, there met you not with my true Love by the way as you came.

Merch. Oh Maſter *Merry-thought!* my Daughter's gone, This Mirth becomes you not, my Daughter's gone.

Old Mer. Why an if ſhe be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merch. Mock not my Miſery, it is your Son,
Whom I have made my own, when all forſook him,
Has ſtol'n my only Joy, my Child away. (upon a gray,

Old Mer. He ſet her on a milk white Steed, and himſelf
He never turn'd his Face again, but he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindneſs I have ſhewn
To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive
Thou art conſenting to my Daughter's loſs. (ter?

Old Mer. Your Daughter, what a ſtir's here wi' y'r Daugh-
Let her go, think no more on her, but ſing loud. If both my Sons were on the Gallows, I would ſing *down, down, down:* they fall down, and ariſe they never ſhall.

Merch. Oh might I behold her once again,
And ſhe once more embrace her aged Sire.

Old Mer. Fie, how ſcurvily this goes: And ſhe once more embrace her aged Sire? you'll make a Dog on her, will ye; ſhe cares much for aged Sire, I warrant you. (my.
She cares not for her Daddy, nor ſhe cares not for her Mam-
For ſhe is, ſhe is, ſhe is my Lord of *Low-gaves* Laſſie.

Merch.

Merch. For this thy ſcorn I will purſue
That Son of thine to Death.

Old Mer. Do, and when you ha' kill'd him,
Give him Flowers i'now Palmer, give him Flowers i'now,
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. I'll hear no more o' your Daughter, it ſpoils my Mirth.

Merch. I ſay I'll fetch my Daughter.

Old Mer. Was never Man for Lady's ſake, *down, down,*
Tormented as I Sir *Guy? de derry down,*
For *Lucy*'s ſake, that Lady bright, *down, down,*
As ever Men beheld with Eye? *de derry down.*

Merch. I'll be reveng'd, by Heav'n. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundus. [*Muſick.*

Wife. How doſt thou like this, *George?*

Cit. Why this is well, Cunny; but if *Ralph* were hot once, thou ſhouldſt ſee more.

Wife. The Fidlers go again, Husband.

Cit. Ay, *Nell*, but this is ſcurvy Muſick; I gave the Whoreſon Gallows Mony, and I think he has not got me the Waits of *Southwark*: If I hear him not anon, I'll twinge him by the Ears.
Your Muſicians play *Baloo.*

Wife. No good *George*, let's ha' *Lachryma.*

Cit. Why this is it, Cunny.

Wife. It's all the better, *George*; now ſweet Lamb, what Story is that painted upon the Cloth? the confutation of Saint *Paul?*

Cit. No Lamb, that's *Ralph* and *Lucrece.*

Wife. Ralph and *Lucrece?* which *Ralph?* our *Ralph?*

Cit. No Mouſe, that was a *Tartarian.*

Wife. A *Tartarian?* well, I wou'd the Fidlers had done, that we might ſee our *Ralph* again.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jaſper *and* Luce.

Jaſp. COme my Dear, though we have loſt our way,
We have not loſt our ſelves: Are you not weary
With this Night's wandring, broken from your Reſt?
And frighted with the Terror that attends
The darkneſs of this wild unpeopled Place?
Luce. No my beſt Friend, I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary Thought, whilſt you
(The end of all my full deſires) ſtand by me:
Let them that loſe their hopes, and live to languiſh
Amongſt the number of forſaken Lovers,
Tell the long weary Steps, and number Time,
Start at a Shadow, and ſhrink up their Blood,
Whilſt I (poſſeſt with all content and quiet)
Thus takes my pretty Love, and thus embrace him.
Jaſp. You have caught me *Luce*, ſo faſt, that whilſt I live
I ſhall become your faithful Priſoner,
And wear theſe chains for ever. Come, ſit down,
And reſt your Body, too too delicate
For theſe diſturbances; ſo, will you ſleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are,
I know you are not skilful in theſe Watches,
For Women are no Soldiers; be not nice,
But take it, ſleep I ſay.
Luce. I cannot ſleep,
Indeed I cannot, Friend.
Jaſp. Why then we'll ſing,
And try how that will work upon our Senſes.
Luce. I'll ſing, or ſay, or any thing but ſleep.
Jaſp. Come little Mermaid, rob me of my Heart
With that inchanting Voice.
Luce. You mock me, *Jaſper.*

SONG.

Jaſp. *Tell me, deareſt, what is Love?*
Luce. *'Tis a Lightning from above,*

'Tis

'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,
'Tis a Boy they call Deſire.
'Tis a Smile
Doth beguile
Jaſp. *The poor Hearts of Men that prove.*
Tell me more, are Women true?
Luce. *Some Love change, and ſo do you.*
Jaſp. *Are they fair, and never kind?*
Luce. *Yes, when Men turn with the Wind.*
Jaſp. *Are they froward?*
Luce. *Ever toward*
Thoſe that love, to love anew.

Jaſp. Diſſemble it no more, I ſee the God
Of heavy Sleep, lay on his heavy Mace
Upon your Eye-lids.
Luce. I am very heavy. (Thoughts:
Jaſp. Sleep, ſleep, and quiet Reſt crown thy ſweet
Keep from her fair Blood Diſtempers, Startings,
Horrors and fearful Shapes: let all her Dreams
Be Joys, and chaſte Delights, Embraces, Wiſhes,
And ſuch new Pleaſures as the raviſh'd Soul
Gives to the Senſes. So, my Charms have took.
Keep her you Powers Divine, whilſt I contemplate
Upon the Wealth and Beauty of her Mind.
She is only fair, and conſtant, only kind,
And only to thee *Jaſper.* O my Joys!
Whither will you tranſport me? let not fulneſs
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my Spirits; I am weak,
Some ſay (however ill) the Sea and Women
Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly judge, theſe but Opinions are,
And Hereſies to bring on pleaſing War
Between our Tempers, that without theſe were
Both void of after-love, and preſent fear;
Which are the beſt of *Cupid.* O thou Child!
Bred from Deſpair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a Love without the faults of Women,

And greater in her perfect goods than Men;
Which to make good, and please my self the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her Love,
I'll try her, that the World and Memory
May sing to after-times her Constancy.
Luce, *Luce*, awake. *Luce*. Why do you fright me Friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your Sword
Drawn in your Hand? who hath offended you?
I prithee *Jasper* sleep, thou art wild with watching,
Jasp. Come make your way to Heav'n, and bid the (World,
With all the Villanies that stick upon it,
Farewel; you're for another Life. *Luce*. Oh *Jasper*,
How have my tender Years committed evil,
Especially against the Man I love,
Thus to be cropt untimely? *Jasp*. Foolish Girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his Daughter
That flung me from my Fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his Service, shut the Doors
Upon my Poverty, and scorn'd my Prayers,
Sending me, like a Boat without a Mast,
To sink or swim? Come, by this Hand you dye,
I must have Life and Blood, to satisfie
Your Father's wrongs.

Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the Watch at *Ludgate*, and bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate Villain. Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the King's Peace kept. O my Heart what a Varlet's this, to offer Man-slaughter upon the harmless Gentlewoman?

Cit. I warrant thee, Sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.

Luce. Oh *Jasper!* be not cruel,
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many Deaths appear before me.
I am a Woman made of Fear and Love,
A weak, weak Woman, kill not with thy Eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike, I am ready,
And dying still I love thee.

Enter Merchant, Humphrey, *and his Men*.

Merch. Where abouts?

Jasp.

Jaſp. No more of this, now to my ſelf again.

Hum. There, there he ſtands with Sword, like martial Knight,
Drawn in his Hand, therefore beware the Fight
You that are wiſe; for were I good Sir *Bevis*,
I would not ſtay his coming, by your Leaves.

Merch. Sirrah, reſtore my Daughter. *Jaſp.* Sirrah, no.

Merch. Upon him then.

Wife. So, down with him, down with him, down with him, cut him i'the Leg, Boys, cut him i'th' Leg.

Merch. Come your ways Minion, I'll provide a Cage for you, you're grown ſo tame. Horſe her away.

Hum. Truly I amglad your Forces have the Day. [*Exe.*

Manet Jaſper.

Jaſp. They are gone, and I am hurt; my Love is loſt,
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die, I cannot: Oh my Folly!
Thou haſt betray'd me; Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou be'ſt any where remaining.
Shall I but ſee my Love again? Oh no!
She will not dain to look upon her Butcher,
Nor is it fit ſhe ſhould; yet I muſt venture.
Oh Chance, or Fortune, or what-e'er thou art
That Men adore for powerful, hear my Cry,
And let me loving live, or loſing die. [*Exit.*

Wife. Is he gone, *George*?

Cit. Ay, Conny.

Wife. Marry and let him go, Sweet-heart, by the Faith a my Body a has put me into ſuch a Fright, that I tremble (as they ſay) as 'twere an Aſpin Leaf: Look a my little Finger *George*, how it ſhakes: Now in Truth every Member of my Body is the worſe for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine Arms ſweet Mouſe, he ſhall not fright thee any more; alas mine own dear Heart, how it quivers.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought, Ralph, Michael, *Squire, Dwarf, Hoſt, and a Tapſter.*

Wife. O *Ralph*, how doſt thou *Ralph*? How haſt thou ſlept to Night? has the Knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, *Nell*, let *Ralph* alone.

Tap.

Tap. Maſter, the Reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who for the Orders
Which thou haſt ta'en, hang'ſt out the holy *Bell*, (ſake
As I this flaming Peſtle bear about,
We render thanks to your puiſſant ſelf,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,
For thus refreſhing of our wearied Limbs,
Stifned with hard Atchievements in wild Deſart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve Shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry Squire *Tapſtero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our Souls with double Jug,
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial Squire, to follow feats of Arms,
Take heed thou tender every Lady's Cauſe,
Every true Knight, and every Damſel fair,
But ſpill the Blood of treacherous *Sarazens*,
And falſe Inchanters, that with Magick Spells
Have done to Death full many a noble Knight.

Hoſt. Thou valiant Knight of the *Burning Peſtle*, give ear to me, there is twelve Shillings to pay, and as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a Penny.

Wife. George, I prethee tell me, muſt *Ralph* pay twelve Shillings now?

Cit. No, *Nel*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry with *Ralph*.

Wife. O is't nothing elſe? *Ralph* will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this Mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberal Courteſie,
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,
He ſhall receive from my Heroick Hand
A Knighthood, by the virtue of this Peſtle.

Hoſt. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble Offer,
Therefore gentle Knight
Twelve Shillings you muſt pay, or I muſt cap you.

Wife. Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight of the *Bell* is in earneſt, *Ralph* ſhall not be beholding to him, give him his Mony *George*, and let him go ſnick up.

Cit. Cap *Ralph*? No, hold your Hand ſir Knight of the *Bell*,

Bell, there's your Mony, have you any thing to ſay to *Ralph* now? Cap *Ralph?*

Wife. I would you ſhould know it, *Ralph* has Friends that will not ſuffer him to be capt for ten times ſo much, and ten times to the end of that, now take thy courſe *Ralph.*

Miſt. Mer. Come *Michael*, thou and I will go home to thy Father, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll ſet Fellows abroad to cry our Purſe and Casket: Shall we, *Michael?*

Mich. Ay, I pray Mother, in truth my Feet are full of Chilblains with Travelling.

Wife. Faith and thoſe Chilblains are a foul trouble: Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, when your Youth comes home, let him rub all the ſoles of his Feet, and his Heels, and his Ankles, with a Mouſe-skin; or if none of you can catch a Mouſe, when he goes to Bed, let him rowl his Feet in the warm Embers, and I warrant you he ſhall be well, and you may make him put his Fingers between his Toes, and ſmell to them, it's very ſovereign for his Head, if he be Coſtive.

Miſt. Mer. Maſter Knight of the Burning Peſtle, my Son *Michael* and I bid you farewel, I thank your Worſhip heartily for your kindneſs.

Ralph. Farewel fair Lady, and your tender Squire.
If pricking through theſe Deſarts, I do hear
Of any traiterous Knight who through his guile
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purſe,
I will deſpoil him of them and reſtore them.

Miſt. Mer. I thank your Worſhip. [*Exit with* Michael.

Ralph. Dwarf bear my Shield, Squire elevate my Launce,
And now farewel you Knight of holy *Bell*,

Cit. Ay, ay, *Ralph*, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet before I go, ſpeak worthy Knight,
If oft you do of ſad Adventures know,
Where Errant Knight may through his Proweſs win
Eternal Fame, and free ſome gentle Souls
From endleſs bounds of Steel and lingring Pain.

Hoſt. Sirrah, go to *Nick* the Barber, and bid him prepare himſelf, as I told you before quickly.

Tap. I am gone, Sir. [*Exit Tapſter.*

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Sir Knight, this Wilderneſs affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a Knight
Hath tried his Proweſs, and come off with Shame,
And where I would not have you loſe your Life,
Againſt no Man, but furious Fiend of Hell.
Ralph. Speak on Sir Knight, tell what he is, and where:
For here I vow upon my blazing Badge,
Never to blaze a Day in quietneſs;
But Bread and Water will I only eat,
And the green Herb and Rock ſhall be my Couch,
Till I have quell'd that Man, or Beaſt, or Fiend,
That works ſuch damage to all Errant Knights.
Hoſt. Not far from hence, near a craggy Cliff
At the North end of this diſtreſſed Town,
There doth ſtand a lowly Houſe
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave
In which an ugly Giant now doth won,
Ycleped *Barbaroſo:* In his Hand
He ſhakes a naked Lance of pureſt Steel,
With Sleeves turn'd up, and him before he wears
A motly Garment, to preſerve his Clothes
From Blood of thoſe Knights which he maſſacres,
And Ladies gentle; without his Door doth hang
A copper Baſon, on a prickant Spear;
At which, no ſooner gentle Knights can knock,
But the ſhrill ſound fierce *Barbaroſo* hears,
And ruſhing forth, brings in the Errant Knight,
And ſets him down in an inchanted Chair:
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd
With forty Teeth, he claws his courtly Crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his Chin,
He plants a brazen piece of mighty Board,
And knocks his Bullets round about his Cheeks,
Whilſt with his Fingers, and an Inſtrument
With which he ſnaps his Hair off, he doth fill
The Wretch's Ears with a moſt hideous Noiſe.
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,
And now no Creature dares encounter him.
Ralph. In God's Name, I will fight with him, kind Sir,
Go but before me to this diſmal Cave

Where

Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwells,
And by that virtue that brave *Rosiclere*,
That damned brood of ugly Giants slew,
And *Palmer in Frannarco* overthrew:
I doubt not but to curb this Traytor foul,
And to the Devil send his guilty Soul.

Host. Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your request, I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome Place, inhabited
By a more loathsome Man: But dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and Page. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. George, dost think *Ralph* will confound the Giant?

Cit. I hold my Cap to a farthing he does: Why *Nell*, I saw him Wrestle with the great *Dutchman*, and hurl him.

Wife. Faith and that *Dutchman* was a goodly Man, if all things were answerable to his Bigness: And yet they say there was a *Scottishman* higher than he, and that they two and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing: but of all the Sights that ever were in *London*, since I was Married, methinks the little Child that was so fair grown about the Members was the prettiest, that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

Cit. Nay, by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivie* was better.

Wife. Ninivie, O that was the Story of *Joan* and the Wall, was it not *George?*

Cit. Yes Lamb.

Enter Mistress Merry-thought.

Wife. Look *George*, here comes Mistress *Merry-thought* again, and I would have *Ralph* come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true I long to see't.

Cit. Good Mistress *Merry-thought* be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have Audience presently, I have a little Business.

Wife. Mistress *Merry-thought*, if it please you to refrain your Passion a little, till *Ralph* have dispatcht the Giant out of the way, we shall think our selves much bound to thank you: I thank you good Mistress *Merry-thought*.

[*Exit Mistress* Merry-thought.

Enter

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, ſend away *Ralph* and this Whoreſon Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith, Sir, we cannot; you'll utterly ſpoil our Play, and make it to be hiſt, and it coſt Mony, you will not ſuffer us to go on with our Plots; I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and diſpatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your Hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy Hand *George*, do, and I'll kiſs him, I warrant thee the Youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll ſend him to you preſently. [*Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thank you little Youth; feth the Child hath a ſweet Breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mare's Milk were the only thing in the World for't. O *Ralph*'s here, *George*; God ſend thee good luck *Ralph.*

Enter Ralph, *Hoſt, Squire and Dwarf.*

Hoſt. Puiſſant Knight, yonder his Manſion is,
Lo, where the Spear and Copper Baſon are,
Behold the String on which hangs many a Tooth,
Drawn from the gentle Jaw of wandring Knights,
I dare not ſtay to ſound, he will appear. [*Exit Hoſt.*

Ralph. O faint not Heart: *Suſan* my Lady dear,
The Cobler's Maid in *Milk-Street*, for whoſe ſake
I take theſe Arms, O let the Thought of thee
Carry thy Knight through all adventurous Deeds,
And in the Honour of thy beauteous ſelf,
May I deſtroy this Monſter *Barbaroſo*;
Knock Squire upon the Baſon 'till it break
With the ſhrill Strokes, or 'till the Giant ſpeak.

Enter Barbaroſo.

Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Ralph* for thy Life.

Bar. What fond unknowing Wight is this, that dares,
So rudely knock at *Barbaroſſa*'s Cell,
Where no Man comes, but leaves his Fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traiterous Caitiff, who am ſent by Fate
To puniſh all the ſad Enormities

Thou

Thou haſt committed againſt Ladies gentle,
And Errant Knights, Traitor to God and Men:
Prepare thy ſelf, this is the diſmal Hour
Appointed for thee to give ſtrict Account
Of all thy beaſtly treacherous Villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy Knight, full ſoon thou ſhalt aby
This fond Reproach, thy Body will I bang,
[*He takes down his Pole.*
And loe upon that String thy Teeth ſhall hang;
Prepare thy ſelf, for dead ſoon ſhalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint *George* for me. [*They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua for me.

Wife. To him *Ralph*, to him, hold up the Giant, ſet out thy Leg before, *Ralph.*

Cit. Falſifie a Blow *Ralph*, falſifie a Blow, the Giant lyes open on the left ſide.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off ſtill; there Boy; O *Ralph's* almoſt down, *Ralph's* almoſt down.

Ralph. Suſan inſpire me, now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, ſo *Ralph*, down with him, down with him *Ralph.*

Cit. Fetch him over the Hip, Boy.

Wife. There Boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Ralph.*

Cit. No *Ralph*, get all out of him firſt.

Ralph. Preſumptuous Man, ſee to what deſperate End
Thy Treachery hath brought thee; the juſt Gods,
Who never proſper thoſe that do deſpiſe them,
For all the Villanies which thou haſt done
To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my ſtiff Arm, a Knight adventurous.
But ſay, vile Wretch, before I ſend thy Soul
To ſad *Avernus*, whither it muſt go,
What Captives holdſt thou in thy ſable Cave?

Bar. Go in and free them all, thou haſt the Day.

Ralph. Go Squire and Dwarf, ſearch in this dreadful Cave,
And free the wretched Priſoners from their Bonds.
[*Exe. Squire and Dwarf.*

Bar. I crave for Mercy as thou art a Knight,
And ſcorn'ſt to ſpill the Blood of thoſe that beg.

Ralph.

Ralph. Thou ſheweſt no mercy, nor ſhalt thou have any,
Prepare thy ſelf, for thou ſhalt ſurely dye.
Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Baſon under his Chin.
Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one Priſoner,
Whom this wild Man hath uſed as you ſee.
Wife. This is the wiſeſt word I hear the Squire ſpeak.
Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou haſt been us'd,
That I may give him condign Puniſhment.
1 *Knight.* I am a Knight that took my Journey Poſt
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wiſe,
This Gyant train'd me to his Den,
Under pretence of killing of the Itch,
And all my Body with a Powder ſtrew'd,
That ſmarts and ſtings, and cut away my Beard,
And my curl'd Locks wherein were Ribands ty'd,
And with a water waſht my tender Eyes,
Whilſt up and down about me ſtill he skipt,
Whoſe virtue is, that 'till my Eyes be wip'd
With a dry Cloth, for this my foul diſgrace,
I ſhall not dare to look a Dog i'th' Face.
Wife. Alas poor Knight, relieve him *Ralph*, relieve poor
Knights whilſt you live.
Ralph. My truſty Squire convey him to the Town,
Where he may find relief; adieu fair Knight. [*Ex. Knight.*
Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o'er his Noſe.
Dwarf. Puiſſant Knight of the *Burning Peſtle* height,
See here another Wretch, whom this foul Beaſt
Hath ſcorch'd and ſcor'd in this inhuman wiſe.
Ralph. Speak me thy Name, and eke thy place of Birth,
And what hath been thy uſage in this Cave.
2 *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my Name,
And by my Birth I am a *Londoner*,
Free by my Copy, but my Anceſtors
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting Horſe, my Bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to eaſe my weary Limbs,
Light at this Cave, when ſtraight this furious Fiend,
With ſharpeſt Inſtrument of pureſt Steel,
Did cut the Griſtle of my Noſe away,
And in the place this Velvet Plaſter ſtands
Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his Hands. *Wife.*

Wife. Good *Ralph*, relieve Sir *Pockhole*, and ſend him away, for in truth his Breath ſtinks.

Ralph. Convey him ſtraight after the other Knight: Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

3 *Knight.* Kind Sir, good Night. [*Exit.*

[*Cries within.*

Man. Deliver us. *Wom.* Deliver us.

Wife. Harke *George*, what a woful cry there is, I think ſome Woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliver us.

Wom. Deliver us.

Ralph. What ghaſtly noiſe is this? ſpeak *Barbaroſo*, Or by this blazing Steel thy Head goes off.

Barb. Priſoners of mine, whom I in Diet keep,
Send lower down into the Cave,
And in a Tub that's heated ſmoaking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.

Ralph. Run Squire and Dwarf, deliver them with ſpeed.

[*Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*

Wife. But will not *Ralph* kill this Giant, ſurely I am afraid if he let him go he will do as much hurt as ever he did.

Cit. Not ſo Mouſe neither, if he could convert him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, if he could convert him; but a Giant is not ſo ſoon converted as one of us ordinary People. There's a pretty Tale of a Witch, that had the Devil's mark about her, God bleſs us, that had a Giant to her Son, that was call'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didſt never hear it *George?*

Enter Squire leading a Man with a glaſs of Lotion in his Hand, and the Dwarf leading a Woman, with Dyet-bread and Drink.

Cit. Peace, *Nell*, here comes the Priſoners.

Dwarf. Here be theſe pined Wretches, manful Knight,
That for theſe ſix Weeks have not ſeen a Wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this ſad Cave, and what your Uſage was?

Man. I am an Errant Knight that followed Arms,
With Spear and Shield, and in my tender Years
I ſtrucken was with *Cupid*'s fiery Shaft,
And fell in Love with this my Lady dear,
And ſtole her from her Friends in *Turnball-ſtreet*,

And bore her up and down from Town to Town,
Where we did Eat and Drink and Muſick here;
'Till at the length at this unhappy Town
We did arrive, and coming to this Cave,
This Beaſt us caught, and put us in a Tub,
Where we this two Months ſweat, and ſhould have done
Another Month if you had not relieved us.

Wom. This Bread and Water hath our Diet been,
Together with a Rib cut from a Neck
Of burned Mutton; hard hath been our fare,
Releaſe us from this ugly Giant's ſnare.

Man. This hath been half the Food we have receiv'd,
But only twice a day for novelty,
He gave a Spoonful of his hearty Broth [*Pulls out a Siringe.*
To each of us, through this ſame tender Quill.

Ralph. From this infernal Monſter you ſhall go,
That uſeth Knights and gentle Ladies ſo.
Convey them hence. [*Exeunt Man and Woman.*

Cit. Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Ralph.*

Wife. Ay *George*, I ſee it well enough. Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for gracing my Man *Ralph*, and I promiſe you, you ſhall ſee him oftner.

Bar. Mercy, great Knight, I do recant my Ill,
And henceforth never gentle Blood will ſpill.

Ralph. I give thee Mercy, but yet thou ſhalt ſwear
Upon my Burning Peſtle to perform
Thy promiſe utter'd.

Bar. I ſwear and kiſs.

Ralph. Depart then and amend.
Come Squire and Dwarf, the Sun grows towards his ſet,
And we have many more Adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Now *Ralph* is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the Boys in the Houſe, if they had been ſet on him.

Wife. Ay, *George*, but it is well as it is: I warrant you the Gentlemen do conſider what it is to overthrow a Gyant: but look, *George*, here comes Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, and her Son *Michael*; now you are welcome Miſtreſs *Merry-thought*, now *Ralph* has done you may go on.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought *and* Michael.

Miſt. Mer. Micke, my Boy? *Mich.*

Mich. Ay forsooth Mother.

Mist. Mer. Be merry *Micke*, we are at home now, where I warrant you, you shall find the House flung out of the Windows: Hark; hey Dogs, hey, this is the old World i'faith with my Husband: I'll get in among them, I'll play them such lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again. Why Master *Merry-thought*, Husband, *Charles Merry-thought*.

Old Mer. within. If you will Sing, and Dance, and Laugh, and Hollow, and Laugh again; and then cry There Boys, there: why then,
One, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Mer. Why *Charles*, do you not know your own natural Wife? I say open the Door, and turn me out those mangy Companions; 'tis more than time that they were Fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old Man, and Father of two Children; and I my self, (though I say it) by my Mother's side, Niece to a Worshipful Gentleman, and a Conductor, he has been three times in his Majesty's Service at *Chester*, and is now the fourth time, God bless him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. *Go from my Window, Love go:*
Go from my Window, my Dear,
The Wind and the Rain will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you Mistress *Merry-thought*, you that walk upon Adventures, and forsake your Husband, because he sings with never a Penny in his Purse; what, shall I think my self the worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but Lads of mettle, lives of a hundred Years, and upwards, care never drunk their Bloods, nor want made them warble.

Hey-ho, my Heart is heavy.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your Fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you, *Charles*? look upon

thine own Image, hard-hearted Man; and yet for all this——

Old Mer. within. Begon, begon my Juggy, my Puggy, begon my Love, my Dear:
The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm, thou canſt not be lodged here.
Be merry Boys, ſome light Muſick, and more Wine.

Wife. He's not in earneſt, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, Sweetheart?

Wife. Marry if he be, *George*, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ignorant old Man, to uſe his Bed-fellow ſo ſcurvily.

Cit. What, how does he uſe her Honey?

Wife. Marry come up ſir Sauce-box, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine Man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you ſweetly.

Cit. Nay, prithee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honeſt Man, and a true Chriſtian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. D'ye hear Maſter *Merry-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

Old Mer. within. Strike up lively Lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Maſter *Merry-thought*, that a Man of your Age and Diſcretion, as I may ſay, being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have uſed ſo little reſpect to the weakneſs of his Wife: for your Wife is your own Fleſh, the ſtaff of your Age, your Yoke-fellow, with whoſe help you draw through the mire of this tranſitory World: Nay, ſhe's your own Rib. And again——

Old Mer. I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no Pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadſt kiſs'd me under the Breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife. Marry with a vengeance,
I am heartily ſorry for the poor Gentlewoman: but if I were thy Wife, i'faith gray Beard, i'faith——

Cit. I prithee ſweet Hony-ſuckle, be content.

Wife.

Wife. Give me such Words that am a Gentlewoman Born, hang him hoary Rascal. Get me some drink *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: Now beshrew his Knaves Heart for it.

Old Mer. Play me a light *Lavalto:* Come, be frollick, fill the good Fellows Wine.

Mist. Mer. Why Master *Merry-thought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: You'll open I hope, I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Old Mer. Good Woman, if you will Sing, I'll give you something, if not——

SONG.

You are no Love for me Marget, *I am no Love for you. Come aloft Boys, aloft.*

Mist. Mer. Now a Churles fart in your Teeth Sir: Come *Mick*, we'll not trouble him, a shall not ding us i'th' Teeth with his Bread and his Broth, that he shall not: Come Boy, I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: We'll go to Master *Venterwels* the Merchant, I'll get his Letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'll place thee with the Tapster, will not that do well for thee *Mick?* And let me alone for that old Cuckoldy Knave your Father, I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the Beer?

Cit. Here Love.

Wife. This old fornicating Fellow will not out of my Mind yet; Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, I desire more of your Acquaintance, with all my Heart. Fill the Gentlemen some Beer, *George.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Boy Danceth.

Wife. LOOK *George*, the little Boy's come again, methinks he looks something like the Prince of *Orange* in his long Stocking, if he had a little harness about

his Neck. *George*, I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Jig, I'll assure you Gentlemen: Begin Brother, now a Capers sweet Heart, now a turn a th'toe, and then tumble: Cannot you tumble, Youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat Fire? *Boy.* Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two Pence to buy you Points withal.

Enter Jasper *and Boy*

Jasp. There Boy, deliver this: But do it well. Hast thou provided me four Lusty Fellows,
Able to carry me? And art thou perfect
In all thy Business? *Boy.* Sir you need not fear,
I have my Lesson here, and cannot miss it:
The Men are ready for you, and what else
Pertains to this Imployment. *Jasp.* There my Boy,
Take it, but buy no Land. *Boy.* Faith Sir 'twere rare
To see so young a Purchaser: I flie,
And on my Wings carry your Destiny. [*Exit.*

Jasp. Go, and be happy: Now my lateſt hope
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: Stand, fix thou rolling Stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest: Hear me all
You Powers that rule in Men Celestial. [*Exit.*

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a Sprig as ever grew in *London*, I warrant him he'll come to some naughty end or other; for his Looks say no less: Besides, his Father (you know, *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take me up like a Gill flirt, and sing bawdy Songs upon me: But I'faith if I live, *George* ——

Cit. Let me alone Sweet-heart, I have a trick in my Head shall lodge him in the Arches for one Year, and make him sing *Peccavi*, e'er I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good *George*, do.

Cit. What shall we have *Ralph* do now, Boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will, Sir.

Cit. Why so Sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of *Persia* come and Christen him a Child.

Boy.

Boy. Believe me Sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has been had before at the *Red Bull.*

Wife. *George*, let *Ralph* Travel over great Hills, and let him be weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia*'s House, covered with Velvet, and there let the King's Daughter stand in her Window all in beaten Gold, combing her Golden Locks with a Comb of Ivory, and let her spy *Ralph*, and fall in Love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her Father's House, and then let *Ralph* talk with her.

Cit. Well said *Nell*, it shall be so: Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together: But we cannot present a House covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten Gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a *Grocer*'s Prentice to court a King's Daughter.

Cit. Will it so Sir? You are well read in Histories: I pray you what was Sir *Dagonet?* Was not he Prentice to a Grocer in *London?* Read the Play of the *Four Prentices of London*, where they toss their Pikes so: I pray you fetch him in Sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault, Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings I warrant thee *George.* O here they come; how prettily the King of *Cracovia*'s Daughter is drest.

Enter Ralph *and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.*

Cit. Ay, *Nell*, it is the fashion of that Country, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome Sir Knight unto my Father's Court,
King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*
His Daughter dear: But sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a Night. *Ralph.* Damsel right fair,
I'm on many sad Adventures bound,
That call me forth into the Wilderness:
Besides, my Horse's Back is something gal'd,

Which will enforce me ride a ſober pace.
But many thanks, fair Lady, be to you,
For uſing errant Knight with courteſie.

Lady. But ſay, brave Knight, what is your Name and Birth?

Ralph. My Name is *Ralph*, I am an *Engliſhman*,
As true as Steel, a hearty *Engliſhman*,
And Prentice to a Grocer in the *Strand*,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But fortune calling me to follow Arms,
On me this holy Order I did take,
Of *Burning Peſtle*, which in all Mens Eyes,
I bear, confounding Ladies Enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen,
And fertile Soil, and ſtore of wholeſome Food;
My Father oft will tell me of a drink
In *England* found, and *Nipitato* call'd,
Which driveth all the ſorrow from your Hearts.

Ralph. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your Lips
To better *Nipitato* than there is.

Lady. And of a Wild-fowl he will often ſpeak,
Which Powdered Beef and Muſtard called is:
For there have been great Wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly *Ralph*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Ralph*, could you contented be,
To wear a Lady's Favor in your Shield?

Ralph. I am a Knight of Religious Order,
And will not wear a Favor of a Ladies
That truſts in *Antichriſt*, and falſe traditions.

Cit. Well ſaid *Ralph*, convert her if thou canſt.

Ralph. Beſides, I have a Lady of my own
In merry *England*; for whoſe virtuous ſake
I took theſe Arms, and *Suſan* is her Name,
A Coblers Maid in *Milkſtreet*, whom I vow
Ne'er to forſake, whilſt Life and Peſtle laſt.

Lady. Happy that Cobling Dame, who e'er ſhe be,
That for her own (dear *Ralph*) hath gotten thee.
Unhappy I, that ne'er ſhall ſee the Day
To ſee thee more, that bear'ſt my Heart away.

Ralph.

Ralph. Lady farewel, I must needs take my leave.
Lady. Hard-hearted *Ralph*, that Ladies dost deceive.
Cit. Hark thee *Ralph*, there's Mony for thee; give something in the King of *Cracovia*'s House, be not beholding to him.
Ralph. Lady before I go, I must remember
Your Father's Officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy Hand thou princely Maid,
There's twelve Pence for your Father's Chamberlain.
And another Shilling for his Cook,
For by my troth the Goose was roasted well.
And twelve Pence for your Father's Horse-keeper,
For nointing my Horse Back, and for his Butter,
There is another Shilling to the Maid
That wash'd my Boot-hose, there's an *English* Groat,
And two Pence to the Boy that wip'd my Boots.
And last, fair Lady, there is for your self
Three pence to buy you Pins at *Bumbo* Fair.
Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe
Till all the Heads be off, for thy sake *Ralph.*
Ralph. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot stay.
Lady. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away.
[*Exeunt.*
Wife. I commend *Ralph* yet, that he will not stoop to a *Cracovian*, there's properer Women in *London* than any are there, I wis. But here comes Master *Humphrey*, and his Love again, now *George.*
Cit. Ay Cunny, Peace.
Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, *and Boy.*
Merch. Go get you up, I will not be intreated.
And Gossip mine I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again, with Boys and Unthrifts;
Come they are Womens tears, I know your Fashion.
Go Sirrah, lock her in, and keep the Key [*Exit* Luce *and*
Safe as your Life. Now my Son *Humphrey*, (*Boy.*
You may both rest assured of my Love
In this, and reap your own Desire. (Daughter,
Humph. I see this Love you speak of, through your
Although the hole be little, and hereafter

Will

Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Chriſtian, and a Gentleman.

Merch. I do believe you (my good Son) and thank you.
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.

Humph. It were indeed, but ſhall I tell you why,
I have been beaten twice about the lye.

Merch. Well Son, no more of Complement, my Daughter
Is yours again, appoint the time and take her.
We'll have no ſtealing for it, I my ſelf
And ſome few of our Friends will ſee you married.

Humph. I would you would i'faith, for be it known
I ever was afraid to lye alone.

Merch. Some three Days hence then.

Humph. Three Days, let me ſee,
'Tis ſomewhat of the moſt, yet I agree,
Becauſe I mean againſt the pointed Day,
To viſit all my Friends in new Array.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would ſpeak with your Worſhip. *Mer.* What is ſhe?

Ser. Sir, I askt her not.

Mer. Bid her come in.

Enter Miſtreſs Merry-thought, *and* Michael.

Miſt. Mer. Peace be to your Worſhip, I come as a poor Suitor to you Sir, in the behalf of this Child.

Merch. Are you not Wife to *Merry-thought?*

Miſt. Mer. Yes truly, would I had ne'er ſeen his Eyes, he has undone me and himſelf, and his Children, and there he lives at home and ſings, and hoits, and revels among his drunken Companions, but I warrant you, where to get a penny to put Bread in his Mouth, he knows not: And therefore if it like your Worſhip, I would intreat your Letter to the honeſt Hoſt of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, that I may place my Child under the protection of his Tapſter, in ſome ſetled courſe of Life.

Mer. I'm glad the Heav'ns have heard my Prayers: Thy Husband,
When I was ripe in Sorrows, laught at me,
Thy Son, like an unthankful Wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To ſhew his love again, firſt ſtole my Daughter:

Then

Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and laſt of all
Gave me that Grief, had almoſt brought me down
Unto my Grave, had not a ſtronger Hand
Reliev'd my Sorrows; go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied, for here I profeſs
An everlaſting hate to all thy Name.

Miſt. Mer. Will you ſo Sir, how ſay you by that? Come *Micke*, let him keep his Wind to cool his Pottage, we'll go to thy Nurſes, *Micke*, ſhe knits ſilk Stockings Boy, and we'll knit too Boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

[*Exeunt* Michael *and Mother.*

Enter a Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Maſter of this Houſe.

Merch. How then Boy?

Boy. Then to your ſelf, Sir, comes this Letter.

Merch. From whom, my pretty Boy?

Boy. From him that was your Servant, but no more
Shall that Name ever be, for he is Dead,
Grief of your purchas'd Anger broke his Heart;
I ſaw him die, and from his Hand receiv'd
This Paper, with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and ſatisfie your ſelf in all.

LETTER.

Merch. *SIR, that I have wronged your Love I muſt confeſs, in which I have purchas'd to my ſelf, beſides mine own undoing, the ill Opinion of my Friends; let not your Anger, good Sir, outlive me, but ſuffer me to reſt in Peace with your forgiveneſs; let my Body (if a dying Man may ſo much prevail with you) be brought to your Daughter, that ſhe may know my hot Flames are now buried, and withal receive a teſtimony of the Zeal I bore her Virtue: Farewel for ever, and be ever happy.* Jaſper.

God's hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet am I glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again: Boy bring the body,
And let him have his Will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without Sir. *Mer.* So Sir, if you pleaſe
You may conduct it in, I do not fear it.

Humph. I'll be your Uſher Boy, for though I ſay it,
He ow'd me ſomething once, and well did pay it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Luce *alone.*

Luce. If there be any Punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my Soul, I cannot bear the Pain
Of these delaying Tortures: Thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, oh Death, bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of Father and my cruel Friend;
O wretched Maid still living to be wretched,
To be a say to Fortune in her Changes,
And grow to number Times and Woes together.
How happy had I been, if being Born
My Grave had been my Cradle?

Enter Servant.

Ser. By your leave
Young Mistress, here's a Boy hath brought a Coffin,
What a would say I know not: But your Father
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper *in it.*

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.
Boy. Fair Mistress, let me not add greater Grief
To that great store you have already; *Jasper*,
That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,
And here inclos'd, commanded me to bring
His Body hither, and to crave a Tear
From those fair Eyes, though he deserve not Pity,
To deck his Funeral, for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he dy'd. *Luce.* He shall have many.

[*Exeunt Coffin-carrier and Boy.*

Good Friends depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead Man, that once I lov'd:
Hold, yet a little, Life, and then I give thee
To thy first Heav'nly Being; O my Friend!
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after, but believe me,
Thou wert too cruel *Jasper* 'gainst thy self,
In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,
With so untimely Death; thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wer't most kind, most true, most loving;

And I the moſt unkind, moſt falſe, moſt cruel.
Didſt thou but ask a Tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my Eyes can pour down, all my Sighs,
All my ſelf, before thou goeſt from me,
Theſe are but ſparing Rites; but if thy Soul
Be yet about this Place, and can behold
And ſee what I prepare to deck thee with,
It ſhall go up, born on the Wings of Peace,
And ſatisfy'd: Firſt will I ſing thy Dirge,
Then kiſs thy pale Lips, and then die my ſelf,
And fill one Coffin, and one Grave together.

SONG.

Come you whoſe Loves are dead,
And whilſt I ſing,
Weep and wring,
Every Hand, and every Head,
Bind with Cypreſs and ſad Ewe,
Ribbands black, and Candles blue,
For him that was of Men moſt true.

Come with heavy Mourning,
And on his Grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of Sighs and Groaning,
Let him have fair Flowers enow,
White and Purple, Green and Yellow,
For him that was of Men moſt true.

Thou ſable Cloth, ſad Cover of my Joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with Death. (Heav'n!
Jaſp. And thus you meet the Living. *Luce.* Save me
Jaſp. Nay, do not flye me, Fair, I am no Spirit;
Look better on me, do you know me yet?
Luce. O thou dear Shadow of my Friend.
Jaſp. Dear Subſtance,
I ſwear I am no Shadow; feel my Hand,
It is the ſame it was, I am your *Jaſper*,
Your *Jaſper* that's yet living, and yet loving;
Pardon my raſh Attempt, my fooliſh Proof
I put in practice of your Conſtancy.

For

For ſooner ſhould my Sword have drunk my Blood,
And ſet my Soul at Liberty, than drawn
The leaſt Drop from that Body, for which Boldneſs
Doom me to any thing; if Death, I take it
And willingly. *Luce.* This Death I'll give you for it:
So, now I am ſatisfy'd; you are no Spirit,
But my own trueſt, trueſt, trueſt Friend,
Why do you come thus to me?

Jaſp. Firſt, to ſee you,
Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be,
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all Hours,
That 'tis impoſſible for me to ſcape.

Jaſp. Nothing more poſſible, within this Coffin
Do you convey your ſelf; let me alone,
I have the Wits of twenty Men about me,
Only I crave the Shelter of your Cloſet
A little, and then fear me not; creep in
That they may preſently convey you hence:
Fear nothing deareſt Love, I'll be your ſecond,
Lye cloſe, ſo, all goes well yet; Boy.

Boy. At hand, Sir.

Jaſp. Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

Boy. Tis done already.

Jaſp. Now muſt I go conjure. [*Exit.*

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, Boy.

Boy. Your Servant, Sir.

Merch. Do me this Kindneſs, Boy; hold here's a Crown: before thou bury the Body of this Fellow, carry it to his old merry Father, and ſalute him from me, and bid him ſing, he hath Cauſe.

Boy. I will, Sir.

Merch. And then bring me Word what Tune he is in, and have another Crown; but do it truly.
I have fitted him a Bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God bleſs your Worſhip's Health, Sir.

Merch. Farewel, Boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maſter Merry-thought.

Wife. Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there again? Let's hear ſome of thy Songs. Old Mer-

Old Mer. *Who can sing a merrier Note*
Than he that cannot change a Groat?

Not a Dinner left, and yet my Heart leaps; I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any Man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the Streets: My Wife and both my Sons are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by Meat to Supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the Table at six a Clock; therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Servingman to carry the the Cloak-Bag still,
Nor would I be a Faulconer the greedy Hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good House, and have a good Master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best, and no Work would I do.

This is that keeps Life and Soul together, Mirth: This is the Philosophers Stone that they write so much on, that keeps a Man ever young.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your Mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more Drink.

Old Mer. Will they not? Let 'em chuse: The best is I have Mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their Drink to themselves.

For *Jillian* of *Berry*, she dwells on a Hill,
And she hath good Beer and Ale to sell,
And of good Fellows she thinks no Ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now, and thither
Will we go now.
And when you have made a little stay,
You need not know what is to pay,
But kiss your Hostess, and go your way. And thither, *&c.*

Enter another Boy.

2 *Boy.* Sir, I can get no Bread for Supper.

Old Mer. Hang Bread and Supper, let's preserve our Mirth, and we shall never feel Hunger, I'll warrant you; let's have a Catch, Boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

Ho, ho, no Body at home, Meat, nor Drink, nor Mony have we none;
Fill the Pot Eedy, *never more need I.*

Old Mer.

Old Mer. So Boys, enough, follow me, let's change our Place, and we ſhall laugh afreſh. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Let him go, *George*, a ſhall not have any Countenance from us, not a good Word from any i'th' Company, if I may ſtrike Stroak in't.

Cit. No more a ſhannot, Love; but *Nell*, I will have *Ralph* do a very notable Matter now, to the eternal Honour and Glory of all Grocers; Sirrah, you there, Boy, can none of you hear?

Boy. Sir, your Pleaſure.

Cit. Let *Ralph* come out on *May* Day in the Morning, and ſpeak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

Boy. Why, Sir, you do not think of our Plot, what will become of that then?

Cit. Why, Sir, I care not what become on't. I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out my ſelf, I'll have ſomething done in Honour of the City; beſides he hath been long enough upon Adventures; bring him out quickly, for I come amongſt you ——

Boy. Well, Sir, he ſhall come out, but if our Play miſcarry, Sir, you are like to pay for't. [*Exit.*

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave i'faith: *George*, ſhall not he dance the Morrice too for the Credit of the *Strand*?

Cit. No, Sweet-heart, it will be too much for the Boy. O there he is, *Nell*, he's reaſonable well in Reparel, but he has not Rings enough.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. London, *to thee I do preſent the merry Month of* May,
Let each true Subject be content to hear me what I ſay:
For from the Top of Conduit Head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my Name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My Name is Ralph, *by due deſcent, though not ignoble I,*
Yet far inferior to the Flock of gracious Grocery.
And by the Common-counſel of my Fellows in the Strand,
With gilded Staff, and croſſed Scarf, the May-*Lord here I ſtand.*

Rejoyce

Rejoyce O English *Hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce O Lovers dear;*
Rejoyce O City, Town, and Country, rejoyce eke every Shire;
For now the flagrant Flowers do spring and sprout in semely sort,
The little Birds do sit and Sing, the Lambs do make fine sport, (Boy cry,
And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that makes the School
The Morrice rings while Hobby Horse doth foot it featuously:
The Lords and Ladies now abroad, for their Disport and Play,
Do Kiss sometimes upon the Grass, and sometimes in the Hay.
Now Butter with a leaf of Sage is good to purge the Blood,
Fly Venus *and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.*
Now little Fish on tender Stone begin to cast their Bellies,
And sluggish Snails, that erst were mute, do creep out of their Shellies.
The rumbling Rivers now do warm for little Boys to paddle,
The sturdy Steed now goes to Grass, and up they hang his Saddle.
The heavy Hart, the blowing Buck, the Rascal and the Pricket,
Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leave the fearful Thicket.
And be like them, O you, I say, of this same noble Town,
And lift aloft your velvet Heads, and slipping of your Gown:
With Bells on Legs, and Napkins clean unto your Shoulders ty'd, (cry'd:
With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town
March out and shew your willing Minds, by twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon *or to* Newington, *where Ale and Cakes are plenty.*
And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the Youths of London,
Lay thruming of our Caps at home, and left our Custom undone.
Up then I say, both Young and Old, both Man and Maid a Maying,

With Drums and Guns that bounce aloud, and merry Taber playing.
Which to prolong, God ſave our King, and ſend his Country Peace,
And root out Treaſon from the Land; and ſo, my Friends, I ceaſe.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Merchant ſolus.

Merch. I will have no great ſtore of Company at the Wedding, a couple of Neighbours and their Wives, and we will have a Capon in ſtewed Broth, with Marrow, and a good piece of Beef, ſtuck with Roſemary.

Enter Jaſper *with his Face mealed.*

Jaſp. Forbear thy pains, fond Man, it is too late.
Merch. Heav'n bleſs me: *Jaſper?*
Jaſp. Ay, I am his Ghoſt,
Whom thou haſt injur'd for his conſtant Love:
Fond worldly Wretch, who doſt not underſtand
In Death that true Hearts cannot parted be.
Firſt know, thy Daughter is quite born away,
On Wings of Angels, through the liquid Air
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her Face: But ſhe and I
Will in another World enjoy our Loves,
Where neither Father's Anger, Poverty,
Nor any Croſs that troubles earthly Men,
Shall make us ſever our united Hearts.
And never ſhalt thou ſit, or be alone
In any place, but I will viſit thee
With gaſtly Looks, and put into thy Mind
The great Offences which thou didſt to me.
When thou art at thy Table with thy Friends,
Merry in Heart, and fill'd with ſwelling Wine,
I'll come in midſt of all thy Pride and Mirth,
Inviſible to all Men but thy ſelf,

And whisper such a sad Tale in thine Ear,
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy Hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death it self.

Merch. Forgive me, *Jasper*; Oh! What might I do,
Tell me, to satisfie thy troubled Ghost?

Jasp. There is no means, too late thou think'st on this.

Merch But tell me what were best for me to do?

Jasp. Repent thy Deed, and satisfie my Father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy Doors. [*Exit* Jasper.

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look *George*, his very Ghost would have folks beaten.

Humph. Father, my Bride is gone, fair Mistress *Luce*,
My Soul's the font of Vengeance, mischiefs Sluce.

Merch. Hence Fool out of my sight, with thy fond Pas-
Thou hast undone me. (sion,

Humph. Hold my Father dear,
For *Luce* thy Daughter's sake, that had no Peer.

Merch. Thy Father, Fool? There's some blows more, be gone.
Jasper, I hope thy Ghost be well appeased,
To see thy Will perform'd, now I'll go
To satisfie thy Father for thy Wrongs. [*Exit.*

Humph. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And Mistress *Luce* is gone? Help me Device:
Since my True-love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the Sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my Shoo-soles
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Paul's*. [*Exit.*

Wife. George call *Ralph* hither, if you love me call *Ralph* hither, I have the bravest thing for him to do *George*, prethee call him quickly

Cit. Ralph, why *Ralph*, Boy.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here, Sir.

Cit. Come hither *Ralph*, come to thy Mistress, Boy.

Wife. Ralph I would have thee call all the Youths together in Battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and Flags, and march to *Mile-end* in pompous Fashion, and there exhort your Soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep

their Beards from burning, *Ralph*; and then skirmish, and let your Flags fly, and cry, kill, kill, kill: My Husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Ralph*, and there's a Scarfe; for he rest, the House shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't: do it bravely *Ralph*, and think before whom you perform, and what Person you represent.

Ralph. I warrant you Mistress, if I do it not, for the honour of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me never hope for freedom.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken i'faith; go thy ways, thou art a Spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, double your Files bravely *Ralph*.

Ralph. I warrant you, Sir. [*Exit* Ralph.

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his Service, I shall take him else; I was there my self a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the Day, Wench, had my Feather shot shear away, the fringe of my Pike burnt off with Powder, my Pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet I thank God I am here. [*Drum within.*

Wife. Hark *George*, the Drums.

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran tan: Oh Wench an thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of *Aldgate*, drum *Ned*, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a Tyrant, and then struck softly till the Ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go: Sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the Guns; courage my Hearts, quoth the Captains: Saint *George*, quoth the Pike-men; and withal here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am here Wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph *and his Company with Drums and Colours.*

Ralph. March fair my Hearts; Lieutenant, beat the Rear up: Ancient, let your Colours fly; but have a great care of the Butchers Hooks at *White-Chappel*, they have been the Death of many a fair Ancient. Open your Files, that I may take a view both of your Persons and Munition: Serjeant, call a Muster.

Serj. A stand, *William Hamerton* Pewterer.

Ham. Here Captain.

Ralph. A Corslet and a *Spanish* Pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a Terror? *Ham.*

Ham. I hope ſo, Captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me, 'tis with the weakeſt: Put more ſtrength *William Hamerton*, more ſtrength: As you were again; proceed Serjeant.

Serj. George Green-gooſe, Poulterer.

Green. Here.

Ralph. Let me ſee your Peice Neighbour *Green-gooſe*, when was ſhe ſhot in?

Green. And like you Maſter Captain, I made a ſhot even now, partly to ſcour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It ſhould ſeem ſo certainly, for her Breath is yet inflamed: Beſides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and ſtinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten ſuch touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army; Get you a Feather, Neighbour, get you a Feather, Sweet Oil and Paper, and your Peice may do well enough yet. Where's your Powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a Paper? As I am a Soldier and a Gentleman, it craves a Martial Court: You ought to die for't. Where's your Horn? Anſwer me to that.

Green. An't like you Sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it ſhould be ſo; 'tis a ſhame for you, and a ſcandal to all our Neighbours, being a Man of Worth and Eſtimation, to leave your Horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; ſtand till I view you all. What's become o'th' Noſe of your Flask?

1 *Sold.* Indeed law Captain, 'twas blown away with Powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the Cities Charge. Where's the Stone of this Peice?

2 *Sold.* The Drummer took it out to light Tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault my Friend, put it in again: You want a Noſe, and you a Stone; Serjeant, take a Note on't, for I mean to ſtop it in the Pay. Remove and march, ſoft and fair Gentlemen; ſoft and fair: double and files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the ſodden Face, keep in there: Look to your Match Sirrah, it will be in your Fellows Flask anon. So make a Creſcent now, advance your Pikes,

ſtand and give ear, Gentlemen, Country-men, Friends, and my ſellow-Soldiers, I have brought you this Day from the Shop of Security, and the Counters of Content, to meaſure out in theſe furious Fields, Honour by the Ell, and Proweſs by the Pound: Let it not, O let it not, I ſay, be told hereafter, the noble Iſſue of this City fainted; but bear your ſelves in this fair action, like Men, valiant Men, and free Men: Fear not the Face of the Enemy, nor the noiſe of the Guns; for believe me Brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewer's Carr is more terrible, of which you have a daily Experience: Neither let the ſtink of Powder offend you, ſince a more valiant ſtink is nightly with you. To a reſolved Mind, his home is every where: I ſpeak not this to take away the hope of your return; for you ſhall ſee (I do not doubt it) and that very ſhortly, your loving Wives again, and your ſweet Children, whoſe care doth bear you company in Baskets. Remember then whoſe Cauſe you have in hand, and like a ſort of true-born Scavengers, ſcour me this famous Realm of Enemies. I have no more to ſay but this: Stand to your tacklings Lads, and ſhew to the World, you can as well brandiſh a Sword, as ſhake an Apron. Saint *George*, and on my Hearts.

Omnes. Saint *George*, Saint *George*. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done *Ralph*, I'll ſend thee a cold Capon a field, and a Bottle of *March*-Beer; and, it may be, come my ſelf to ſee thee.

Cit. Nell, the Boy hath deceiv'd me much, I did not think it had been in him? He has perform'd ſuch a matter Wench, that if I live, next Year I'll have him Captain of the *Gallifoiſt*, or I'll want my Will.

Enter Old Merry-thought.

Old Mer. Yet I thank God, I break not a Wrinkle more than I had, not a ſtoop Boys? *Care* live with Cats, I defie thee, my Heart is as ſound as an Oak; and tho' I want Drink to wet my whiſtle, I can ſing.

Come no more there Boys, come no more there:
For we ſhall never whilſt we live, come any more there.

Enter

Enter a Boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God ſave you Sir.

Old Mer. It's a brave Boy: Can'ſt thou ſing? (time.

Boy. Yes Sir, I can ſing, but 'tis not ſo neceſſary at this

Old Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it, whilſt love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little liſt to ſing. (ſought,

Old Mer. Oh the Mimon round, full long I have thee
And now I have thee found, and what haſt thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin, Sir, and your dead Son *Jaſper* in it.

Old Mer. Dead? Why farewel he:
Thou waſt a bonny Boy, and I did love thee.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. Then I pray you Sir, do ſo ſtill.

Old Mer. *Jaſper*'s Ghoſt? Thou art welcome from *Stygian-lake* ſo ſoon, (done.
Declare to me what wondrous things in *Pluto*'s Court are

Jaſp. By my troth Sir, I ne'er came there, 'tis too hot for me Sir.

Old Mer. A merry Ghoſt, a very merry Ghoſt.
And where is your true Love? Oh where is yours?

Jaſp. Marry look you Sir. [*Heaves up the Coffin.*

Old Mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that I'faith?
With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin, the World it runs on Wheels.
When the young Man's —— up goes the Maiden's Heels.

Miſtreſs Merry-thought *and* Michael *within.*

Miſt. Mer. What Mr. *Merry-thought*, will you not let's in? What do you think ſhall become of us?

Old. Mer. What Voice is that that calleth at our Door?

Miſt. Mer. You know me well enough, I am ſure I have not been ſuch a Stranger to you.

Old Mer. And ſome they whiſtled, and ſome they ſung, *Hey down, down:* And ſome did loudly ſay, ever as the Lord *Barnet*'s Horn blew, *Away Muſgrave away.*

Miſt. Mer. You will not have us ſtarve here, will you, Maſter *Merry-thought?*

Jaſp. Nay, good Sir be perſwaded, ſhe is my Mother: If her offences have been great againſt you, let your own Love remember ſhe is yours, and ſo forgive her.

Luce. Good Maſter *Merry-thought*, let me intreat you, I will not be denied.

Miſt. Mer. Why Maſter *Merry-thought*, will you be a vext thing ſtill?

Old. Mer. Woman I take you to my love again, but you ſhall ſing before you enter; therefore diſpatch your Song, and ſo come in.

Miſt. Mer. Well, you muſt have your Will when all's done; *Mich.* what Song can'ſt thou ſing, Boy?

Mich. I can ſing none forſooth, but a Lady's Daughter of *Paris* properly.

Mich. Mer. Song. *It was a Lady's Daughter*, &c.

Old Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.
If ſuch danger be inplaying, and jeſt muſt to earneſt turn,
You ſhall go no more a Maying.

Merch. within. Are you within, Sir, Maſter *Merry-thought?*

Jaſp. It is my Maſter's Voice, good Sir, go hold him talk whilſt we convey our ſelves into ſome inward Room.

Old Mer. What are you? are you merry? you muſt be very merry if you enter.

Merch. I am, Sir.

Old Merch. Sing then.

Mer. Nay, good Sir open to me.

Old Mer. Sing, I ſay, or by the merry Heart you come not in.

Merch. Well, Sir, I'll ſing.

Fortune my Foe, &c.

Old Merch. You are welcome, Sir, you are welcome: you ſee your Entertainment, pray you be merry.

Mer. Oh Maſter *Merry-thought*, I am come to ask you
Forgiveneſs for the wrongs I offered you,
And your moſt virtuous Son, they're infinite,
Yet my contrition ſhall be more than they.
I do confeſs my hardneſs broke his Heart,
For which juſt Heav'n hath given me Puniſhment
More than my Age can carry; his wandring Spirit,
Not yet at reſt, purſues me every where,
Crying, I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.
My Daughter ſhe is gone, I know not how,

Taken

Taken inviſible, and whether living,
Or in Grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh Maſter *Merry-thought*, theſe are the Weights
Will ſink me to my Grave; forgive me, Sir.
Old Mer. Why Sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.
And if the Wag in's Life-time play'd the Knave,
Can you forgive him too?
Merch. With all my Heart, Sir.
Old Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.
Merch. I do, Sir.
Now by my Soul I do.
Old Mer. With that came out his Paramour,
She was as white as the Lilly Flower,
Hey troul, troly loly.
Enter Lucy *and* Jaſper.
With that came out her own dear Knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, *&c.*
Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their Hands together, there's no more to be ſaid i'th' matter.
Merch. I do, I do.
Cit. I do not like this; peace, Boys, hear me one of you, every Body's part is come to an end but *Ralph*'s, and he's left out.
Boy. 'Tis long of your ſelf, Sir, we have nothing to do with his part.
Cit. Ralph, come away, make on him as you have done of the reſt Boys, come.
Wife. Now good Husband, let him come out and die.
Cit. He ſhall *Nell*; *Ralph*, come away quickly and die, Boy.
Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he ſhould die, Sir, upon no occaſion, and in a Comedy too.
Cit. Take you no care for that, Sir Boy, is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? come away *Ralph.*
Enter Ralph *with a forked Arrow through his Head.*
Ralph. When I was mortal, this my coſtive Corps
Did lap up Figs and Raiſons in the *Strand*,
Where ſitting I eſpy'd a lovely Dame,
Whoſe Maſter wrought with Lingell and with Aul,
And underground he vampied many a Boot,

Straight

Straight did her Love prick forth me, tender Sprig,
To follow featsof Arms in warlike wiſe,
Through *Waltham* Deſart; where I did perform
Many Atchievements, and did lay on Ground
Huge *Barbaroſo*, that inſulting Giant,
And all his Captives ſoon ſet at liberty.
Then Honour prick'd me from my Native Soil
Into *Moldavia*, where I gain'd the Love
Of *Pompiana*, his beloved Daughter;
But yet prov'd conſtant to the black Thumm'd Maid
Suſan, and ſcorned *Pompiana*'s Love:
Yet liberal I was, and gave her Pins,
And Mony for her Father's Officers.
I then returned home, and thruſt my ſelf
In action, and by all means choſen was
The Lord of *May*, where I did flouriſh it,
With Scarfs and Rings, and Poeſie in my Hand:
After this Action I preferred was,
And choſen City-Captain at *Mile-end*,
With Hat and Feather, and with leading Staff,
And train'd my Men, and brought them all off clear,
Save one Man that beraid him with the noiſe.
But all theſe things I *Ralph* did undertake,
Only for my beloved *Suſan*'s ſake.
Then coming home, and ſitting in my Shop
With Apron blue, Death came unto my Stall
To cheapen *Aquavitæ*, but e'er I
Could take the Bottle down, and fill a taſte,
Death came and caught a Pound of Pepper in his Hand,
And ſprinkled all my Face and Body o'er,
And in an inſtant vaniſhed away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty Fiction i'faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walked in *Moorfields* to cool my ſelf,
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And ſhot this forked Arrow through my Head,
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
My Fellows every one, of forked Heads.
Farewel all you good Boys in merry *London*,
Ne'er ſhall we more upon *Shrove-Tueſday* meet,

And

And pluck down Houſes of Iniquity.
My pain increaſeth: I ſhall never more
Hold open, whilſt another pumps both Legs,
Nor daub a Sattin Gown with rotten Eggs:
Set up a Stake, oh never more I ſhall;
I die, fly, fly my Soul to Grocers Hall. Oh, oh, oh, *&c.*

Wife. Well ſaid, *Ralph*, do your obeyſance to the Gentlemen, and go your ways, well ſaid *Ralph*.

[*Exit* Ralph.

Old Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, ſhould not part without a Song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old Mer. Strike up then.

SONG.

Better Muſick ne'er was known,
Than a Quire of Hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the Gall or Spleen,
Learn of us to keep his Brow
Smooth and plain, as yours are now.
Sing though before the hour of dying,
He ſhall riſe, and then be crying,
Heyho, 'tis nought but Mirth
That keeps the Body from the Earth.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUS.

Cit. Come *Nell*, ſhall we go, the Play's done?

Wife. Nay, by my Faith *George*, I have more manners than ſo, I'll ſpeak to theſe Gentlemen firſt: I thank you all Gentlemen, for your Patience and Countenance to *Ralph*, a poor Fatherleſs Child, and if I may ſee you at my Houſe, it ſhould go hard but I would have a Pottle of Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco for you; for truly I hope you like the Youth, but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own Diſcretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will wink, and whilſt you ſhall do what you will. I thank you with all my Heart, God give you good Night; come *George*.



Love's Pilgrimage

Vol. 5. p. 233

LOVES PILGRIMAGE.

A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1711.

PROLOGUE.

TO this Place, Gentlemen, full many a Day
We have bid ye welcome, and to many a Play:
And thoſe whoſe angry Souls were not diſeas'd
With Law, or lending Mony, we have pleas'd;
And make no doubt to do again. This Night
No mighty Matter, nor no light,
We muſt intreat you look for: A good Tale,
Told in two Hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearſe ye: New
I am ſure it is, and handſom; but how true
Let them diſpute that write it. Ten to one
We pleaſe the Women, and I would know that Man
Follows not their Example? If ye mean
To know the Play well, travel with the Scene,
For it lyes upon the Road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good Men, leave us not i'th' Mire,
Another Bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, cry but hoa,
And we'll ſtay for ye. When our Journey ends,
Every Man's Pot I hope, and all part Friends.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Governor of Barcelona.
Leonardo, *a noble* Genoeſe, *Father to* Mark Antonio.
Don Zanchio, *an old Lame angry Soldier*, *Father to* Leocadia.
Alphonſo, *a cholerick Don*, *Father to* Theodoſia.
Philippo, *Son to* Alphonſo, *Lover of* Leocadia.
Marc-Antonio, *Son to* Leonardo.
Pedro, *a Gentleman*, *and Friend to* Leonardo.
Rodorigo, *General of the* Spaniſh *Gallies*.
Incubo, *Bailiff of* Caſtel Bianco.
Diego, *Hoſt of* Oſſuna.
Lazaro, *Hoſtler to* Diego.
Hoſt of Barcelona.
Bailiff of Barcelona.
Chirurgions.
Soldiers.
Townſmen.
Attendants.

WOMEN.

Theodoſia, *Daughter to* Alphonſo, } *Love-ſick Ladies in*
Leocadia, *Daughter to Don* Zanchio, } *purſuit of* M. Anton.
Eugenia, *Wife to the Governor of* Barcelona.
Hoſteſs, *Wife to* Diego.
Hoſteſs, *Wife to the Hoſt of* Barcellona.

SCENE Barcelona *and the Road.*

Love's Pilgrimage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Incubo *the Bailiff, and* Diego *the Hoſt.*

INCUBO.

SIgnior Don *Diego*, and mine Hoſt, ſave thee.
Die. I thank you, Mr. Baily.
Inc. O the Block!
Die. Why, how ſhould I have anſwer'd?
Inc. Not with that (Hands,
Negligent Rudeneſs: But I kiſs your
Signior Don *Incubo de Hambre*, and then
My Titles: Maſter Baily of *Caſtle-Blanco*,
Thou ne'er wilt have the Elegancy of an Hoſt;
I ſorrow for thee, as my Friend and Goſſip:
No ſmoak, nor ſteam out-breathing from the Kitch
There's little Life i'th' Hearth then.
Die. Ay, there, there,
That is his Friendſhip, harkening for the Spit,
And ſorrow that he cannot ſmell the Pot boil.
Inc. Strange
An Inn ſhould be ſo curſt, and not the Sign
Blaſted nor withered; very ſtrange, three Days now,
And not an Egg eat in it, nor an Onion. (traps, I,
Die. I think they ha' ſtrew'd the High-ways with Cal-
No Horſe dares paſs 'em; I did never know
A Week of ſo ſad Doings, ſince I firſt
Stood to my Sign Poſt.
Inc. Goſſip, I have found
The Root of all: Kneel, it is thy ſelf

Art cauſe thereof; each Perſon is the Founder
Of his own Fortune, good or bad; but mend it,
Call for thy Cloak and Rapier.

Die. How?

Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haſte: Alter thy Fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Doſt thou think
Her good Face e'er will know a Man in *cuerpo?*
In ſingle Body, thus? In Hoſe and Doublet,
The Horſe-Boy's Garb? Baſe Blank, and half Blank *cuerpo*?
Did I, or Mr. Dean of *Sevil* our Neighbour
E'er reach our Dignities in *cuerpo*, think'ſt thou,
In ſquirting Hoſe and Doublet? Signior, no,
There went more to't: There were Cloaks, Gowns, (Caſſocks,
And other *Paramentos*: Call, I ſay.
His Cloak, and Rapier here.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. What means your Worſhip?

Inc. Bring forth thy Husband's Sword; ſo, hang it on,
And now his Cloak, here caſt it up; I mean,
Goſſip, to change your Luck, and bring you Gueſts.

Hoſteſs. Why! Is there Charm in this?

Inc. Expect; now walk,
But not the Pace of one that runs on Errands;
For, want of Gravity in an Hoſt, is odious:
You may remember, Goſſip, if you pleaſe,
(Your Wife being then th' Infanta of the Gipſies,
And your ſelf governing a great Man's Mules then)
Me a poor Squire at *Madrid* attending
A Maſter of Ceremonies; but a Man, believe it,
That knew his Place to the gold Weight, and ſuch
Have I heard him oft ſay, ought every Hoſt
Within the Catholick King's Dominion
Be in his own Houſe.

Die. How?

Inc. A Maſter of Ceremonies;
At leaſt Vice-Maſter, and to do nought in *cuerpo*,
That was his Maxim, I will tell thee of him:
He would not ſpeak with an Ambaſſador's Cook,
See a cold bake Meat from a foreign Part

In

In *cuerpo*: Had a Dog but ſtay'd without,
Or Beaſt of Quality, as an *Engliſh* Cow,
But to preſent it ſelf, he would put on
His *Savoy* Chain about his Neck, the Ruff
And Cuffs of *Holland*; then the *Naples* Hat
With the *Rome* Hat-band, and the *Florentine* Agat,
The *Milan* Sword, the Cloak of *Genoa* ſet
With *Flemiſh* Buttons; all his given Pieces
To entertain 'em in, and Complement [*Knock within.*
With a tame Cony, as with the Prince that ſent it.
Die. Liſt, who is there?
Inc. A Gueſt, and't be thy Will.
Die. Look Spouſe, cry Luck, and we be encounter'd, ha?
Hoſteſs. Luck then, and good, for 'tis a fine brave Gueſt,
With a brave Horſe.
Inc. Why now, believe of *Cuerpo*
Enter Theodoſia.
As you ſhall ſee Occaſion; go and meet him.
Theo. Look to my Horſe, I pray you, well.
Die. He ſhall, Sir.
Inc. Oh how beneath his Rank and Call was that now?
Your Horſe ſhall be entreated as becomes
A Horſe of Faſhion, and his Inches!
Theo. Oh.
Inc. Look to the Cavalier: What ails he? Stay
If it concern his Horſe, let it not trouble him,
He ſhall have all Reſpect the Place can yield him
Either of Barly, or freſh Straw.
Dio. Good Sir, look up.
Inc. He ſinks, ſomewhat to caſt upon him,
He'll go away in *cuerpo* elſe.
Die. What, Wife!
Oh your hot Waters quickly, and ſome cold
To caſt in his ſweet Face.
Hoſteſs. Alas,——fair Flower! [*Exit.*
Inc. Does any Body entertain this Horſe?
Die. Yes, *Lazaro* has him.
Enter Hoſteſs with a Glaſs of Water.
Inc. Go you ſee him in Perſon. [*Exit* Diego.
Hoſteſs. Sir, taſte a little of this, of mine own Water,

I did diſtill't my ſelf; ſweet Lilly look upon me,
You are but newly blown, my pretty Tulip.
Faint not upon your Stalk, 'tis firm and freſh,
Stand up ſo bolt upright, you are yet in growing.
Theo. Prav you let me have a Chamber.
Hoſteſs. That you ſhall, Sir.
Theo. And where I may be private, I entreat you.
Hoſteſs. For that in troth, Sir, we ha no Choice: Our (Houſe
Is but a Vent of need, that now and then
Receives a Gueſt, between the greater Towns
As they come late; only one Room.
Inc. She means, Sir, it is none
Of thoſe wild, ſcatter d Heaps, call'd Inns, where ſcarce
The Hoſt is heard, though he wind his Horn t'his People,
Here is a competent Pile, wherein the Man,
Wife, Servants, all do live within the whiſtle.
Hoſteſs. Only one Room.
Inc. A pretty modeſt Quadrangle
She will deſcribe to you.
Hoſteſs. Wherein ſtands two Beds, Sir,
Enter Diego.
We have, and where, if any Gueſt do come,
He muſt of Force be lodg'd, that is the truth, Sir.
Theo. But if I pay you for both your Beds, methinks
That ſhould alike content you.
Hoſteſs. That it ſhall, Sir.
If I be paid, I am paid.
Theo. Why, there's a Ducket,
Will that make your Content?
Hoſteſs. Oh the ſweet Face on you:
A Ducket? Yes, and there were three Beds, Sir,
And twice ſo many Rooms, which is one more,
You ſhould be private in 'em all, in all, Sir;
No one ſhould have a Piece of a Bed with you,
Not Maſter Dean of *Sevil* himſelf, I ſwear.
Though he came naked hither, as once he did,
When h'had like t'have been ta'en a Bed with the *Moor*,
And gueſt by her Maſter; you ſhall be as private,
As if you lay in's own great Houſe that's haunted,
Where no Body comes, they ſay.

Theo.

Theo. I thank you, Hoſteſs.
Pray you, will you ſhew me in.
Hoſteſs. Yes marry will I, Sir,
And pray that not a Flea, or a chink vex you.
[*Exit Hoſteſs and* Theo.
Inc. You forget Supper: Goſſip, move for Supper.
Die. 'Tis ſtrange what love to a Beaſt may do, his Horſe
Threw him into this fit.
Inc. You ſhall excuſe me,
It was his being in *cuerpo* meerly caus'd it.
Die. Do you think ſo, Sir?
Inc. Moſt unlucky *cuerpo*.
Naught elſe, he looks as he would eat Partridge,
This Gueſt; ha' you 'em ready in the Houſe?
And a fine piece of Kid now? and freſh Garlick,
Enter Hoſteſs.
With *Sardinia* and *Zant* Oil? How now?
Has he beſpoke, what will he have a brace,
Or but one Partridge, or a ſhort leg'd Hen,
Daintily carbonado'd?
Hoſteſs. 'Laſs the dead
May be as ready for a Supper as he.
Inc. Ha?
Hoſteſs. He has no mind to eat, more than his ſhadow.
Inc. Say you.
Die. How does your Worſhip?
Inc. I put on
My left Shoe firſt to day, now I perceive it,
And skipt a Bead in ſaying 'em o'er, elſe
I could not be thus croſs'd: He cannot be
Above ſeventeen; one of his Years, and have
No better a Stomach?
Hoſteſs. And in ſuch good Cloaths too. (Wife,
Die. Nay, theſe do often make the Stomach worſe,
That is no reaſon.
Inc. I could, at his Years, Goſſips,
(As temperate as you ſee me now) have eaten
My brace of Ducks, with my half Gooſe, my Cony,
And drank my whole twelve *Marvedis* in Wine,
As eaſie as I now get down three Olives.

Die. And, with your temperance-favour, yet I think
Your Worſhip would put to't at ſix and thirty
For a good Wager; and the Meal in too.
Inc. I do not know what mine old Mouth can do,
I ha not prov'd it lately.
Die. That's the grief, Sir.
Inc. But is he without hope then gone to Bed?
Hoſteſs. I fear ſo, Sir; h'as lock'd the Door cloſe to him,
Sure he is very ill.
Inc. That is with faſting,
You ſhould ha' told him Goſſip, what you had had,
Given him the Inventory of your Kitchen,
It is the Picklock in an Inn, and often
Opens a cloſe barr'd Stomach: What may he be troh?
Has he ſo good a Horſe?
Die. Oh a brave Jennet,
As e'er your Worſhip ſaw.
Inc. And he eats?
Die. Strongly.
Inc. A mighty Soleciſm, Heav'n give me Patience,
What Creatures has he?
Hoſteſs. None.
Inc. And ſo well cloath'd,
And ſo well mounted?
Die. That's all my wonder, Sir,
Who he ſhould be; he is attir'd and hors'd
For the Conſtable's Son of *Spain.*
Inc. My wonder's more
He ſhould want Appetite: Well, a good Night
To both my Goſſips; I will for this time
Put off the thought of ſupping: In the Morning
Remember him of Breakfaſt pray you.
Hoſteſs. I ſhall, Sir.
Die. A hungry-time, Sir.
Inc. We that live like Mice
On others Meat, muſt watch when we can get it. [*Ex.* Inc.
Hoſteſs. Yes, but I would not tell him: Our fair Gueſt
Says, though he eats no Supper he will pay for one.
Die. Good news; we'll eat it Spouſe, t' his Health,
'Twas politickly done t'admit no ſharers.

Enter

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Look to the Mules there, where's mine Hoſt?
Die. Here, Sir.
Another Fairy?
Hoſteſs. Bleſs me.
Phi. From what, ſweet Hoſteſs?
Are you afraid o' your Gueſts?
Hoſt. From Angels, Sir,
I think there's none but ſuch come here to Night,
My Houſe had never ſo good luck afore
For brave fine Gueſts; and yet the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.
Phi. No?
Hoſteſs. Not lodge you, Sir.
Phi. Not, Hoſteſs?
Hoſteſs. No in troth, Sir, I do tell you,
Becauſe you may provide in time: my Beds
Are both ta'en up by a young Cavalier
That will and muſt be private.
Die He has paid, Sir, for all our Chambers.
Hoſteſs. Which is one; and Beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two: But, Sir,
So ſweet a Creature, I am very ſorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look ſo like him,
You're both the lovelieſt pieces.
Phi. What train has he?
Die. None but himſelf.
Phi. And will no leſs than both Beds
Serve him?
Hoſteſs. H'as given me a Ducket for 'em.
Phi. Oh,
You give me reaſon, Hoſteſs: Is he handſome,
And young, do you ſay?
Hoſteſs. Oh Sir, the delicat'ſt Fleſh
And fineſt Cloaths withal, and ſuch a Horſe,
With ſuch a Saddle.
Phi. She's in love with all,
The Horſe, and him, and Saddle, and Cloaths, good Woman,
Thou juſtifieſt thy Sex; lov'ſt all that's brave:

Enter Incubo.

Sure though I lye o'th' ground, I'll ſtay here now
And have a ſight of him: You'll give me Houſe-room,
Fire, and freſh Meat, for Mony, gentle Hoſteſs;
And make me a Pallat?

Inc. Sir, ſhe ſhall do reaſon,——
I underſtood you had another Gueſt, Goſſips,
Pray you let his Mule be look'd to, have good Straw,
And ſtore of Bran: And Goſſip, do you hear,
Let him not ſtay for Supper: What good Fowl ha' you?
This Gentleman would eat a Pheaſant.

Hoſteſs. 'Laſs Sir,
We ha' no ſuch.

Inc. I kiſs your Hands, fair Sir.
What ha' you then? ſpeak what you have? I'm one, Sir,
Here for the Catholick King, an Officer
T' enquire what Gueſts come to theſe Places; you, Sir,
Appear a Perſon of Quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodared: Why ſpeak you not,
What ha' you Woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?

Phi. This is a moſt ſtrange Man;
T' appoint my Meat.

Hoſteſs. The half of a cold Hen, Sir,
And a boil'd quarter of Kid, is all i'th' Houſe.

Inc. Why all's but cold; let him ſee it forth,
Cover, and give the Eye ſome ſatisfaction,
A Traveller's Stomach muſt ſee Bread and Salt,
His Belly is nearer to him than his Kindred:
Cold Hen's a pretty Meat, Sir.

Phi. What you pleaſe,
I am reſolv'd t' obey.

Inc. So is your Kid,
With Pepper, Garlick, and the juice of an Orange;
She ſhall with Sallads help it, and clean Linnen;
Diſpatch. What news at Court, Sir?

Phi. Faith, new Tires
Moſt of the Ladies have, the Men old Suits;
Only the King's Fool has a new Coat
To ſerve you.

Inc.

Inc. I did gueſs you came from thence, Sir.
Phi. But I do know I did not.
Inc. I miſtook, Sir.
What hear you of the Archdukes?
Phi. Troth, your Queſtion.
Enter Hoſteſs and Servants with a Table.
Inc. Of the *French* Buſineſs, What?
Phi. As much.
Inc. No more?
They ſay the *French:* Oh that's well; come, I'll help you,
Have you no Jiblets now? Or a broil'd Raſher.
Or ſome ſuch preſent Diſh t'aſſiſt?
Hoſteſs. Not any, Sir.
Inc. The more your fault, you ne'er ſhould be without
Such aids, what Cottage would ha' lack'd a Pheaſant
At ſuch a time as this? Well, bring your Hen
And Kid forth quickly.
Phi. That ſhould be my Prayer,
To ſcape his Inquiſition.
Inc. Sir, the *French*,
They ſay, are divided 'bout their Match with us,
What think you of it?
Phi. As of naught to me, Sir.
Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love
To ask after theſe things, to know the Affections
Of States and Princes, now and then for bettering.
Phi. Of your own Ignorance.
Inc. Yes, Sir.
Phi. Many do ſo.
Inc. I cannot live without it; what do you hear
Of our *Indian* Fleet; they ſay they are well return'd.
Phi. I had no venture with 'em Sir; had you?
Enter Hoſteſs and Servants with Meat.
Inc. Why do you ask, Sir?
Phi. 'Cauſe it might concern you,
It does not me.
Inc. Oh here's your Meat come.
Phi. Thanks,
I welcome it at any price.
Inc. Some Stools here,

And

And bid mine Hoſt bring Wine, I'll try your Kid,
If he be ſweet: He looks well; yes, he is good;
I'll carve you, Sir.
Phi. You uſe me too too Princely,
Taſte, and carve too.
Inc. I love to do theſe Offices.
Phi. I think you do, for whoſe ſake?
Inc. For themſelves, Sir,
The very doing of them is Reward.
Phi. 'Had little Faith would not believe you, Sir.
Inc. Goſſip, ſome Wine.
Enter Diego *with Wine.*
Die. Here 'tis, and right St. *Martin.*
Inc. Meaſure me out a Glaſs.
Phi. I love the Humanity
Us'd in this Place.
Inc. Sir, I ſalute you here.
Phi. I kiſs your Hands, Sir.
Inc. Good Wine, it will beget an Appetite:
Fill him, and ſit down, Goſſip, entertain
Your noble Gueſt here, as becomes your Title.
Die. Pleaſe you to like this Wine, Sir?
Phi. I diſlike
Nothing, mine Hoſt, but that I may not ſee,
Your conceal'd Gueſt; here's to you.
Die. In good faith, Sir,
I wiſh you as well as him; would you might ſee him.
Inc. And wherefore may he not?
Die. 'Has lock'd himſelf, Sir,
Up, and has hir'd both the Beds o' my Wife
At extraordinary rate.
Phi. I'll give as much,
If that will do't, for one, as he for both;
What ſay you mine Hoſt, the Door once open
I'll fling my ſelf upon the next Bed to him,
And there's an end of me till Morning; Noiſe
I will make none
Die. I wiſh your Worſhip well——but
Inc. His Honour is engag'd: And my ſhe-Goſſip
Hath paſt her Promiſe, hath ſhe not?

Die.

Die. Yes truly.
Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the Houſe:
Well, I will eat a little, and think; how ſay you, Sir,
Unto this Brawn o' th' Hen?
Phi. I ha' more mind
To get this Bed, Sir.
Inc. Say you ſo? Why then
Give't me again, and drink to me; Mine Hoſt
Fill him his Wine, thou'rt dull, and doſt not praiſe it,
I eat but to teach you the way, Sir.
Phi. Sir,
Find but the way to lodge me in this Chamber,
I'll give mine Hoſt two Duckets for his Bed,
And you Sir two Reals; here's to you.
Inc. Excuſe me,
I am not Mercenary; Goſſip pledge him for me,
I'll think a little more, but ev'n one bit
And then talk on, you cannot interrupt me.
Die. This piece of Wine, Sir, coſt me ——
Inc. Stay, I have found:
This little Morſel, and then, here's excellent Garlick:
Have you not a bunch of Grapes now; or ſome Bacon,
To give the Mouth a reliſh?
Die. Wife, do you hear?
Inc. It is no matter: Sir, give mine Hoſt your Duckets.
Die. How, Sir?
Inc. Do you receive 'em, I will ſave
The honeſty of your Houſe; and yours too, Goſſip,
And I will lodge the Gentleman, ſhew the Chamber.
Die. Good Sir, do you hear?
Inc. Shew me the Chamber.
Die. Pray you, Sir,
Do not diſturb my Gueſts.
Inc. Diſturb? I hope
The Catholick King, Sir, may command a Lodging
Without diſturbing in his Vaſſals Houſe,
For any Miniſter of his, employ'd
In buſineſs of the State. Where is the Door?
Open the Door, who are you there? Within?
In the King's Name. [Theodoſia *within.*

Theo.

Theo. What would you have?
Inc. Your Key, Sir,
And your Door open: I have here command
To lodge a Gentleman, from the Juſtice, ſent
Upon the King's Affairs.
Theo. Kings and Neceſſities
Muſt be obey'd: The Key is under the Door.
Inc. How now Sir, are you fitted? You ſecur'd?
Phi. Your two Reals are grown a piece of Eight.
Inc. Excuſe me, Sir.
Phi. 'Twill buy a Hen, and Wine,
Sir, for to Morrow. [*Exit* Phi.
Inc. I do kiſs your Hands, Sir.
Well, this will bear my Charge yet to the Gallies,
Where I am owing a Ducket, whither this Night
By the Moon's leave I'll march; for in the Morning
Early, they put from Port St. *Mary*'s. [*Exit all but* Diego.
Die. Lazaro.

Enter Lazaro.

How do the Horſes?
Laz. Would you would go and ſee, Sir,
A——of all Jades, what a clap h'has given me:
As ſure as you live Maſter he knew perfectly
I couzen'd him on's Oats, he lookt upon me,
And then he ſneer'd, as who ſhould ſay, take heed Sirrah:
And when he ſaw our half Peck, which you know
Was but an old Court Diſh, Lord how he ſtampt;
I thought 't had been for Joy, when ſuddenly
He cuts me a back Caper with his Heels,
And takes me juſt o'th' Crupper, down came I,
And all my ounce of Oats: Then he Neigh'd out,
As though he had had a Mare by th' Tail.
Die. Faith *Lazaro*
We are to blame, to uſe the poor dumb Serviters
So cruelly.
Laz. Yonder's this other Gentleman's Horſe
Keeping our Lady Eve, the Devil a bit
H'as got ſince he came in yet; there he ſtands,
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleaſure, Sir,
He ſhall look lean enough; h'as Hay before him,

But

But 'tis as big as Hemp, and will as ſoon choak him,
Unleſs he eat it butter'd; he had four Shoes
And good ones when he came; 'tis a ſtrange wonder,
With ſtanding ſtill he ſhould caſt three.
Die. O *Lazaro*,
The Devil's in this Trade; Truth never knew it:
And to the Devil we ſhall travel, *Lazaro*,
Unleſs we mend our Manners: Once every Week
I meet with ſuch a knock to mollifie me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my Conſcience,
Yet ſtill I ſleep ſecurely.
Laz. Certain, Maſter,
We muſt uſe better dealing.
Die. 'Faith for mine own part,
Not to give ill example to our Iſſues,
I could be well content to ſteal but two Girths,
And now and then a Saddle-cloth; change a Bridle
Only for Exerciſe.
Laz. If we could ſtay there,
There were ſome hope on's, Maſter; but the Devil is
We are drunk ſo early, we miſtake whole Saddles,
Sometimes a Horſe; and then it ſeems to us too
Every poor Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his Ears in clean Straw, and every Bottle
Shews at the leaſt a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no ſuch matter, not a ſmell of Provender,
Not ſo much Straw as would tye up a Horſe Tail,
Nor any thing i'th' Rack, but two old Cobwebs,
And ſo much rotten Hay as had been a Hen's Neſt.
Die. Well, theſe miſtakings muſt be mended, *Lazaro*,
Theſe Apparitions, that abuſe our Senſes,
And make us ever apt to ſweep the Manger,
But put in nothing; theſe fances muſt be forgot,
And we muſt pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whoſe Horſe we ought, in Conſcience, to cozen,
And how, and when: A Parſon's Horſe may ſuffer
A little greaſing in his Teeth, 'tis wholeſome,
And keeps him in a ſober ſhuffle; and his Saddle
May want a Stirrop, and it may be ſworn
His Learning lay on one ſide, and ſo broke it:

H'as

H'as ever Oats in's Cloak-bag to prevent us,
And therefore 'tis a meritorious Office
To Tythe him ſoundly.
Laz. And a Grazier may
(For thoſe are pinching Puckfoyſts, and ſuſpicious)
Suffer a Miſt before his Eyes ſometimes too,
And think he ſees his Horſe eat half a Buſhel:
When the truth is, rubbing his Gumbs with Salt,
Till all the skin come off, he ſhall but mumble
Like an old Woman that were chewing Brawn,
And drop 'em out again.
Die. That may do well too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial; but good *Lazaro*,
Have you a care of underſtanding Horſes,
Horſes that know the World; let them have Meat
Till their Teeth ake, and rubbing till their Ribs
Shine like a Wenches Forehead; they are Devils.
Laz. And look into our Dealings; as ſure as we live
Theſe Courtiers Horſes are a kind of *Welch* Prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part,
The next I cozen of that kind ſhall be founder'd,
And of all four too: I'll no more ſuch Complements
Upon my Crupper.
Die. Steal but a little longer
Till I am lam'd too, and we'll Repent together,
It will not be above two Days.
Laz. By that time
I ſhall be well again, and all forgot, Sir.
Die. Why then I'll ſtay for thee. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoſia *and* Philippo *on ſeveral Beds.*

Theo. Oh,——ho? oh——ho?
Phi. Ha?
Theo. Oh----oh? Heart----heart----heart----heart?
Phi. What's that?
Theo. When wilt thou break?----break, break, break?
Phi. Ha?
I would the Voice were ſtrong, or I nearer.

Theo.

Theo. Shame, ſhame, eternal ſhame? what have I done?
Phi. Done?
Theo. And to no end, what a wild journey
Have I more wildly undertaken?
Phi. Journey?
Theo. How, without counſel, care, reaſon, or fear?
Phi. Whither will this fit carry?
Theo. Oh my folly.
Phi. This is no common ſickneſs.
Theo. How have I left
All I ſhould love, or keep? oh Heav'n.
Phi. Sir.
Theo. Ha?
Phi. How do you, gentle Sir?
Theo. Alas, my fortune.
Phi. It ſeems your ſorrow oppreſſes: pleaſe your goodneſs,
Let me bear half, Sir; a divided burthen
Is ſo made lighter.
Theo. Oh!
Phi. That Sigh betrays
The fulneſs of your Grief.
Theo. Ay, if that Grief
Had not bereft me of my Underſtanding,
I ſhould have well remembred where I was,
And in what Company; and clapt a Lock
Upon this Tongue for talking.
Phi. Worthy Sir,
Let it not add to your Grief, that I have heard
A Sigh or Groan come from you; that is all, Sir. (fear,
Theo. Good Sir, no more; you have heard too much I
Would I had taken Poppy when I ſpake it.
Phi. It ſeems you have an ill belief of me,
And would have fear'd much more, had you ſpoke ought
I could interpret. But believe it, Sir,
Had I had means to look into your Breaſt,
And ta'en you ſleeping here, that ſo ſecurely
I might have read all that your Woe would hide,
I would not have betray'd you.
Theo. Sir, that Speech
Is very noble, and almoſt would tempt
My need to truſt you.

Phi.

Phi. At your own Election,
I dare not make my Faith ſo much ſuſpected
As to proteſt again; nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.
Theo. Sir, I will truſt you,
But you ſhall promiſe, Sir, to keep your Bed,
And whatſoe'er you hear, not to importune
More, I beſeech you, from me——
Phi. Sir, I will not.
Theo. Than I am prone to utter.
Phi. My Faith for it.
Theo. If I were wiſe, I yet ſhould hold my peace;
You will be noble?
Phi. You ſhall make me ſo,
If you'll but think me ſuch.
Theo. I do: Then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you have talk'd ſo long.
I am a moſt unfortunate loſt Woman.
Phi. Ha?
Theo. Do not ſtir, Sir; I have here a Sword.
Phi. Not I, ſweet Lady: Of what Blood or Name?
Theo. You'll keep your Faith?
Phi. I'll periſh elſe.
Theo. Believe then
Of Birth too noble for me, ſo deſcended——
I am aſham'd, no leſs than I am affrighted.
Phi. Fear not; by all good things I will not wrong you.
Theo. I am the Daughter of a noble Gentleman
Born in this part of *Spain*; my Father's Name, Sir:
But why ſhould I abuſe that Reverence,
When a Child's Duty has forſaken me.
Phi. All may be mended, in fit time too: ſpeak it.
Theo. *Alphonſo*, Sir.
Phi. *Alphonſo?* What's your own Name?
Theo. Any baſe thing you can invent.
Phi. Deal truly.
Theo. They call me *Theodoſia*.
Phi. Ha? and Love
Is that that hath chang'd you thus?
Theo. Ye have obſerv'd me

Too nearly Sir, 'tis that indeed: 'tis Love, Sir: (thus?
And Love of him (oh Heavens) why ſhould Men deal
Why ſhould they uſe their Arts to cozen us,
That have no cunning, but our fears about us?
And ever that too late too; no diſſembling
Or double way, but doating, too much loving?
Why ſhould they find new Oaths, to make more
Phi. What may his Name be? (Wretches?
Theo. Sir, a Name that promiſes,
Methinks, no ſuch ill uſage: *Mark-Antonio*,
A noble Neighbour's Son: Now I muſt deſire ye
To ſtay a while; elſe my weak Eyes muſt anſwer.
Phi. I will:--- Are ye yet ready? What is his Quality?
Theo. His beſt a Thief, Sir: that he would be known by,
Is Heir to *Leonardo*, a rich Gentleman:
Next, of a handſome Body, had Heav'n made him
A Mind fit to it. To this Man, my Fortune,
(My more than purblind Fortune) gave my Faith,
Drawn to it by as many ſhews of Service
And ſigns of Truth, as ever falſe Tongue utter'd:
Heav'n pardon all.
Phi. 'Tis well ſaid: forward, Lady.
Theo. Contracted Sir, and by exchange of Rings
Our Soul's deliver'd: nothing left unfiniſh'd
But the laſt work, enjoying me, and Ceremony;
For that, I muſt confeſs, was the firſt wiſe doubt
I ever made: Yet after all this Love, Sir,
All this profeſſion of his Faith, when daily
And hourly I expected the bleſt Prieſt,
He left me like a dream, as all this ſtory
Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not;
Yet I have called my Conſcience to confeſſion,
And every Syllable that might offend
I have had in ſhrift: yet neither Love's Law, Signior,
Nor tye of Maiden's duty, but deſiring,
Have I tranſgreſt in: left his Father too,
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed,
Can any Tongue reſolve me: All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would perſwade me
I may be once more happy, and thus ſhapes me

A ſhame to all my modeſt Sex) is this, Sir,
I have a Brother and his old Companion,
Student in *Salamanca*, there my laſt hope
If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
Is left me to recover him: For which Travel
In this Suit left at home of that dear Brother's
Thus as you find me, without Fear, or Wiſdom,
I have wander'd from my Father, fled my Friends,
And now am only Child of hope and danger:
You are now ſilent, Sir, this tedious Story
(That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy,
'Tis fit you ſhould do ſo; for that and I
Can be but troubles.

Phi. No, I ſleep not Lady:
I would I could: Oh Heav'n, is this my Comfort?

Theo. What ail you, gentle Sir?

Phi. Oh.

Theo. Why do you groan ſo?

Phi. I muſt, I muſt; Oh Miſery!

Theo. But now, Sir,
You were my Comfort, if any thing afflict ye
Am not I fit to bear a part on't? And by your own Rule?

Phi. No; if you could heal, as you have wounded me,
But 'tis not in your Power.

Theo. I fear Intemperance.

Phi. Nay, do not ſeek to ſhun me; I muſt ſee you,
By Heav'n I muſt. Hoa there mine Hoſt; a Candle:
Strive not, I will not ſtir ye.

Theo. Noble Sir,
This is a breach of Promiſe.

Phi. Tender Lady,
It ſhall be none but neceſſary. Hoa there,
Some light, ſome light for Heav'ns ſake.

Theo. Will ye betray me?
Are ye a Gentleman?

Phi. Good Woman:

Theo. Sir.

Enter Diego *with a Light.*

Phi. If I be prejudicial to you, curſe me.

Die. Ye are early ſtirring, Sir.

Phi.

Phi. Give me your Candle,
And ſo good morrow for a while.
Die. Good morrow, Sir. [*Exit.*
Theo. My Brother Don *Philippo*: Nay Sir, kill me,
I ask no mercy Sir, for none dare know me,
I can deſerve none: As ye look upon me
Behold in infinite theſe foul Diſhonours,
My noble Father, then your ſelf, laſt all
That bear the name of Kindred, ſuffer in me:
I have forgot whoſe Child I am; whoſe Siſter:
Do you forget the Pity tied to that,
Let not Compaſſion ſway you, you will be then
As foul as I, and bear the ſame brand with me,
A favourer of my fault; ye have a Sword, Sir,
And ſuch a cauſe to kill me in.
Phi. Riſe Siſter,
I wear no Sword for Women, nor no Anger,
While your fair Chaſtity is yet untouch'd.
Theo. By thoſe bright Stars, it is, Sir.
Phi. For my Siſter
I do believe ye, and ſo near Blood has made us,
With the dear love I ever bore your Virtues,
That I will be a Brother to your Griefs too:
Be comforted, 'tis no diſhonour, Siſter,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a Gentleman
Of as ſweet Hopes, as Years, as many Promiſes,
As there be growing Truths, and great ones.
Theo. O Sir, I——
Phi. Do not deſpair.
Theo. Can ye forgive?
Phi. Yes Siſter,
Though this be no ſmall Error, a far greater.
Theo. And think me ſtill your Siſter?
Phi. My dear Siſter.
Theo. And will you counſel me?
Phi. To your own peace too:
Ye ſhall love ſtill.
Theo. How good ye are?
Phi. My buſineſs,
And duty to my Father, which now drew me

From *Salamanca*, I will lay aside,
And only be your Agent to perſwade ye
To leave both Love, and him, and well retire ye.
Theo. Oh gentle Brother.
Phi. I perceive 'tis Folly:
Delays in Love, more dangerous.
Theo. Noble Brother.
Phi. Fear not, I'll run your own way; and to help you,
Love having rackt your Paſſions beyond Counſel,
I'll hazard mine own Fame. Whither ſhall we venture?
Theo. Alas, I know not, Sir.
Phi. Come, 'tis bright Morning,
Let's walk out, and conſider; you'll keep this Habit.
Theo. I would, Sir.
Phi. Then it ſhall be, what muſt I call ye?
Come, do not bluſh, pray ſpeak, I may ſpoil all elſe.
Theo. Pray call me *Theodoro*.

Enter Diego.

Die. Are ye ready?
The day draws on apace, once more good Morrow.
Theo. Good morrow, gentle Hoſt, now I muſt thank ye.
Phi. Who doſt thou think this is?
Die. Were you a Wench, Sir,
I think you would know before me.
Phi. Mine own Brother.
Die. By the Maſs your Noſes are akin; ſhould I then
Have been ſo barbarous to have parted Brothers?
Phi. You knew it then.
Die. I knew 'twas neceſſary
You ſhould be both together: Inſtinct, Signior,
Is a great matter in an Hoſt.
Theo. I am ſatisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Is not mine Hoſt up yet?
Phi. Who's that?
Die. I'll ſee.
Phi. Siſter, withdraw your ſelf.
Ped. Signior *Philippo*.
Phi. Noble Don *Pedro*, where have you been this way?
Ped. I came from Port St. *Maries*, whence the Gallies

Put

Put this laſt Tide, and bound for *Barcelona*,
I brought *Mark-Antony* upon his way.
Phi. Mark-Antony?
Ped. Who is turn'd Soldier,
And entertain'd in the new Regiment
For *Naples*.
Phi. Is it poſſible?
Ped. I aſſure you.
Phi. And put they in at *Barcelona?*
Ped. So
One of the Maſters told me.
Phi. Which way go you, Sir?
Ped. Home.
Phi. And I for *Sevil*: Pray you, Sir, ſay not
That you ſaw me, if you ſhall meet the Queſtion;
I have ſome little buſineſs.
Ped. Were it leſs, Sir,
It ſhall not become me to loſe the caution:
Shall we breakfaſt together?
Phi I'll come to you, Sir.
Siſter, you hear this; I believe your Fortune
Begins to be propitious to you: we will hire
Mules of mine Hoſt here; if we can, himſelf
To be our Guide, and ſtraight to *Barcelona*.
This was as happy News, as unexpected.
Stay you 'till I rid him away.
Theo. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo *and a Servant.*

Alph. KNock at the Door.
Ser. 'Tis open, Sir.
Alph. That's all one,
Knock when I bid you.
Ser. Will not your Worſhip enter?
Alph. Will not you learn more Manners, Sir, and do that

Your Maſter bids ye; knock ye Knave, or I'll knock
Such a round Peal about your Pate: I enter
Under his Roof, or come to ſay God ſave ye
To him, the Son of whoſe baſe dealings has undone me?
Knock louder, louder yet: I'll ſtarve and rot firſt,
This open Air is every Man's.

2 *Ser. within.* Come in, Sir.

Enter two Servants.

Alph. No, no, Sir, I am none of theſe *Come in Sirs*,
None of thoſe Viſitants; bid your wiſe Maſter
Come out, I have to talk unto him: go, Sir.

2 *Ser.* Your Worſhip may be welcome.

Alph. Sir, I will not,
I come not to be welcome: good my three Duckets,
My pickl'd Sprat a day, and no Oil to't,
And once a Year a Cotten Coat, leave prating,
And tell your Maſter I am here.

2 *Ser.* I will, Sir.
This is a ſtrange old Man. [*Exit.*

Alph. I welcome to him?
I'll be firſt welcome to a Peſthouſe: Sirrah
Let's have your Valour now cas'd up, and quiet,
When an occaſion calls, 'tis Wiſdom in ye,
A Servingman's Diſcretion: if you do draw,

Enter Leonardo, *and Don* Zanchio, *carried by two Servants in a Chair.*

Draw but according to your Entertainment;
Five Nobles worth of fury.

Leo. Signior *Alphonſo*,
I hope no diſcontent from my Will given,
Has made ye ſhun my Houſe;
And credit me, amongſt my fears 'tis greateſt
To miniſter Offences.

Alph. O good Signior
I know ye for *Italian* breed, fair Tongu'd,
Spare your Apologies, I care not for 'em,
As little for your Love, Sir; I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and ſleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon ye:
I come to ask my Daughter.

Leo.

Leo. Gentle Sir.
Alph. I am not gentle, Sir, nor gentle will be,
'Till I have Juſtice, my poor Child reſtor'd
Your caper-cutting Boy has run away with;
Young Signior ſmooth-face, he that takes up Wenches
With Smiles and ſweet Behaviours, Songs, and Sonnets,
Your high fed Jennet, that no hedge can hold,
They ſay you bred him for a Stallion.
Zanch. Fie Signior, there be Times, and terms of Honour
To argue theſe things in, decidements able
To ſpeak ye noble Gentlemen, ways punctual,
And to the Life of credit, ye are too rugged.
Alph. I am too tame, Sir.
Leo. Will ye hear but reaſon?
Alph. No, I will hear no reaſon: I come not hither
To be popt off with reaſon; reaſon then.
Zanch. Why Signior, in all things there muſt be method,
Ye choak the Child of Honour elſe, Diſcretion.
Do you conceive an Injury?
Alph. What then, Sir?
Zanch. Then follow it in fair terms, let your Sword bite
When time calls, not your Tongue.
Alph. I know, Sir,
Both when and what to do without Directions,
And where, and how, I come not to be tutor'd,
My cauſe is no Man's but mine own: you Signior,
Will ye reſtore my Daughter?
Leo. Who detains her?
Alph. No more of theſe ſlight ſhifts.
Leo. Ye urge me, Signior,
With ſtrange injuſtice, becauſe my Son has err'd
Zanch. Mark him.
Leo. Out of the heat of Youth, does't follow
I muſt be Father of his Crimes.
Alph. I ſay ſtill,
Leave off your Rhetorick, and reſtore my Daughter,
And ſuddenly; bring in your Rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without Commiſſion,
That I may ſee him puniſhed, and ſeverely,
Or by that Holy Heav'n I'll fire your Houſe,

And there's my way of Honour.
Zanch. Pray give me leave;
Was not Man made the nobleſt Creature?
Alph. Well Sir.
Zanch. Should not his Mind then anſwer to his Making,
And to his Mind his Actions? If this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our Worths,
And cancel our Diſcretions, doing thoſe things
To cure Offences, are the moſt Offences?
We have Rules of Juſtice in us, to thoſe Rules
Let us apply our Angers: You can conſider
The want in others of theſe terminations,
And how unfurniſh'd they appear.
Alph. Hang others,
And where the Wrongs are open, hang Reſpects,
I come not to conſider.
Leo. Noble Sir,
Let us argue cooly, and conſider like Men.
Alph. Like Men!
Leo. Ye are too ſudden ſtill.
Alph. Like Men, Sir?
Zanch. It is fair Language, and ally'd to Honour.
Alph. Why, what ſtrange Beaſt would your grave Reve-
Make me appear? like Men! (rence
Zanch. Taſte but that point, Sir,
And ye recover all.
Alph. I tell thy Wiſdom
I am as much a Man, and as good a Man.
Leo. All this is granted, Sir.
Alph. As wiſe a Man.
Zanch. Ye are not tainted that way.
Alph. And a Man
Dares make thee no Man; or at beſt, a baſe Man.
Zanch. Fie, fie, here wants much Carriage.
Alph. Hang much Carriage.
Leo. Give me good Language.
Alph. Sirrah Signior, give me my Daughter.
Leo. I am as gentle as your ſelf, as free Born.
Zanch. Obſerve his way.
Leo. As much reſpect ow'd to me,
Zanch. This hangs together nobly.

Leo.

Leo. And for Civil,
A great deal more, it ſeems: Go look your Daughter.
Zanch. There ye were well off, Signior.
Leo. That rough Tongue
You underſtand at firſt: You never think, Sir,
Out of your Mightineſs, of my Loſs; here I ſtand
A patient Anvil, to your burning Angers,
Made Subject to your Dangers; yet my Loſs equal:
Who ſhall bring home my Son?
Alph. A whipping Beadle.
Leo. Why, is your Daughter whoriſh?
Alph. Ha, thou dar'ſt not;
By Heav'n I know thou dar'ſt not.
Leo. I dare more, Sir,
If you dare be uncivil.
Alph. Laugh too, Pidgeon.
Zanch. A fitter time for Fame's ſake; two weak Nurſes
Would laugh at this; are there no more Days coming,
No Ground but this to argue on? No Swords left,
Nor Friends to carry this, but your own Furies?
Alas! it ſhows too weakly.
Alph. Let it ſhow,
I come not here for Shews: Laugh at me, Sirrah?
I'll give ye Cauſe to laugh.
Leo. Ye are as like, Sir,
As any Man in *Spain.*
Alph. By Heav'n, I will,
I will, brave *Leonardo.*
Leo. Brave *Alphonſo,*
I will expect it then.
Zanch. Hold ye there both,
Theſe Terms are noble.
Alph. Ye ſhall hear ſhortly from me.
Zanch. Now diſcreetly.
Alph. Aſſure your ſelf ye ſhall: Do ye ſee this Sword,
He has not caſt his Teeth yet. (Sir?
Zanch. Rarely carried.
Alph. He bites deep, moſt Times mortal: Signior,
I'll hound him at thee fair and home.
Zanch. Still nobly.

Alph.

Alph. And at all thoſe that dare maintain ye.
Zanch. Excellent.
Leo. How you ſhall pleaſe, Sir, ſo it be fair, though certain
I had rather give you Reaſon.
Zanch. Fairly urg'd to.
Alph. This is no Age for Reaſon; prick your Reaſon
Upon your Sword's point.
Zanch. Admirably follow'd.
Alph. And there I'll hear it: ſo 'till I pleaſe, live, Sir. [*Ex.*
Leo. And ſo farewel, you're welcome.
Zanch. The end crowns all things.
Signior, ſome little buſineſs paſt, this cauſe I'll argue
And be a Peace between ye, if't ſo pleaſe ye,
And by the ſquare of Honour to the utmoſt.
I feel the old Man's maſter'd by much Paſſion,
And too high rack'd, which makes him overſhoot all
His Valour ſhould direct at, and hurt thoſe
That ſtand but by as blenchers; this he muſt know too,
As neceſſary to his Judgment, doting Women
Are neither ſafe nor wiſe Adventurers; conceive me,
If once their Will have wander'd; nor is't then
A time to uſe our Rages: for why ſhould I
Bite at the Stone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that Women are moſt Wooers,
Though cloſeſt in their Carriage? Do not all Men know,
Scarce all the compaſs of the Globe can hold 'em,
If their Affections be afoot? ſhall I then covet
The Follies of a She-fool, that by Nature
Muſt ſeek her like, by reaſon, be a Woman,
Sink a tall Ship, becauſe the Sails defie me?
No, I diſdain that Folly; he that ventures
Whilſt they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlaſting motion in his Scabbard.
I doubt not to make Peace; and ſo for this time
My beſt Love and Remembrance.
Leo. Your poor Servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Diego, Philippo, *and* Theodoſia.
Phi. Where will our Horſes meet us?

Die.

Die. Fear not you, Sir,
Some half Mile hence my Worſhip's Man will ſtay us:
How is it with my young Bloods? come, be jovial,
Let's travel like a merry Flock of wild Geeſe,
Every Tongue talking.
Phi. We are very merry;
But do you know this way, Sir?
Theo. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks theſe woody Thickets ſhould harbour Knaves.
Die. I fear none but fair Wenches; thoſe are Thieves,
May quickly rob me of my good Conditions,
If they cry ſtand once: But the beſt is, Signiors,
They cannot bind my Hands; for any elſe,
They meet an equal Knave, and there's my Paſport.
I have ſeen fine Sport in this place: Had theſe Trees Tongues, (though,
They would tell ye pretty Matters: Do not you fear,
They are not every Days Delights.
Phi. What Sport, Sir?
Die. Why, to ſay true, the Sport of all Sports.
Phi. What was't?
Die. Such turning up of Taffatacs; and you know
To what rare whiſtling Tunes they go, far beyond
A ſoft Wind in the Shrouds; ſuch ſtand there,
And down i'th' other Place: Such Supplications
And Sub-diviſions for thoſe Toys their Honours,
One, as ye are a Gentleman, in this Buſh;
And oh, ſweet Sir, what mean ye? There's a Bracelet,
And uſe me, I beſeech ye, like a Woman,
And her Petition's heard: Another ſcratches, (tain
And cries ſhe will die firſt, and then ſwounds; but cer-
She is brought to Life again, and does well after.
Another, ſave mine Honour, Oh mine Honour.
My Husband ſerves the Duke, Sir, in his Kitchen,
I have a cold Pye for ye; fie, fie, fie, Gentlemen,
Will nothing ſatisfie, where's my Husband?
Another cries, do ye ſee, Sir, how they uſe me,
Is there no Law for theſe things?
Theo. And, good mine Hoſt,
Do you call theſe fine Sports?
Die. What ſhould I call 'em, They

They have been ſo call'd theſe thouſand Years and upwards.
Phi. But what becomes o'th' Men?
Die. They're ſtript and bound,
Like ſo many *Adams*, with Fig-Leaves afore 'em,
And there's their Innocence.
Theo. Would we had known this,
Before we reacht this Place.
Phi. Come, there's no Danger,
Theſe are but ſometimes Chances.
Enter Bailiff.
Die. Now we muſt through.
Theo. Who's that?
Die. Stand to it Signiors.
Phi. No it needs not.
I know the Face, 'tis honeſt.
Bail. What mine Hoſt,
Mine everlaſting honeſt Hoſt?
Die. Maſs Baily:
Now in the Name of an ill Reckoning,
What make you walking this round?
Bail. A——of this round,
And of all Buſineſs too, through Woods, and Raſcals,
They have rounded me away a dozen Duckets,
Beſides a fair round Cloak: Some of 'em knew me,
Elſe they had caſed me like a Cunny too,
As they have done the reſt, and I think roaſted me,
For they began to baſte me ſoundly: My young Signiors,
You may thank Heav'n, and heartily, and hourly,
You ſet not out ſo early; ye had been ſmoak'd elſe,
By this true Hand ye had, Sirs, finely ſmoak'd,
Had ye been Women, ſmockt too.
Theo. Heav'n defend us.
Bail. Nay, that had been no Prayer; there were thoſe
That run that Prayer out of Breath, yet fail'd too.
There was a Friar, now ye talk of Prayer,
With a huge Bunch of Beads, like a Rope of Onions,
I am ſure as big, that out of Fear and Prayer,
In half an Hour, wore 'em as ſmall as Bugles,
Yet he was flead too.
Phi. At what Hour was this?

Bail.

Bail. Some two hours ſince.
Theo. Do you think the Paſſage ſure now?
Bail. Yes, a Rope take 'em, as it will, and bleſs 'em,
They have done for this Day ſure.
Phi. Are many rifled?
Bail. At the leaſt a dozen,
And there left bound.
Theo. How came you free?
Bail. A Courteſie
They uſe out of their Rogueſhips, to bequeath
To one, that when they give a ſign from far
Which is from out of Danger; he may preſently
Releaſe the reſt; as I met you, I was going,
Having the ſign from yonder Hill to do it.
Theo. Alas poor Men.
Phi. Mine Hoſt, pray go untie 'em.
Die. Let me alone for Cancelling, where are they?
Bail. In every Buſh, like black Birds, you cannot miſs 'em.
Die. I need not ſtalk unto 'em. [*Exit.*
Bail. No, they'll ſtand ye,
My buſie Life for yours, Sir: You would wonder
To ſee the ſeveral Tricks and ſtrange Behaviours
Of the poor Raſcals in their Miſeries,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monſtrous angry he can laugh,
And cries, go too, this is no time; he laughs ſtill;
A fourth exhorts to Patience, him a fifth Man
Curſes for tameneſs; him a Friar ſchools,
All hoot the Friar, here one ſings a Ballad,
And there a little Curate confutes him,
And in this Linſey-woolſey way, that would make a Dog
Forget his Dinner, or an old Man fire,
They rub out for their Ranſoms: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a little Boy robb'd, a fine Child,
It ſeems a Page: I muſt confeſs my pity
(As 'tis a hard thing in a Man of my place
To ſhew Compaſſion) ſtir'd at him, ſo finely
And without Noiſe he carries his Afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dreamt of loſing.

Enter

Enter Hoſt and Leocadia, *and others as robb'd.*

This Boy's the glory of this Robbery,
The reſt but ſhame the Action; now ye may hear 'em.
Hoſt. Come Lads, 'tis Holy-day; hang Cloaths, 'tis hot,
And ſweating Agues are abroad.
1. It ſeems ſo;
For we have met with rare Phyſicians
To cure us of that Malady.
Hoſt. Fine footing,
Light and deliver; now my Boys: Maſter Friar,
How does your Holineſs, bear up Man; what
A cup of neat Sack now and a Toaſt: Ha, Friar,
A warm plaiſter to your Belly, Father,
There were a Bleſſing now.
Friar. Ye ſay your Mind, Sir.
Hoſt. Where my fine Boy, my Pointer.
Bail. There's the wonder.
Hoſt. A rank Whore ſcratch their Sides till the Pox follow
For robbing thee, thou haſt a thouſand ways
To rob thy ſelf Boy, Dice, and a Chamber-Devil.
Leo. Ye are deceiv'd, Sir.
Hoſt. And thy Maſter too, Boy.
Phi. A ſweet-fac'd Boy indeed; what Rogues were theſe?
What barbarous, brutiſh Slaves to ſtrip this Beauty?
Theo. Come hither my Boy: Alas! he's cold; mine Hoſt,
We muſt intreat your Cloak.
Hoſt. Can ye intreat it.
Phi. We do preſume ſo much, you have other Garments.
Hoſt. Will you intreat thoſe too?
Theo. Your Mule muſt too,
To the next Town, you ſay 'tis near; in pity
You cannot ſee this poor Boy periſh.
I know ye have a better Soul, we'll ſatisfie ye.
Hoſt. 'Tis a ſtrange fooliſh trick I have, but I cannot help it,
I am ever cozen'd with mine own Commendations;
It is determin'd then I ſhall be robb'd too.
To make up vantage to his dozen; here Sir,
Heav'n has provided ye a ſimple Garment
To ſet ye off, pray keep it handſomer
Than you kept your own; and let me have it render'd,

Bruſh'd

Bruſh'd and diſcreetly folded.
Leo. I thank ye, Sir.
Hoſt. Who wants a Doublet?
2. I.
Hoſt. Where will you have it?
2. From you Sir, if you pleaſe.
Hoſt. Oh, there's the point, Sir.
Phi. My honeſt Friends, I am ſorry for your Fortunes,
But that's but poor Relief; here are ten Duckets,
And to your Diſtribution, holy Sir,
I render 'em, and let it be your care
To ſee 'em, as your wants are, well divided.
Hoſt. Plain dealing now my Friends, and Father Friar,
Set me the Saddle right; no wringing, Friar,
Nor Tithing to the Church, theſe are no Duties;
Scour me your Conſcience, if the Devil tempt ye
Off with your Cord, and ſwinge him.
Friar. Ye ſay well, Sir.
All. Heav'n keep your Goodneſs.
Theo. Peace keep you, farewel Friends.
Hoſt. Farewel Light-Horſe-men. [*Ex. the rob'd.*
Phi. Which way Travel you, Sir.
Bail. To the next Town.
Theo. Do you want any thing?
Bail. Only Diſcretion to travel at good Hours,
And ſome warm Meat to moderate this matter,
For I am moſt outragious cruel hungry.
Hoſt. I have a Stomach too, ſuch as it is,
Would poſe a right good Paſty, I thank Heav'n for't.
Bail. Cheeſe, that would break the Teeth of a new Hand-ſaw,
I could endure now like an Oſtrich, or ſalt Beef,
That *Cæſar* left in Pickel.
Phi. Take no care,
We'll have Meat for you, and enough; i' th' mean time
Keep you the Horſe way, leſt the Fellow miſs us,
We'll meet ye at the end o'th' Wood.
Hoſt. Make haſte then. [*Ex. Hoſt and Bail.*
Theo. My pretty Sir, till your Neceſſities
Be full ſupplied, ſo pleaſe you truſt our Friendſhips,
We muſt not part.

Leo.

Leo. Ye have pull'd a Charge upon ye,
Yet ſuch a one as ever ſhall be thankful.
Phi. Ye have ſaid enough, may I be bold to ask ye,
What Province you were bred in? And of what Parents?
Leo. Ye may Sir: I was Born in *Andaluzia*,
My Name *Franciſco*, Son to *Don Henriques*
De Cardinas.
Theo. Our noble Neighbour.
Phi. Son to *Don Henriques?*
I know the Gentleman: And by your leave, Sir,
I know he has no Son.
Leo. None of his own Sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his Brother
Don Zanchio's Children: One of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.
Phi. Still ye do, Sir,
For neither has *Don Zanchio* any Son;
A Daughter, and a rare one, is his Heir,
Which though I never was ſo bleſt to ſee,
Yet I have heard great good of.
Theo. Urge no further,
He is aſhamed, and bluſhes.
Phi. Sir,
If it might import you to conceal your ſelf,
I ask your Mercy, I have been ſo curious.
Leo. Alas! I muſt ask yours Sir, for theſe Lies,
Yet they were uſeful ones; for by the claiming
Such noble Parents, I believ'd your bounties (men,
Would ſhew more gracious: The plain Truth is, Gentle-
I am *Don Zanchio*'s Steward's Son, a wild Boy,
That for the Fruits of his unhappineſs
Is feign to ſeek the Wars.
Theo. This is a lie too,
If I have any Ears.
Phi. Why?
Theo. Mark his Language,
And ye ſhall find it of too ſweet a reliſh
For one of ſuch a breed: I'll pawn my Hand,
This is no Boy.
Phi. No Boy? What would you have him?

Theo.

Theo. I know no Boy: I watcht how fearfully,
And yet how ſuddenly he cur'd his Les,
The right Wit of a Woman; now I am ſure.
Phi. What are ye ſure?
Theo. That 'tis no Boy: I'll burn in't.
Phi. Now I conſider better, and take Council,
Methinks he ſhows more ſweetneſs in that Face,
Than his fears dare deliver.
Theo. No more talk on't,
There hangs ſome great weight by it; ſoon at Night
I'll tell ye more.
Phi. Come, Sir, whate'er you are,
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.
Leo. All my poor Service
Shall be at your Command, Sir, and my Prayers.
Phi. Let's walk apace; Hunger will cut their Throats elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Rodorigo, Marc Antonio, *and a Ship-maſter, two Chairs ſet out.*

Rod. Call up the Maſter.
Maſt. Here, Sir.
Rod. Honeſt Maſter,
Give order all the Gallies with this Tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The Port of *Barcelona*, without parting.
Maſt. Your Pleaſure's done, Sir. [*Exit.*
Rod. Signior *Marc Antonio*,
'Till Meat be ready, let's ſit here, and prepare
Our Stomachs with Diſcourſes.
Marc. What you pleaſe, Sir.
Rod. Pray ye anſwer me to this doubt.
Marc. If I can, Sir.
Rod. Why ſhould ſuch Plants as you are, Pleaſure's Children,
That owe their bluſhing Years to gentle Objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulneſs,
Deſire the ſtubborn Wars?

Marc. In thoſe 'tis wonder,
That make their Eaſe their God, and not their Honour:
But noble General, my end is other,
Deſire of Knowledge, Sir, and hope of tying
Diſcretion to my time, which only ſhews me,
And not my Years, a Man, and makes that more,
Which we call handſome, the reſt is but Boys Beauty,
And with the Boy conſum'd.
Rod. Ye argue well, Sir.
Marc. Nor do I wear my Youth, as they wear Breeches,
For object, but for uſe; my Strength for Danger,
Which is the liberal part of Man, not Dalliance:
The Wars muſt be my Miſtreſs, Sir.
Rod. Oh Signior,
You'll find her a rough Wench.
Marc. When ſhe is won once,
She'll ſhow the ſweeter, Sir.
Rod. You can be pleas'd though,
Sometimes to take a tamer?
Marc. 'Tis a truth, Sir,
So ſhe be handſome, and not ill condition'd.
Rod. A Soldier ſhould not be ſo curious.
Marc. I can make ſhift with any for a heat, Sir.
Rod. Nay, there you wrong your Youth too; and however
You are pleas'd to appear to me, which ſhews well, Signior,
A tougher Soul than your few Years can teſtifie;
Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience
When my Spring was, I am able to confute ye,
And ſay, y'had rather come to th' ſhock of Eyes,
And boldly march up to your Miſtreſs Mouth,
Then to the Cannons.
Marc. That's as their lading is, Sir.
Rod. There be Trenches
Fitter and warmer for your Years, and ſafer,
Than where the Bullet plays.
Marc. There's it I doubt, Sir.
Rod. You'll eaſily find that faith: But come, be liberal,
What kind of Woman could you make beſt Wars with?
Marc. They are all but heavy marches.
Rod. Fie, *Marc Antonio:* Beauty

Beauty in no more Reverence?
Marc. In the Sex, Sir,
I Honour it, and next to Honour, love it,
For there is only Beauty; and that ſweetneſs
That was firſt meant for Modeſty; ſever it
And put it in one Woman, it appears not,
'Tis of too rare a Nature, ſhe too groſs
To mingle with it.
Rod. This is a meer Hereſie.
Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloſs
That cozens us for Beauty, is but Bravery,
An outward ſhew of things well ſet, no more:
For heav'nly Beauty, is as Heav'n it ſelf, Sir,
Too excellent for Object, and what is ſeen
Is but the Vail then, airy Clouds; grant this
It may be ſeen, 'tis but like Stars in twinklings.
Rod. 'Twas no ſmall ſtudy in their Libraries
Brought you to this Experience: But what think ye
Of that fair red and white, which we call Beauty?
Marc. Why? 'tis our Creature, Sir, we give it 'em,
Becauſe we like thoſe colours, elſe 'tis certain
A blue Face with a motley Noſe would do it;
And be as great a Beauty, ſo we lov'd it;
That we cannot give, which is only Beauty,
Is a fair Mind.
Rod. By this Rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.
Marc. Except the dull end, doing.
Rod. Then all to you ſeem equal?
Marc. Very true, Sir,
And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth Love.
Rod. How long love ye, Signior?
Marc. 'Till I have other buſineſs.
Rod. Do you never
Love ſtedfaſtly one Woman?
Marc. 'Tis a Toil, Sir,
Like riding in one Road perpetually,
It offers no variety.
Rod. Right Youth,

He must needs make a Soldier; nor do you think
One Woman can love one Man?
Marc. Yes, that may be,
Though it appear not often; they are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that Superstition
Of doting fondness; yet of late Years, Signior,
That World's well mended with 'em, fewer are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark, all
Stir now as the time stirs; Fame and Fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiser Ages held Ambition:
They that cannot reach this may love by Index;
By every day's surveying who best promises,
Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again; who appears neatest
Fither in new stampt Clothes, or courtesies, (things
Done but from Hand to Mouth neither; nor love they these
Longer than new are making, nor that Succession
Beyond the next fair Feather: Take the City,
There they go to't by Gold weight, no gain from 'em,
All they can work by Fire and Water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at; if there be Love,
'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a Light, to bear out
The bracks and old stains in it, that ye may purchase
French Velvet better cheap; all loves are endless.
Rod. Faith, if you have a Mistress, would she heard you.
Marc. 'Twere but the vent'ring of my Place, or swearing
I meant it but for Argument, as Schoolmen
Dispute high Questions.
Rod. What a World is this,
When young Men dare determine what those are,
Age the best Experience ne'er could aim at. (bigger,
Marc. They were thick-ey'd then, Sir; now the Print is
And they may read their Fortunes without Spectacles.
Rod. Did you ne'er love?
Marc. Faith yes, once after Supper,
And the fit held 'till Midnight.
Rod. Hot, or shaking?
Marc. To say true, both.
Rod. How did ye rid it?

Marc.

Marc. Thus, Sir,
I laid my Hand upon my Heart, and bleſt me,
And then ſaid over certain Charms I had learn'd
Againſt mad Dogs, for Love and they are all one;
Laſt thought upon a Windmil, and ſo ſlept,
And was well ever after.
Rod. A rare Phyſician,
What would your Practice gain ye?
Marc. The Wars ended,
I mean to uſe my Art, and have theſe Fools
Cut in the Head like Cats, to ſave the Kingdom
Another Inquiſition.
Rod. So old a Soldier
Out of the Wars, I never knew yet practiſed,
Marc. I ſhall mend every Day; but noble General,
Believe this, but as this you nam'd, Diſcourſes.
Rod. Oh ye are a cunning Gameſter.
Marc. Mirths and Toys
To cozen Time withal; for o'my Troth, Sir,
I can Love, I think, well too, well enough;
And think as well of Women as they are,
Pretty fantaſtick things, ſome more regardful,
And ſome few worth a Service: I am ſo honeſt,
I wiſh 'em all in Heav'n, and you know how hard, Sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great Farthingals.
Rod. Well *Marc Antonio*, I would not loſe thy Company
For the beſt Galley I command.
Marc. Faith General,
If theſe Diſcourſes pleaſe ye, I ſhall fit ye
Once every Day. [*Knock within.*
Rod. Thou canſt not pleaſe me better; hark, they call
Below to Dinner; ye are my Cabbin Gueſt,
My Boſom's, ſo you pleaſe, Sir.
Marc. Your poor Servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ſecond Hoſt, and his Wife.

Hoſt. Let 'em have Meat enough Woman, half a Hen;
There be old rotten Pilchards, put 'em off too,

'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em,
And a ſtrong Onion, that confounds the ſtink.
Hoſteſs. They call for more, Sir.
Hoſt. Knock a dozen Eggs down,
But then beware your Wenches.
Hoſteſs. More than this too? (up Wench,
Hoſt. Worts, worts, and make 'em Porridge, pop 'em
But they ſhall pay for Cullyſes.
Hoſteſs. All this is nothing;
They call for Kid and Partridge.
Hoſt. Well remembred,
Where's the Faulconer's half Dog he left?
Hoſteſs. It ſtinks, Sir,
Paſt all hope that way.
Hoſt. Run it o'er with Garlick,
And make a *Roman* Diſh on't.
Hoſteſs. Pray ye be patient,
And get Proviſion in; theſe are fine Gentlemen,
And liberal Gentlemen; they have *unde quare*
No mangey Muleters, nor pinching Poſts,
That feed upon the parings of Musk-melons
And Radiſhes, as big and tough as Rafters:
Will ye be ſtirring in this Buſineſs? Here's your Brother,
Mine old Hoſt of *Oſſuna*, as wiſe as you are,
That is, as Knaviſh; if ye put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.
Hoſt. I'll be wagging.
Hoſteſs. 'Tis for your own Commodity; why Wenches?
Ser. within. Anon forſooth. (ter?
Hoſteſs. Who makes a Fire there? And who gets in Wa-
Let *Oliver* go to the Juſtice, and beſeech his Worſhip
We may have two Spits going; and do you hear *Druce*,
Let him invite his Worſhip, and his Wives Worſhip,
To the left Meat to Morrow.

Enter Bailiff.

Bail. Where's this Kitchen?
Hoſteſs. Even at the next Door Signior; what, old Don?
We meet but ſeldom.
Bail. Prethee be patient Hoſteſs,
And tell me where the Meat is.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Faith Maſter Baily,
How have ye done? And how Man?
Bail. Good ſweet Hoſteſs,
What ſhall we have to Dinner?
Hoſteſs. How does your Woman,
And a fine Woman ſhe is, and a good Woman;
Lord, how you bear your Years?
Bail. Is't Veal or Mutton,
Beef, Bacon, Pork, Kid, Pheaſant, or all theſe,
And are they ready all?
Hoſt. The hours that have been
Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!
Bail. Hoſteſs,
Dear Hoſteſs do but hear; I am hungry.
Hoſteſs. Ye are merrily diſpoſed, Sir.
Bail. Monſtrous hungry,
And hungry after much Meat, I have brought hither
Right worſhipful to pay the reckoning,
Mony enough too with 'em, deſire enough
To have the beſt Meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point ſweet Wench, and ſo I kiſs thee.
Hoſteſs. Ye ſhall have any thing, and inſtantly,
E'er you can lick your Ears, Sir.
Bail. Portly Meat,
Bearing ſubſtantial ſtuff, and fit for Hunger,
I do beſeech ye Hoſteſs firſt, then ſome light Garniſh,
Two Pheaſants in a Diſh, if ye have Leverits,
Rather for way of Ornament, than Appetite,
They may be look'd upon, or Larks; for Fiſh,
As there is no great need, ſo I would not wiſh ye
To ſerve above four Diſhes, but thoſe full ones;
Ye have no Cheeſe of *Parma*?
Hoſteſs. Very old, Sir.
Bail. The leſs will ſerve us, ſome ten Pound.
Hoſteſs. Alas, Sir,
We have not half theſe Dainties.
Bail. Peace good Hoſteſs,
And make us hope ye have.
Hoſteſs. Ye ſhall have all, Sir,
Bail. That may be got for Mony.

Enter

Enter Diego, *and a Boy.*

Die. Where's your Maſter?
Bring me your Maſter, Boy: I muſt have Liquor
Fit for the *Mermidons*, no daſhing now, Child,
No Conjurings by Candle-light, I know all;
Strike me the oldeſt Sack, a Piece that carries
Point blank to this place Boy, and batters; Hoſteſs,
I kiſs thy Hands through which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.
Hoſteſs. Still mine old Brother.
Die. Set thy Seller open,
For I muſt enter, and advance my Colours; (Duckets,
I have brought thee Dons indeed Wench, Dons with
And thoſe Dons muſt have dainty Wine, pure *Bacchus*
That bleeds the life Blood; what, is your cure ended?
Bail. We ſhall have Meat, Man.
Die. Then we will have Wine, Man,
And Wine upon Wine, cut and drawn with Wine.
Hoſteſs. Ye ſhall have all, and more than all.
Bail. All, well then.
Die. Away, about your Buſineſs, you with her
For old acquaintance ſake, to ſtay your Stomach.
And Boy, be you my Guide, *ad inferos*,
For I will make a full deſcent in Equipage.
[*Exe. Hoſteſs and Bailiff.*
Boy. I'll ſhew you rare Wine.
Die. Stinging Beer.
Boy. Divine, Sir. (Boy
Die. O divine Boy, march, march my Child, rare Wine
Boy. As any is in *Spain*, Sir.
Die. Old, and ſtrong too,
Oh my fine Boy, clear too?
Boy. As Chriſtal Sir, and as Truth.
Die. Away Boy,
I am enamor'd, and I long for Dalliance,
Stay no where Child, not for thy Father's Bleſſing,
I charge thee not to ſave thy Siſter's Honour,
Nor to cloſe thy Dames Eyes, were ſhe a Dying
T[illegible] we arrive, and for thy Recompence

I will remember thee in my Will.
Boy. Ye have ſaid, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, *and ſecond Hoſt.*

Phi. MIne Hoſt, is that Apparel got ye ſpoke of?
Ye ſhall have ready Mony.
2 *Hoſt.* 'Tis come in Sir, he has it on Sir,
And I think 'twill be fit, and o' my Credit
'Twas never worn but once Sir, and for neceſſity
Pawn'd to the Man I told ye of.
Phi. Pray bargain for it,
And I will be the Pay-maſter.
2 *Hoſt.* I will, Sir.
Phi. And let our Meat be ready when you pleaſe,
I mean as ſoon.
2 *Hoſt.* It ſhall be preſently.
Phi. How far ſtands *Barcelona?*
2 *Hoſt.* But two Leagues off, Sir,
You may be there by three a Clock.
Phi. I am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoſia, *and* Leocadia.

Theo. Signior *Franciſco*, why I draw you hither
To this remote Place marvel not, for truſt me
My Innocence yet never knew ill dealing,
And as ye have a noble Temper, ſtart not
Into Offence, at any thing my Knowledge,
And for your ſpecial good, would be inform'd of,
Nor think me vainly curious.
Leo. Worthy Sir,
The courteſies you and your noble Brother,
Even then when few Men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, ſo freely ſhowr'd upon me,
So truly, and ſo timely miniſter'd,

Muſt,

Muſt, if I ſhould ſuſpect thoſe Minds that made 'em,
Either proclaim me an unworthy Taker,
Or worſe, a baſe Believer: Speak your Mind, Sir,
Freely, and what you pleaſe, I am your Servant.
Theo. Then my young Sir, know, ſince our firſt Acquain-
Induc'd by Circumſtances that deceive not (tance,
To clear ſome doubts I have; nay bluſh not, Signior,
I have beheld ye narrowly: More bluſhes?
Sir, ye give me ſo much light, I find ye
A thing confeſs'd already: Yet more bluſhes?
You would ill cover an Offence might ſink ye,
That cannot hide your ſelf; why do ye ſhake ſo?
I mean no trouble to ye; this fair Hand
Was never made for hardneſs, nor thoſe Eyes
(Come do not hide 'em) for rough Objects; hark ye,
Ye have betray'd your ſelf, that Sigh confirms me;
Another? and a third too? then I ſee
Theſe Boys Cloaths do but pinch ye; come, be liberal,
Ye have found a Friend that has found you, diſguiſe not
That loaden Soul that labours to be open:
Now you muſt weep, I know it, for I ſee
Your Eyes down laden to the Lids, another
Manifeſt token that my doubts are perfect;
Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
Why were theſe holes left open, there was an error,
A foul one, my *Franciſco*, have I caught ye?
Oh pretty Sir, the cuſtom of our Country
Allows Men none in this place: Now the ſhow'r comes.
Leo. Oh Signior *Theodoro.*
Theo. This ſorrow ſhows ſo ſweetly,
I cannot chuſe but keep it Company:
Take truce and ſpeak, Sir: and I charge your goodneſs,
By all thoſe perfect hopes that point at Virtue,
By that remembrance theſe fair Tears are ſhed for,
If any ſad Misfortune have thus form'd ye,
That either Care or Counſel may redeem,
Pain, Purſe, or any thing within the Power
And Honour of free Gentlemen, reveal it,
And have our labours.
Leo. I have found ye noble,

And

And ye ſhall find me true; your Doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more diſſemble; I am a Woman,
The great example of a wretched Woman.
Here you muſt give me leave to ſhew my Sex;
And now to make ye know how much your Credit
Has won upon my Soul, ſo it pleaſe your Patience
I'll tell you my unfortunate ſad Story.

Theo. Sit down and ſay on, Lady.

Leo. I am born, Sir,
Of good and honeſt Parents, rich, and noble,
And not to lie, the Daughter of Don *Zanchio*,
If my unhappy Fortune have not loſt me:
My Name call'd *Leocadia*, even the ſame
Your worthy Brother did the ſpecial Honour
To name for beautiful, and without Pride
I have been often made believe ſo, Signior;
But that's impertinent: Now to my Sorrows;
Not far from us a Gentleman of worth,
A Neighbour and a noble Viſitor,
Had his abode, who often met my Father
In gentle ſports of Chaſe, and River-Hawking,
In Courſe and Riding; and with him often brought
A Son of his, a young and hopeful Gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for Affection,
A ſprightly Man, of Underſtanding excellent,
Of ſpeech and civil 'haviour no leſs powerful;
And of all Parts, elſe my Eyes lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Nearer into Affection; from Affection
Into Belief.

Theo. Well.

Leo. Then we durſt kiſs.

Theo. Go forward.

Leo. But oh, Man, unconſtant, careleſs Man,
Oh ſubtle Man, how many are thy miſchiefs;
Oh *Marc Antonio*, I may curſe thoſe Kiſſes.

Theo. What did you call him, Lady?

Leo. Marc Antonio,
The name to me of Miſery.

Theo. Pray forward.

Leo.

Leo. From theſe we bred Deſires, Sir; but loſe me Heav'n
If mine were Luſtful.
Theo. I believe.
Leo. This nearneſs
Made him importunate: When to ſave mine Honour,
Love having full poſſeſſion of my Powers,
I got a Contract from him.
Theo. Sealed?
Leo. And ſworn too;
Which ſince, for ſome Offence Heav'n laid upon me,
I loſt amongſt my Monies in the Robbery,
The loſs that makes me pooreſt; this won from him,
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I pointed him a by-way to my Chamber
The next Night at an hour.
Theo. Pray ſtay there Lady; (ye?
And when the Night came, came he, kept he touch with
Be not ſo ſhame-fac'd; had you both your Wiſhes?
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye,
Were ye in one anothers Arms abed? The Contract
Confirm'd in full joys there? Did he lye with ye?
Anſwer to that; ha? Did your Father know this,
The good old Man, or Kindred privy to't?
And had ye their conſents? Did that Night's promiſe
Make ye a Mother?
Leo. Why do you ask ſo nearly?
Good Sir, do's it concern you any thing?
Theo. No, Lady.
Only the Pity why you ſhould be uſed ſo
A little ſtirs me, but did he keep his Promiſe?
Leo. No, no, Signior,
Alas he never came, nor never meant it,
My Love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
My Expectation flouted; and gueſs you Sir,
What dor unto a doating Maid this was,
What a baſe breaking off?
Theo. All's well then Lady;
Go forward in your Story.
Leo. Not only fail'd, Sir,
Which is a curſe in Love, and may he find it

When

When his Affections are full-wing'd, and ready
To ſtoop upon the Quarry, then when all
His full Hopes are in's Arms; not only thus, Sir,
But more injurious, faithleſs, treacherous,
Within two Days Fame gave him far remov'd
With a new Love, which much againſt my Conſcience,
But more againſt my Cauſe, which is my Hell,
I muſt confeſs a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable Sweetneſs, Daughter
Unto another of our noble Neighbours,
The Thief call'd *Theodoſia*, whoſe Perfections
I am bound to ban for ever, curſe to Wrinkles,
As Heav'n I hope will make 'em ſoon, and Aches;
For they have robb'd me poor unhappy Wench
Of all, of all Sir, all that was my Glory,
And left me nothing but theſe Tears, and Travel:
Upon this certain News, I quit my Father,
And if you be not milder in Conſtruction
I fear mine Honour too, and like a Page
Stole to *Oſſuna*, from that Place to *Sevil*,
From thence to *Barcelona* I was travelling,
When you o'er-took my Miſery, in hope to hear of
Gallies bound up for *Italy*; for never
Will I leave off the ſearch of this bad Man,
This Filcher of Affections, this Love-Pedler;
Nor ſhall my Curſes ceaſe to blaſt her Beauties,
And make her Name as wandring as her Nature,
'Till ſtanding Face to Face before their Luſts
I call Heav'ns Juſtice down.

Theo. This ſhows too angry,
Nor can it be her Fault ſhe is belov'd,
If I give Meat, muſt they that eat it ſurfeit?

Leo. She loves again, Sir, there's thy Miſchief of it,
And in deſpight of me, to drown my Bleſſings,
Which ſhe ſhall dearly know.

Theo. Ye are too violent.

Leo. She has Devil's in her Eyes, to whoſe Devotion
He offers all his Service.

Theo. Who can ſay
But ſhe may be forſaken too? He that once wanders

From

From ſuch a perfect Sweetneſs, as you promiſe,
Has he not ſtill the ſame Rule to deceive?
Leo. No, no, they are together, love together,
Paſt all Deceit of that ſide; ſleep together,
Live, and delight together, and ſuch Deceit
Give me in a wild Deſert.
Theo. By your Leave, Lady,
I ſee no Honour in this Cunning.
Leo. Honour?
True, none of her part, Honour, ſhe deſerves none,
'Tis ceas'd with wandring Ladies ſuch as ſhe is,
So bold and impudent.
Theo. I could be angry,
Extreamly angry now beyond my Nature,
And 'twere not for my Pity: What a Man
Is this, to do theſe Wrongs? believe me Lady,
I know the Maid, and know ſhe is not with him.
Leo. I would you knew ſhe were in Heav'n.
Theo. And ſo well know her,
That I think you are cozen'd.
Leo. So I ſay, Sir.
Theo. I mean, in her Behaviour;
For truſt my Faith, ſo much I dare adventure for her
She never yet delighted to do Wrong (Credit,
Leo. How can ſhe then delight in him? dare ſhe
Be what ſhe will, as excellent as Angels, (think,
My Love ſo fond, my Wiſhes ſo indulgent,
That I muſt take her Prewnings; ſtop at that
She has tyr'd upon? No, Sir, I hold my Beauty,
Waſh but theſe Sorrows from it, of a Sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my Means as equal,
My Youth as much unblown; and for our Worths
And Weight of Virtue.
Theo. Do not task her ſo far. (Sir, Vapour:
Leo. By Heav'n ſhe is Cork, and Clouds, Light, Light,
But I ſhall find her out, with all her Witchcrafts,
Her Paintings, and her Pouncings; for 'tis Art,
And only Art preſerves her, and meer Spells
That work upon his Powers; let her but ſhew me
A ruin'd Cheek like mine, that holds his Colour

And writes but ſixteen Years in ſpight of Sorrows,
An unbathed Body, ſmiles, that give but Shadows,
And wrinkle not the Face; beſides ſhe is little,
A demy Dame, that makes no Object.
Theo. Nay,
Then I muſt ſay you err; for credit me,
I think ſhe is taller than your ſelf.
Leo. Why let her,
It is not that ſhall mate me, I but ask
My Hands may reach unto her.
Theo. Gentle Lady,
'Tis now ill time of farther Argument,
For I perceive your Anger void of Counſel,
Which I could wiſh more temperate.
Leo. Pray forgive me,
If I have ſpoken uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beſeech ye
Impute it Love's Offence, not mine; whoſe Torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my Croſſes,
You muſt confeſs are ſeldom ty'd to Patience,
Yet I could wiſh I had ſaid leſs.
Theo. No harm then,
Ye have made a full amends; our Company
You may command, ſo pleaſe you, in your Travels,
With all our Faith and Furtherance; let it be ſo.
Leo. Ye make too great an Offer.
Theo. Then it ſhall be.
Go in and reſt your ſelf, our wholſome Diet
Will be made ready ſtraight: But hark ye Lady,
One thing I muſt entreat, your Leave and Sufferance,
That theſe things may be open to my Brother,
For more Reſpect and Honour.
Leo. Do your Pleaſure.
Theo. And do not change this Habit by no means,
Unleſs ye change your ſelf.
Leo. Which muſt not yet be.
Theo. It carries ye concealed and ſafe.
Leo. I am counſel'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phi. What's done?

Theo.

Theo. Why, all we doubted; 'tis a Woman,
And of a noble Strain too, gueſs.
Phi. I cannot.
Theo. You have heard often of her.
Phi. Stay, I think not.
Theo. Indeed ye have; 'tis the fair *Leocadia*,
Daughter unto Don *Zanchio*, our noble Neighbour.
Phi. Nay?
Theo. 'Tis ſhe, Sir, o'my Credit.
Phi. *Leocadia*,
Piſh *Leocadia*, it muſt not be.
Theo. It muſt be, or be nothing.
Phi. Pray give me leave to wonder: *Leocadia*?
Theo. The very ſame.
Phi. The Damſel *Leocadia*;
I gueſt it was a Woman, and a fair one.
I ſee it through her Shape, tranſparent plain;
But that it ſhould be ſhe; tell me directly.
Theo. By Heav'ns 'tis ſhe.
Phi. By Heav'n then 'tis a ſweet one,
Theo. That's granted too.
Phi. But hark ye, hark ye, Siſter,
How came ſhe thus diſguis'd?
Theo. I'll tell you that too;
As I came, on the ſelf ſame Ground, ſo us'd too.
Phi. By the ſame Man?
Theo The ſame too.
Phi. As I live
You Lovers have fine Fancies.
Wondrous fine ones.
Theo. Pray Heav'n you never make one.
Phi. Faith I know not,
But in that Mind I am, I had rather cobble,
'Tis a more Chriſtian Trade; pray tell me one thing,
Are not you two now monſtrous jealous
Of one another?
Theo. She is much of me,
And has rail'd at me moſt unmercifully
And to my Face, and o'my Conſcience
Had ſhe but known me, either ſhe or I,

Or both, had parted with ſtrange Faces,
She was in ſuch a fury.
Phi. Leocadia?
Do's ſhe ſpeak handſomely?
Theo. Wondrous well, Sir,
And all ſhe do's becomes her, even her Anger.
Phi. How ſeemed ſhe when you found her?
Theo. Had you ſeen
How ſweetly fearful her pretty ſelf
Betray'd her ſelf, how neat her ſorrow ſhow'd,
And in what handſome phraſe ſhe put her Story,
And as occaſion ſtir'd her how ſhe ſtarted,
Tho' roughly, yet moſt aptly, into anger,
You would have wonder'd.
Phi. Do's ſhe know ye?
Theo. No,
Nor muſt not by no means.
Phi. How ſtands your difference?
Theo. I'll tell ye that ſome fitter time, but truſt me
My *Marc Antonio* has too much to anſwer.
Phi. May I take knowledge of her?
Theo. Yes, ſhe is willing.
Phi. Pray uſe her as ſhe is, with all reſpects then,
For ſhe is a Woman of a noble breeding.
Theo. Ye ſhall not find me wanting.
Phi. Which way bears ſhe?
Theo. Our way, and to our end.
Phi. I am glad on't; hark ye,
She keeps her ſhape? [*Enter* Leocadia.
Theo. Yes, and I think by this time
Has mew'd her old.
Phi. She is here: By Heav'n a rare one,
An admirable ſweet one, what an Eye
Of what a full command ſhe bears, how gracious
All her aſpect ſhows; bleſs me from a Feaver,
I am not well o'th' ſudden
Leo. Noble Friends,
Your Meat and all my Service waits upon ye.
Phi. Ye teach us Manners, Lady; all which Service
Muſt now be mine to you, and all too poor too;

Bluſh not we know ye, for by all our Faiths
With us your Honour is in Sanctuary,
And ever ſhall be.
Leo. I do well believe it;
Will ye walk nearer, Sir? [*Exit.*
Theo. She ſhows ſtill fairer,
Younger in every change, and clearer, neater;
I know not, I may fool my ſelf, and finely
Nouriſh a Wolf to eat my Heart out: Certain
As ſhe appears now, ſhe appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would ſhe do then
In Woman's helps, in Ornaments apt for her
And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt
She would be held a Miracle; nor can I think
He has forſaken her: Say what ſhe pleaſe,
I know his curious Eye, or ſay he had,
Put caſe he could be ſo boy-blind and fooliſh,
Yet ſtill I fear ſhe keeps the Contract with her,
Not ſtol'n as ſhe affirms, nor loſt by negligence,
She would loſe her ſelf firſt, 'tis her Life, and there
All my hopes are diſpatch'd. O noble Love,
That thou couldſt be without this Jealouſie,
Without this Paſſion of the Heart, how heav'nly
Wouldſt thou appear unto us? Come what may come,
I'll ſee the end on't: and ſince chance has caſt her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely ſhall command, except the Man. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo, *and Don* Pedro.

Leo. Don *Pedro*, do you think aſſuredly
The Galleys will come round to *Barcelona*
Within theſe two Days?
Ped. Without doubt.
Leo. And think ye
He will be with 'em certainly?
Ped. He is Sir,
I ſaw him at their ſetting off.
Leo. Muſt they needs
Touch there for Water, as you ſay?

Ped.

Ped. They muſt Sir,
And for freſh Meat too. Few or none go by it,
Beſide ſo great a Fleet muſt needs want trimming
If they have met with foul Seas, and no Harbour
On this ſide *Spain* is able, without danger,
To moor 'em, but that Haven.
Leo. Are the Wars
His only end?
Ped. So he profeſſes.
Leo. Bears he
Any command amongſt 'em?
Ped. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.
Leo. Pray Sir tell me,
And as you are a Gentleman be liberal.
Ped. I will Sir, and moſt true.
Leo. Who ſaw ye with him?
Ped. None but things like himſelf; young Soldiers
And Gentlemen deſirous to ſeek Honour.
Leo. Was there no Woman there, nor none diſguis'd
That might be thought a Woman? In his Language?
Did he not let ſlip ſomething of ſuſpicion
Touching that wanton way?
Ped. Believe me Sir,
I neither ſaw, nor could ſuſpect that Face
That might be doubted Woman's, yet I am ſure
Aboard him I ſee all that paſt; and 'tis impoſſible
Among ſo many high ſet Bloods there ſhould be
A Woman, let her cloſe her ſelf within a Cockle,
But they would open her, he muſt not Love
Within that Place alone, and therefore ſurely
He would not be ſo fooliſh, had he any,
To truſt her there; for his Diſcourſe, 'twas ever
About his Buſineſs, War, or Mirth to make us
Reliſh a Can of Wine well; when he ſpoke private,
'Twas only the remembrance of his Service,
And hope of your good Prayers for his Health Sir,
And ſo I gave him to the Seas.
Leo. I thank ye,
And now am ſatisfied, and to prevent

Suſpicions that may nouriſh dangers, Signior,
For I have told you how the mad *Alphonſo*
Chaſes like a Stag i'th' toil, and bends his Fury
'Gainſt all, but his own Ignorance; I am determin'd,
For peace ſake and the preſervation
Of my yet untouch'd Honour, and his cure,
My ſelf to ſeek him there, and bring him back,
As teſtimony of an unſought Injury
By either of our Actions; that the World,
And he if he have Reaſon, may ſee plainly
Opinion is no perfect Guide; nor all Fames
Founders of Truths: In the mean time this courteſie
I muſt intreat of you, Sir, Be my ſelf here,
And as my ſelf command my Family.

Ped. Ye lay too much truſt on me.

Leo. 'Tis my Love, Sir,
I will not be long from ye; if this queſtion
Chance to be call'd upon e'er my return,
I leave your care to anſwer; ſo farewel, Sir.

Ped. Ye take a wiſe way; all my beſt Endeavours
Shall labour in your abſence; peace go with ye. [*Ex.* Leo.
A noble honeſt Gentleman, free hearted,
And of an open Faith, much loving, and much loved,
And Father of that Goodneſs only Malice
Can truly ſtir againſt; what dare befal
'Till his return I'll anſwer. [*Exit* Ped.

Enter Alphonſo, *and Servant.*

Alph. Walk off, Sirrah,
But keep your ſelf within my call.

Serv. I will, Sir.

Alph. And ſtir my Horſe for taking cold: Within there,
Hoa People; you that dwell there my brave Signior,
What are ye all aſleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir, who ſeek ye?

Alph. Not you, Sir: Where's your Maſter?

Ped. I ſerve no Man
In way of pay, Sir.

Alph. Where's the Man o'th' Houſe then?

Ped.

Ped. What would you have with him, Sir?
Alph. Do you ſtand here, Sir,
To ask Men queſtions when they come?
Ped. I would, Sir,
Being his Friend, and hearing ſuch alarms,
Know how Men come to viſit him.
Alph. Ye ſhall, Sir,
Pray tell his Mightineſs here is a Gentleman
By Name *Alphonſo*, would intreat his Conference
About affairs of State, Sir; are ye anſwer'd?
Enter Zanchio *carried.*
Ped. I muſt be, Sir.
Zanch. Stay, ſet me down, ſtay Signior,
You muſt ſtay, and ye ſhall ſtay.
Alph. Meaning me, Sir?
Zanch. Yes, you Sir, you I mean, I mean you.
Alph. Well, Sir.
Why ſhould I ſtay?
Zanch. There's Reaſon.
Alph. Reaſon, Sir?
Zanch. Ay Reaſon, Sir,
My wrong is greateſt, and I will be ſerved firſt;
Call out the Man of Fame.
Alph. How ſerv'd, Sir?
Zanch. Thus, Sir.
Alph. But not before me?
Zanch. Before all the World, Sir,
As my caſe ſtands.
Alph. I have loſt a Daughter, Sir.
Zanch. I have loſt another worth five ſcore of her, Sir.
Alph. Ye muſt not tell me ſo.
Zanch. I have, and hark ye,
Make it up five ſcore more: Call out the Fellow,
And ſtand you by, Sir.
Ped. This is the mad Morriſs.
Alph. And I ſtand by?
Zanch. I ſay ſtand by, and do it.
Alph. Stand by among thy Lungs.
Zanch. Tune preſently
And ſay thy Prayers, thou art dead.

Alph. I ſcorn thee,
And ſcorn to ſay my Prayers more than thou doſt,
Mine is the moſt wrong, and my Daughter deareſt,
And mine ſhall firſt be righted.
Zanch. Shall be righted?
Ped. A third may live I ſee; pray hear me, Gentlemen.
Zanch. Shall be?
Alph. Ay, ſhall be righted.
Zanch. Now?
Alph. Now.
Zanch. Inſtantly?
Alph. Before I ſtir.
Zanch. Before me?
Alph. Before any. (Friends here
Zanch. Doſt thou conſider what thou ſay'ſt? haſt thou
Able to quench my Anger, or perſwade me
After I have beaten thee into one main bruiſt,
And made thee ſpend thy ſtate in rotten Apples,
Thou canſt at length be quiet, ſhall I kill thee,
Divide thee like a rotten Pumpion,
And leave thee ſtinking to Poſterity,
There's not the leaſt blow I ſhall give; but does this
Urge me no farther: I am firſt.
Alph. I'll hang firſt.
No Goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual Honour, nor Soldadoſhip.
Zanch. Set me a little nearer.
Alph. Let him ſally.
Zanch. Lin'd with your quirks of Carriage and Diſcretion,
Can blow me off my purpoſe. Where's your credit,
With all your School points now? your decent arguing,
And apt time for performing; where are theſe Toys,
Theſe wiſe ways, and moſt honourable courſes,
To take Revenge? how dar'ſt thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but Squirts,
When Letchery has dry founder'd thee?
Zanch. Nearer yet,
That I may ſpit him down: thou look'ſt like a Man.
Ped. I would be thought ſo, Sir.

Zanch.

Zanch. Prithee do but take me,
And fling me upon that Puppy.
Alph. Do for Heav'ns ſake,
And ſee but how I'll hug him.
Zanch. Yet take warning.
Ped. Faith Gentlemen, this is a needleſs quarrel.
Zanch. And do you deſire to make one?
Ped. As a Friend, Sir,
To tell you all this Anger is but loſt, Sir,
For *Leonardo* is from home.
Alph. No, no, Sir.
Ped. Indeed he is.
Zanch. Where dare he be, but here Sir,
When Men are wrong'd, and come for Satisfactions?
Ped. It ſeems he has done none, Sir; for his buſineſs
Clear of thoſe cares, hath carried him for ſome time
To *Barcelona:* if he had been guilty,
I know he would have ſtaid, and clear'd all difference
Either by free Confeſſion, or his Sword.
Zanch. This muſt not be.
Ped. Sure as I live, it is, Sir.
Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever: *Barcelona*!
Why? 'tis the Key for *Italy*, from whence
He ſtole firſt hither.
Zanch. And having found his Knaverics
Too groſs to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the ſame way back again: I believe too
The good Graſs Gentleman, for his own eaſe,
Has taken one o'th' Fillies: Is not his ſtuff ſold.
Alph. I fear his Worſhip's Shoes too; to eſcape us,
I do not think he has a Diſh within Doors,
A Louſe left of his Linnage.
Ped. Ye are too wide, Sir.
Alph. Or one poor wooken Spoon.
Ped. Come in and ſee, Sir.
Alph. I'll ſee his Houſe on fire firſt.
Ped. Then be pleaſed, Sir, to give better cenſure.
Zanch. I will after him,

And ſearch him like conceal'd Land, but I'll have him,
And though I find him in his ſhrift, I'll kill him.
Alph. I'll bear ye Company.
Zanch. Pray have a care then,
A moſt ſpecial care, indeed a fear,
Ye do not anger me.
Alph. I will obſerve ye,
And if I light upon him handſomly.
Zanch. Kill but a piece of him, leave ſome, *Alphonſo*,
For your poor Friends.
Ped. I fear him not for all this.
Alph. Shall we firſt go home,
For it may prove a Voyage, and diſpoſe
Of things there; Heav'n knows what may follow.
Zanch. No,
I'll kill him in this Shirt I have on: let things
Govern themſelves, I am Maſter of my Honour
At this time, and no more; let Wife, and Land,
Lie lay 'till I return.
Alph. I ſay Amen to't:
But what care for our Monies?
Zanch. I will not ſpend
Above three Shillings, 'till his Head be here,
Four is too great a Sum for all his Fortunes.
Come, take me up inſtantly.
Alph. Farewel to you, Sir,
And if your Friend be in a Featherbed,
Sow'd up to ſhrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly,
For no courſe but his voluntary hanging
Can get our Pardons. [*Exeunt.*
Ped. Theſe I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiſcretions
Would ſuffer 'em; two of the old ſeditious,
When they want Enemies, they are their own Foes:
Were they a little wiſer, I ſhould doubt 'em:
'Till when I'll ne'er break ſleep, nor ſuffer hunger
For any harm he ſhall receive: for 'tis as eaſie,
If he be guilty, to turn theſe two old Men
Upon their own Throats, and look on, and live ſtill,

As

As 'tis to tell five Pound; a great deal ſooner,
And ſo I'll to my Meat, and then to hawking. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Marc Antonio, *and a Gentleman.*

Marc. SIR, this is Complement; I pray you leave me.
Gent. Sir, it is not.
Marc. Why? I would only ſee the Town.
Gent. And only that I come to ſhew you.
Marc. Which I can ſee without you.
Gent. So you may
Plainly, not ſafely: For ſuch Difference
As you have ſeen betwixt the Sea and Earth
When Waves riſe high, and Land would beat 'em back
As fearful of Invaſion; ſuch we find
When we land here at *Barcelona.*
Marc. Sir.
Gent. Beſides our General of the Gallies, fearing
Your haſty Nature, charg'd me not return
Without you ſafe.
Marc. O Sir, that *Rodorigo*
Is noble, and does miſtake my Temper,
There is not in the World a Mind leſs apt
To conceive Wrongs, or do 'em; has he ſeen me
In all this Voyage, in the which he pleaſes
Enter Eugenia, *and divers Attendants.*
To call me Friend, let ſlip a haſty Word?
S'light, Sir, yonder is a Lady vailed,
For Properneſs beyond Compariſon,
And ſure her Face is like the reſt; we'll ſee't.
Gent. Why? You are haſty, Sir, already; know you
What 'tis you go about?
Marc. Yes, I would ſee
The Woman's Face.
Gent. By Heav'n you ſhall not do't:
You do not know the Cuſtom of the Place:

To

To draw that Curtain here, though ſhe were mean,
Is mortal.
Marc. Is it? Earth muſt come to Earth
At laſt, and by my Troth, I'll try it, Sir.
Gent. Then I muſt hold you faſt. By all the Faith
That can be plac'd in Man, 'tis an Attempt
More dangerous than Death, 'tis Death and Shame;
I know the Lady well.
Marc. Is ſhe a Lady?
I ſhall the more deſire to ſee her, Sir.
Gent. She is *Alanſo*'s Wife, the Governor,
A noble Gentleman.
Marc. Then let me go,
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This Town, Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
Theſe barbarous Cuſtoms then; for every Lady
Shall be ſeen daily, and ſeen over too.
Gent. Come, do not jeſt, nor let your Paſſions bear
To ſuch wild Enterprizes: Hold you ſtill, (you
For as I have a Soul, you ſhall not do't.
She is a Lady of unblemiſh'd Fame,
And here to offer that Affront, were baſe:
Hold on your way, and we will ſee the Town,
And overlook the Ladies.
Marc. I am ſchool'd,
And promiſe you I will; but good Sir, ſee,
She will paſs by us now; I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.
Gent. 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th'other.
1 *Attend.* What's the matter?
What would that Fellow have?
Gent. Good Sir, forbear.
1 *Attend.* It ſeems you are new landed; would you
Beg any thing here?
Marc. Yes, Sir, all Happineſs
To that fair Lady, as I hope.
Gent. Marc Antonio.
Marc. Her Face, which needs no hiding, I would beg
A ſight of.

Gent.

Gent. Now go on, for 'tis too late
To keep this from a Tumult.
1 *Attend.* Sirrah, you
Shall ſee a fitter Object for your Eyes,
Than a fair Lady's Face.
Eug. For Heav'ns ſake, raiſe not
A Quarrel in the Streets for me.
1 *Attend.* Slip in then;
This is your Door.
Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?
1 *Attend.* We muſt, or ſuffer
This Outrage: Is't not all your Minds, Sirs, ſpeak
All. Yes.
Eug. Then I do beſeech ye, let my Lord
Enter three or four Soldiers.
Not think the Quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*
Gent. See happily ſome of our Gally Soldiers
Are come aſhoar.
1 *Attend.* Come on, Sir, you ſhall ſee
Faces enough.
Gent. Some one of you call to
Enter certain Townſmen.
Our General, the whole Roar of the Town
Comes in upon us.
Marc. I have ſeen, Sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd, and will yet
Enter Philippo, Theodoſia, *and* Leocadia.
See that, or ſpoil yours.
Phi. On, why ſtart you back?
Theo. Alas, Sir, they are fighting.
Leo. Let's be gone,
See, ſee, a handſome Man ſtruck down.
Gent. Ho General,
Look out, *Antonio* is in Diſtreſs.
Enter Roderigo *above.*
Theo. Antonio.
Leo. Antonio, 'tis he.
Rod. within. Ho, Gunner, make a Shot into the Town,
I'll part you; bring away *Antonio* [*A Shot.*
Into my Cabbin, [*Exe. Attendants and Townſmen.*

Gent.

Gent. I will do that Office:
I fear it is the laſt that I ſhall do him.
[*Exe. Soldiers and Gentlemen with* Marc Antonio.
Theo. The laſt! why, will he die?
Leo. Since I have found him; Happineſs leave me,
When I leave him. [*Exit.*
Phi. Why *Theodoſia*?
My Siſter, wake; alas, I griev'd but now
To ſee the Streets ſo full; and now I grieve
To ſee them left ſo empty: I could wiſh
Tumult himſelf were here, that yet at leaſt
Amongſt the Band, I might eſpy ſome Face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an Errand for a Cordial,
Or *Aquavitæ*, or a Cup of Sack,
Or a Phyſician; but to talk of theſe,
She breaths: Stand up O *Theodoſia*,
Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a Sigh,
Which is but the moſt unhappy Piece of Life,
And I will ever after worſhip Sadneſs,
Apply my ſelf to Grief; prepare and build
Altars to Sorrow.
Theo. O *Philippo*, help me.
Phi. I do; theſe are my Arms, *Philippo*'s Arms,
Thy Brother's Arms that hold thee up.
Theo. You help me
To Life; but I would ſee *Antonio*
That's dead.
Phi. Thou ſhalt ſee any thing; how doſt thou?
Theo. Better, I thank you.
Phi. Why that's well; call up
Thy Senſes, and uncloud thy cover'd Spirits.
How now?
Theo. Recover'd; but *Antonio*,
Where is he?
Phi. We will find him; art thou well?
Theo. Perfectly well, ſaving the miſs of him;
And I do charge you here, by our Alliance,
And by the Love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no Kindred; by that killing Fear,

Mingled

Mingled with twenty thouſand Hopes and Doubts,
Which you may think, plac'd in a Lover's Heart,
And in a Virgin's too, when ſhe wants help,
To grant me your Aſſiſtance, to find out
This Man alive, or dead; and I will pay you,
In Service, Tears, or Prayers, a world of Wealth:
But other Treaſure I have none: Alas!
You Men have ſtrong Hearts; but we feeble Maids
Have tender Eyes, which only given be
To blind themſelves, crying for what they ſee.
Phi. Why doſt thou charge me thus? Have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wiſhes were? Have I at any time
Tender'd a buſineſs of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? Have I not been,
As if I were a ſenſeleſs Creature, made
To ſerve thee without pow'r of queſtioning,
If ſo, why fear'ſt thou?
Theo. I am ſatisfied.
Phi. Come, then let's go: Where's *Leocadia?*
Theo. I know not, Sir.
Phi. Where's *Leocadia?*
Theo. I do not know,
Phi. *Leocadia!*
This Tumult made the Streets as dead as Night,
A Man may talk as freely; what's become
Of *Leocadia?* *Theo.* She's run away.
Phi. Be gone, and let us never more behold
Each others Face, till we may, both together,
Faſten our Eyes on her; accurſed be
Thoſe tender cozening names of Charity,
And natural Affection, they have loſt
Me only by obſerving them, what Coſt,
Travel, and fruitleſs Wiſhes may in vain
Search through the World, but never find again.
Theo. Good Sir be patient, I have done no fault
Worthy this Baniſhment.
Phi. Yes *Leocadia,*
The Lady ſo diſtreſs'd, who was content
To lay her Story, and to lay her Heart

As open as her Story to your ſelf,
Who was content that I ſhould know her Sex,
Before diſſembl'd, and to put her ſelf
Into my conduct, whom I undertook
Safely to Guard, is in this Tumult loſt.
Theo. And can I help it, Sir?
Phi. No, would thou could'ſt,
You might have done, but for that zeal'd Religion
You Women bear to Swoonings; you do pick
Your times to faint when ſome Body is by,
Bound or by Nature, or by Love, or Service,
To raiſe you from that well diſſembled Death;
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private Chamber by her ſelf,
Where Sickneſs would no more forbear, than here,
And I will quit the reſt for her.
Theo. I know not
What they may do, and how they may diſſemble;
But by my Troth, I did not.
Phi. By my Troth,
Would I had try'd; would I had let thee lain,
And followed her.
Theo. I would you had done ſo,
Rather than been ſo angry; where's *Antonio?*
Phi. Why doſt thou vex me with theſe Queſtions?
I'll tell thee where, he's carried to the Gallies,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted Ropes, and Pizzels; if he ſwound,
He has a doſe of Biſket.
Theo. I am glad
He is alive.
Phi. Was ever Man thus troubled,
Tell me where *Leocadia* is?
Theo. Good Brother be not ſo haſty, and I think I can
You found no Error in me, when I firſt
Told you ſhe was a Woman, and believe me
Something I have found out, which makes me think,
Nay, almoſt know ſo well, that I durſt ſwear
She follow'd hurt *Antonio.*
Phi. What do we

Ente

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townſmen.

Then lingring here? we will aboard the Gallies,
And find her.

Gov. Made he a ſhot into the Town?

1 *Attend.* He did, Sir.

Gov. Call back thoſe Gentlemen.

1 *Attend.* The Governor commands you back.

Phi. We will obey him, Sir.

Gov. You gave him cauſe to ſhoot; I know he is
So far from raſh Offence, and holds with me
Such curious Friendſhip, could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing, ſuch an Uproar,
Before my Door too?

1 *Townſ.* By my troth Sir, we are ſo buſy in the publick cauſe, of our own private falling out, that we forgot it; at home we ſee now you were not, but as ſoon as the ſhot made us fly, we ran away as faſt as we could to ſeek your Honour.

Gov. 'Twas gravely done; but no Man tells the cauſe
Or chance, or what it was that made you differ.

1 *Townſ.* For my part Sir, if there were any that I knew of, the ſhot drove it out of my Head; do you know any, (Neighbours?

All. Not we, not we.

Gov. Not we! Nor can you tell?

1 *Attend.* No other cauſe,
But the old Quarrel betwixt the Town and the Gallies.

Gov. Come nearer Gentlemen; what are your Names?

Phi. My name *Philippo.*

Theo. And mine *Theodoro.*

Gov. Strangers you are, it ſeems.

Phi. Newly arriv'd.

Gov. Then you are they begun this Tumult.

Phi. No, Sir.

Gov. Speak one of you.

1 *Attend.* They are not, I can quit 'em.

Theo. Yet we ſaw part, and an unhappy part
Of this Debate, a long fought Friend of ours
Struck down for Dead, and born unto the Gallies,
His name is *Marc Antonio.*

Phi. And another
Of our Company, a Gentleman Of

Of noble Birth, beſides accompanied
With all the gifts of Nature, raviſh'd hence
We know not how, in this Diſſention.
Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
You meddle with a Weapon any more,
But thoſe belonging to your Trades, I'll lay you
Where your beſt Cuſtomers ſhall hardly find you.
[*Exeunt Townſmen.*
I am ſorry, Gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both Strangers, by your Tongues, and Looks,
Of worth: To make ye ſome part of amends,
If there be any thing in this poor Town
Of *Barcelona* that you would command,
Command me.
Theo. Sir, this wounded Gentleman,
If it might pleaſe you, if your Pow'r and Love
Extend ſo far, I would be glad to wiſh
Might be remov'd into the Town for cure:
The Gallies ſtay not, and his Wound I know
Cannot endure a Voyage.
Gov. Sir, he ſhall,
I warrant you: Go call me hither, Sirrah,
One of my other Servants. [*Exit* 1 *Attend.*
Phi. And beſides,
The Gentleman we loſt, Signior *Franciſco*,
Shall be render'd too.
Enter a Servant.
Gov. And he Sir too: Go Sirrah, bear this Ring
To *Rodorigo*, my moſt noble Friend,
The General of the Gallies: Tell him this.
[*Whiſpers to his Servant.* *Exit Servant.*
Theo. Now we ſhall have 'em both.
Phi. Bleſt be thy Thoughts
For apprehending this, bleſt be thy Breath
For uttering it.
Gov. Come Gentlemen, you ſhall
Enter my Roof; and I will ſend for Surgeons,
And you ſhall ſee your Friends here preſently.
Theo. His Name was *Marc Antonio*.
Gov. I know it,
And have ſent word ſo. *Phi.*

Phi. Did you not forget
Francisco's Name?
Gov. Nor his; y'are truly welcome,
To talk about it more, were but to say
The same Word often over: You are welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Marc Antonio *carried by two Soldiers*; Leocadia *and the Servant following.*

Serv. This is the House, Sir.
Marc. Enter it, I pray you,
For I am faint, although I think my Wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.
1 *Sold.* Heav'n send you Health, Sir.
Serv. Let me lead you in.
Marc. My Wound's not in my Feet; I shall entreat 'em
I hope to bear me so far. [*Exit.* (neral made a
2 *Sold.* How seriously these Land-men fled, when our Ge-
Shot, as if he had been a Warning to call 'em to their Hall.
1 *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em. What Man have they now in the
Town, able to maintain a Tumult, or uphold a Matter out
Of square, if need be? O the Quiet Hurly Burlies that I
Have seen in this Town, when we have fought four Hours
Together, and not a Man amongst us so impertinent or
Modest to ask why? But now the Pillars that bare
Up this blessed Town in that regular Debate, and
Scambling, are dead, the more's the pity.
2 *Sold.* Old *Ignatio* lives still. (Man's Liver:
1 *Sold.* Yes, I know him; he will do prettily well at
But where is there any Man now living in the Town
That hath a steady Hand, and understands *Anatomy*
Well? If it come to a particular matter of the Lungs,
Or the Spleen, why? Alas *Ignatio* is to seek; are
There any such Men left as I have known, that
Would say they would hit you in this Place? Is there
Ever a good Artist, or a Member-Piercer, or a
Small-Gut Man left in the Town, answer
Me that?
2 *Sold.* Mass, I think there be not.

1 *Sold.* No, I warrant thee. Come, come, 'tis time
We were at the Gallies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc Antonio, Philippo, Theodosia, Leocadia *and Attendants*

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said already,
You may command my House; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you. If the publick Business
Forc'd me not from you, I my self should call it
Unmannerly; but good Sir, do you give it
A milder Name: It shall not be an Hour
E'er I return.

Marc. Sir, I was ne'er so poor
In my own Thoughts, as that I want a Means
To requite this with.

Gov. Sir, within this Hour. [*Exit.*

Marc. This the Lady that I quarrel'd for?
O Lust, if Wounds cannot restrain thy Power,
Let Shame; nor do I feel my Hurt at all,
Nor is it ought, only I was well beaten:
If I pursue it, all the civil World,
That ever did imagine the Content
Found in the Band of Man and Wife unbroke,
The Reverence due to Households, or the Blemish
That may be stuck upon Posterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my Forehead;
This is the wounded Stranger, that receiv'd
For Charity into a House, attempted——
I will not do it.

Eug. Sir, how do you do now?
That you walk off.

Marc. Worse, Madam, than I was;
But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and rest a while.

Marc. Where are the Surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their Manner,
When they have seen the Wound, especially
The Patient being of Worth, to go consult,
Which they are now at in another room,
About the Dressing.

Marc. Madam, I do feel my self not well.

Theo.

Theo. Alas!
Leo. How do you, Sir?
Eug. Will you drink Waters?
Marc. No, good Madam, 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous; but yet there are
Some things that ſit ſo heavy on my Conſcience,
That will perplex my Mind, and ſtop my Cure,
So that unleſs I utter 'em, a Scratch
Here on my Thumb will kill me: Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the Room, and come not in
Your ſelves, or any other, 'till I have
Open'd my ſelf to this moſt honour'd Lady.
Phi. We will not.
Theo. O bleſt! he will diſcover now
His Love to me.
Leo. Now he will tell the Lady
Our Contract. [*Exeunt.*
Eug. I do believe he will confeſs to me
The Wrong he did a Lady in the Streets;
But I forgive him.
Marc. Madam, I perceive
My ſelf grow worſe and worſe.
Eug. Shall I call back your Friends?
Marc. O no, but e'er I do impart
What burthens me ſo ſore, let me intreat you
(For there is no truſt in theſe Surgeons)
To look upon my Wound; it is perhaps
My laſt Requeſt: But tell me truly too,
That muſt be in, how far do you imagine
It will have Pow'r upon me?
Eug. Sir, I will.
Marc. For Heav'ns ſake, ſoftly: Oh, I muſt needs lay
My Head down eaſily, whilſt you do it.
Eug. Do Sir.
'Tis but an ordinary Blow; a Child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well;
Are you faint-hearted?
Marc. Oh!
Eug. Why do you ſigh?

There is no Danger in the World in this;
I wonder it ſhould make a Man ſit down;
What do you mean, why do you kiſs my Breaſts?
Lift up your Head, your Wound may well endure it.
Marc. O Madam, may I not expreſs Affection,
Dying-Affection too I fear, to thoſe
That do me Favours, ſuch as this of yours?
Eug. If you mean ſo, 'tis well; but what's the Buſi-
Lyes on your Conſcience? (neſs
Marc. I will tell you, Madam.
Eug. Tell me, and laugh?
Marc. But I will tell you true,
Though I do laugh: I know as well as you
My Wound is nothing, nor the Power of Earth
Could lay a Wound upon me in your Preſence,
That I could feel; but I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of Men, and wiſe Men too, we ſhall deceive 'em,
Whilſt they imagine I am talking here
With that ſhort Breath I have, ready to ſwoon
At every full Point, you my ghoſtly Mother
To hear my ſad Confeſſion; you and I,
Will on that Bed within, prepar'd for me,
Debate the Matter privately.
Eug. Forbear,
Thou wert but now as welcome to this Houſe
As certain Cures to ſick Men, and juſt now
This ſudden Alteration makes thee look
Like Plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'ſt
How loathſome thou wilt be, thou wouldſt intreat
Theſe Walls or Poſts to help thee to a Hurt,
Paſt thy Diſſimulation.
Marc. Gentle Madam,
Call 'em not in.
Eug. I will not yet, this Place
I know to be within the reach of Tongue
And Ears, thou canſt not force me; therefore hear me
What I will tell thee quickly; thou art born
To end ſome way more diſeſteem'd than this,
Or which is worſe, to die of this Hurt yet.
ome Gentlemen. *Enter*

Enter Leocadia.

Marc. Good Madam.

Eug. Gentlemen.

Leo. Madam, how is't? Is *Marc Antonio* well?
Methinks your Looks are alter'd, and I see
A strange Distemper in you.

Eug. I am wrought
By that dissembling Man, that Fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philippo *and* Theodosia.

Leo. Gentle Madam, speak
To me alone, let not them understand
His Fault, he will repent I dare swear.

Eug. I'll tell it you in private.

Phil Marc Antonio,
How do you?

Marc. Stand farther off I pray you,
Give me some Air.

Theo. Good Brother, will he scape,
The Surgeons say there is no Danger.

Phi. Scape?
No doubt he will.

Leo. Alas, will he not leave
This trying all; Madam, I do beseech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you, besides a Story I shall
Not put in so good Words, but in it self open to you,
So full of Chance, that you will easily
Forgive my Tediousness, and be well pleas'd
With that so much afflicts me.

Eug. Good Sir, do.

Leo. And I desire no Interruption
Of Speech may trouble me, 'till I have said
What I will quickly do.

Theo. What will she say?

Eug. Come, Gentlemen, I pray you lend your Ears,
And keep your Voices.

Leo. Signior *Marc Antonio,*
How do you do?

Marc. Oh the Surgeons.
Leo. Let me tell you,
Who know as well as you, you do diſſemble,
It is no time to do ſo; leave the Thoughts
Of this vain World, forget your Fleſh and Blood,
And make your Spirit an untroubled way
To paſs to what it ought.
Marc. You're not in earneſt?
Why I can walk, Sir, and am well.
Leo. 'Tis true
That you can walk, and do believe you're well:
It is the Nature, as your Surgeons ſay,
Of theſe Wounds, for a Man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, 'till his laſt Hour, his Minute:
For Heav'ns ſake, Sir, ſit down again.
Marc. Alas,
Where are the Surgeons?
Leo. Sir, they will not come;
If they ſhould dreſs you, you would die, they ſay,
E'er one would tell twenty; trouble not your Mind,
Keep your Head warm, and do not ſtir your Body,
And you may live an Hour.
Marc. Oh Heav'ns, an Hour?
Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the Wrongs that I have done; how ſhort
Then for Contrition, and how leaſt of all
For Satisfaction?
Leo. But you deſire
To ſatisfie?
Marc. Heav'n knows I do.
Leo. Then know
That I am he, or ſhe, or what you will,
Moſt wrong'd by you, your *Leocadia*;
I know you muſt remember me.
Marc. Oh Heav'n!
Leo. That loſt her Friends, that loſt her Father's Houſe,
That loſt her Fame in loſing of her Sex,
With theſe ſtrange Garments; there is no Excuſe
To hinder me, it is within your Power
To give me Satisfaction; you have time

Left

Left in this little piece of Life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your Conſcience ſake,
And for our Fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That Contract, which you have both ſeal'd and ſworn,
Yet e'er you dye, which muſt be haſtily,
Heav'n knows.

Marc. Alas, the ſting of Conſcience
To death-ward for our faults; draw nearer all,
And hear what I unhappy Man ſhall ſay.
Firſt, Madam, I deſire your Pardon; next
(I feel my Spirits fail me) Gentlemen,
Let me ſhake Hands with you, and let's be Friends,
For I have done wrong upon wrong ſo thick
I know not where, that every Man methinks
Should be mine Enemy; forgive me both.
Laſtly 'tis true (oh I do feel the Power
Of Death ſeize on me) that I was contracted
By Seal and Oath to *Leocadia*;
(I muſt ſpeak faſt, becauſe I fear my Life
Will elſe be ſhorter than my Speech would be)
But 'tis impoſſible to ſatisfie
You *Leocadia*, but by Repentance,
Though I can dyingly and boldly ſay
I know not your Diſhonour, yet that was
Your Virtue, and not mine, you know it well;
But herein lies th' impoſſibility,
O *Theodoſia*, *Theodoſia*,
I was betroth'd to *Theodoſia*
Before I ever ſaw thee; Heav'n forgive me,
She is my Wife this half hour whilſt I live.

Theo. That's I, that's I, I'm *Theodoſia*;
Hear me a little now, who have not ſuffer'd
Diſgrace at all methinks, ſince you confeſs
What I ſo long have ſought for; here is with me
Philippo too, my Brother.

Marc. I am glad;
All Happineſs to him; come let me kiſs thee,
Beg pardon of that Maid for my Offence,
And let me farther, with a dying Breath,

Tell in thine Ear the reſt of my deſires.
Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn Women,
If we hold longer talk.
Leo. Alas there is
No hope for me; that's *Theodoſia*,
And that her Brother, I am only ſorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will ſearch
Over the World, as careleſs of my Fortunes,
As they of me, 'till I can meet a curſe
To make theſe almoſt killing-ſorrows worſe. [*Exit.*
Theo. Sir, as I live ſhe ly'd, only to draw
A juſt Confeſſion from you, which ſhe hath,
A happy one for me; ask of this Lady,
Ask of my Brother.
Eug. Sir, ſhe did diſſemble,
Your Wound is nothing.
Phi. Leocadia's gone. [*Exit.*
Theo. Riſe up, and ſtir your ſelf, 'tis but amazement
And your Imagination that afflicts you,
Look you Sir, now.
Marc. I think 'tis ſo indeed.
Theo. The Surgeon's do not come, becauſe they ſwear
It needs no dreſſing.
Eug. You ſhall talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.
Marc. Where's your Brother, and *Leocadia*?
Eug. Within belike.
Marc. I feel my ſelf methinks as well as ever.
Eug. Keep then your Mind ſo too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me, but here is one
Muſt not be wrong'd hereafter.
Marc. Neither ſhall ſhe:
When I make Jeſts of Oaths again, or make
My Luſt play with Religion, when I leave
To keep true Joys for her, and yet within
My ſelf true Sorrow for my paſſed Deeds,
May I want Grace when I would fain repent,
And find a great and ſudden Puniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, Diego, *and* Incubo.

Phi. WHere is mine Hoſt, did he not ſee him neither?
Die. Not I, i'faith, Sir.
Phi. Nor the Muleter?
Inc. Nay he is paſt ſeeing, unleſs it be in's ſleep,
By this time; all his Viſions were the Pots,
Three hours ſince, Sir.
Phi. Which way ſhould ſhe take?
Nay, look you now; do you all ſtand ſtill? good Heav'n
You might have lighted on him, now, this inſtant?
For loves ſake ſee him out, whoever find him
I will reward his Fortune as his Diligence;
Get all the Town to help, that will be hir'd,
Their Pains I'll turn to annual Holiday,
If it ſhall chance, but one bring word of her,
Pray you about it.
Inc. Her, Sir? who do you mean?
Phi. I had forgot my ſelf, the Page I meant
That came along with us.
Die. He you gave the Cloaths to?
Phi. I gave the Cloaths to, Raſcal?
Die. Nay, good Sir.
Phi. Why doſt thou mention or upbraid my Courteſies, Slave?
Die. For your Honour, Sir.
Phi. Wretch; I was honour'd,
That ſhe would wear 'em (he, I would ſay) s'death?
Go, get and find 'em out, or never ſee me,
I ſhall my betray my Love e'er I poſſeſs it,
Some Star direct me, or ill Planet ſtrike me. [*Ex.* Phi.
Inc. Beſt to divide.
Die. I'll this way.
Inc. And I this.
Die. I, as you, find him for a *Real.*
Inc. 'Tis done.

Die.

Die. My courſe is now directly to ſome Pie-houſe,
I know the Pages compaſs.
Inc. I think rather
The Smock ſide o'th' Town, the ſurer Harbour
At his Years to put in.
Die. If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the Teeth now.
Inc. I by the Tail, yet I as you.
Die. No more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Philippo.

Phi. Dear *Leocadia*, where canſt thou be fled
Thus like a Spirit hence? and in a moment?
What Cloud can hide thee from my following ſearch
If yet thou art a Body? ſure ſhe hath not
Ta'en any Houſe? ſhe did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a Place receiv'd her,
And would, if ſhe had ſtaid, have help'd to right
The wrong her Fortune did her; yet ſhe muſt
Be enter'd ſomewhere, or be found, no Street,
Lane, Paſſage, Corner, Turn, hath ſcap'd enquiry:
If her Deſpair had raviſh'd her to Air,
She could not yet be rarified ſo
But ſome of us ſhould meet her? though their Eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn; mine would
Strike out a Lightning for her, and divide
A Miſt as thick as ever darkneſs was,
Nay ſee her through a Quarry; they do lie,
Lie groſly that ſay Love is blind; by him,
And Heav'n they lie; he has a ſight can pierce
Through Ivory, as clear as it were Horn,
And reach his Object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found.
Phi. Ha? where? But reach that happy Note again,
And let it reliſh Truth, thou art an Angel.
Inc. He's here; faſt by, Sir, calling for a Boat
To go aboard the Gallies.
Phi. Where, where; hold thee. [*Exit.*
Inc.

Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to ſhew
If he had had the wit t' have gone from's word, (for't;
Theſe direct Men, they are no Men of faſhion,
Talk what you will, this is a very Smelt. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo *with a Surgeon.*

Leo. Upon your Art, Sir, and your Faith to aſſiſt it,
Shall I believe you then his Wound's not mortal?
Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your queſtion, leſs your fear.
Leo. You do reſtore me, Sir, I pray you accept
This ſmall remembrance of a Father's thanks
For ſo aſſur'd a benefit.
Surg. Excuſe me.
Leo. Sir, I can ſpare it, and muſt not believe
But that your Fortune may receive't, except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.
Surg. I crave your pardon, Sir, you teach me Manners.
Leo. I crave your Love and Friendſhip, and require,
As I have made now both my ſelf and buſineſs
A portion of your care, you will but bring me
Under the Perſon of a call'd Aſſiſtant
To his next opening, where I may but ſee him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me; for I am loth
Since here I have not to appear my ſelf,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpoſe.
Surg. Neither
I hope will be your need, Sir; I ſhall bring you
Both there, and off again, without the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Philippo, *and* Leocadia.

Phi. Will you not hear me?
Leo. I have heard ſo much
Will keep me deaf for ever; no, *Marc Antonio*,
After thy Sentence, I may hear no more,
Thou haſt pronounc'd me dead.
Phi. Appeal to Reaſon,

She will reprieve you from the power of Grief,
Which rules but in her abſence; hear me ſay
A ſoveraign Meſſage from her, which in Duty,
And Love to your own Safety, you ought hear:
Why do you ſtrive ſo? Whither would you fly?
You cannot wreſt your ſelf away from Care,
You may from Counſel; you may ſhift your Place
But not your Perſon; and another Clime
Makes you no other.

Leo. Oh!

Phi. For Paſſions ſake,
(Which I do ſerve, honour, and love in you)
If you will ſigh, ſigh here; if you would vary
A Sigh to Tears, or Out-cry, do it here.
No Shade, no Deſart, Darkneſs, nor the Grave
Shall be more equal to your Thoughts than I,
Only but hear me ſpeak.

Leo. What would you ſay? (mine,

Phi. That which ſhall raiſe your Heart, or pull down
Quiet your Paſſion, or provoke mine own;
We muſt have both one Balſome, or one Wound.
For know, lov'd Fair, ſince the firſt Providence
Made me your Reſcue, I have read you through,
And with a wandring Pity look'd on you,
I have obſerv'd the method of your Blood,
And waited on it even with Sympathy
Of a like Red and Paleneſs in mine own;
I knew which Bluſh was Anger's, which was Love's,
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of Truth;
And could diſtinguiſh Honour from Diſdain
In every change, and you are worth my Study;
I ſaw your voluntary Miſery
Suſtain'd in Travel: A diſguis'd Maid,
Wearied with ſeeking, and with finding loſt,
Neglected, where you hop'd moſt, or put by;
I ſaw it, and have laid it to my Heart,
And though it were my Siſter which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off Nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to Triumph;
My care for you, ſo drown'd reſpect of her;

Nor

Nor did I only apprehend your Bonds,
But ſtudied your Releaſe; and for that Day
Have I made up a Ranſome, brought you a Health
Preſervative 'gainſt Chance, or Injury,
Pleaſe you apply it to the Grief; my ſelf.

Leo. Humph.

Phi. Nay, do not think me leſs than ſuch a Cure,
Antonio was not; And 'tis poſſible
Philippo may ſucceed: My Blood and Houſe
Are as deep rooted, and as fairly ſpread,
As *Marc Antonio*'s, and in that all ſeek,
Fortune hath given him no Precedency:
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incenſe as much as he; I ever durſt
Walk with *Antonio* by the ſelf-ſame Light
At any Feaſt, or Triumph, and ne'er car'd
Which ſide my Lady or her Woman took
In their ſurvey; I durſt have told my Tale too,
Though his Diſcourſe new ended.

Leo. My Repulſe.

Phi. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy,
Nor think that Conſcience, Fair, which is no ſhame;
'Twas no Repulſe, I was your Dowry rather:
For then methought a thouſand Graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thouſand Stories
Of conſtant Virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one Example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or diſgrac'd,
After this ſuffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and buſineſs of thoſe Powers,
Who, like beſt Tutors, do inflict hard Tasks
Upon great Natures, and of nobleſt Hopes;
Read trivial Leſſons, and half lines to Slugs;
They that live long, and never feel Miſchance,
Spend more than half their Age in Ignorance.

Leo. 'Tis well you think ſo.

Phi. You ſhall think ſo too,
You ſhall, ſweet *Leocadia*, and do ſo.

Leo. Good Sir, no more; you have too fair a Shape

To

To play ſo foul a Part in, as the Tempter:
Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
Who ſhould abſolve me of my Vow yet; ha?
My Contract made?
Phi. Your Contract?
Leo. Yes, my Contract:
Am I not his? His Wife?
Phi. Sweet, nothing leſs.
Leo. I have no name then?
Phi. Truly then you have not;
How can you be his Wife, who was before
Another's Husband?
Leo. Oh, though he diſpence
With his Faith given, I cannot with mine.
Phi. You do miſtake, clear Soul; his Precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no Faith
That ties you in Religion, or Humanity,
You rather ſin againſt that greater Precept,
To covet what's another's; Sweet, you do,
Believe me, who dare not urge diſhoneſt things,
Remove that ſcruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your Judgment's skale,
And weigh them with your ſafeties: Think but whither
Now you can go: What you can do to live:
How near you ha' bar'd all Ports to your own Succour,
Except this one that I here open, Love:
Should you be left alone, you were a Prey
To the wild Luſt of any, who would look
Upon this ſhape like a Temptation,
And think you want the Man you perſonate,
Would not regard this ſhift, which Love put on
As Virtue forc'd, but covet it like Vice;
So ſhould you live the ſlander of each Sex,
And be the Child of Error and of Shame,
And which is worſe, even *Marc Antony*
Would be call'd juſt, to turn a Wanderer off,
And Fame report you worthy his Contempt;
Where if you make new Choice, and ſettle here,
There is no further Tumult in this Flood,
Each Current keeps his Courſe, and all Suſpicions

Shall

Shall return Honours: Came you forth a Maid?
Go home a Wife: Alone? And in Diſguiſe?
Go home a waited *Leocadia:*
Go home, and by the virtue of that Charm
Transform all Miſchiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended Father's Wrath to Wonder,
And all his loud Grief to a ſilent Welcome:
Unfold the Riddles you have made; what ſay you?
Enter Zanchio *carried*, Alphonſo, *and Servants.*
Now is the time; Delay is but Deſpair,
If you be chang'd, let a Kiſs tell me ſo.
Leo. I am; but how, I rather feel than know.
Zanch. Come Sir; you are welcome now to *Barcelona*,
Take off my Hood.
Phi. Who be theſe? Stay, let's view 'em?
Alph. 'Twas a long Journey; are you not weary, Sir?
Zanch. Weary? I could have rid it in mine Armour.
Leo. Alas!
Phi. What ail you, Dear?
Leo. It is my Father.
Phi. Your Father? Which?
Leo. He that is carried: Oh
Let us make hence.
Phi. For Loves ſake, good my Heart.
Leo. Into ſome Houſe before he ſee me.
Phi. Dear,
Be not thus frighted.
Leo. Oh his Wrath is Tempeſt.
Phi. Sweet, take your Spirit to you, and ſtay; be't he,
He cannot know you in this Habit, and me
I'm ſure he leſs knows, for he never ſaw me.
Alph. Ha? Who is that? My Son *Philippo?*
Phi. Sir.
Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this *Salamanca?*
And that your Study? ha? Nay ſtay him too,
We'll ſee him by his leave.
Ser. You muſt not ſtrive, Sir.
Alph. No, no, come near.
Zanch. My Daughter: *Leocadia?*
Alph. How Sir, your Daughter?

Zanch.

Zanch. Yes Sir, and as ſure
As that's your Son: Come hither: What now? run
Out o' your Sex? Breech'd? Was't not enough
At once to leave thy Father, and thine Honour,
Unleſs th' hadſt quit thy ſelf too?
Phi. Sir, what fault
She can be urg'd of, I muſt take on me
The Guilt and Puniſhment.
Zanch. You muſt, Sir; how
If you ſhall not, though you muſt? I deal not
With Boys, Sir; Ay, you have a Father here
Shall do me right.
Alph. Thou art not mad, *Philippo?*
Art thou *Marc Antonio?* Son to *Leonardo?*
Our buſineſs is to them.
Zanch. No, no, no, no.
I'll ha' the buſineſs now, with you, none elſe,
Pray you let's ſpeak in private: (carry me to him)
Your Son's the Raviſher Sir, and here I find him:
I hope you'll give me cauſe to think you noble,
And do me right, with your ſword Sir, as becomes
One Gentleman of Honour to another;
All this is fair Sir, here's the Sea faſt by,
Upon the Sands, we will determine,
'Tis that I call you to, let's make no Days on't,
I'll lead your way; to the Sea-ſide, Raſcals.
Phi. Sir,
I would beſeech your ſtay, he may not follow you.
Zanch. No, turn, I'll kill him here then: Slaves,
Rogues, Blocks,
Why do you not bear me to him? Ha' you been
Acquainted with my Motions, Logs, ſo long,
And yet not know to time 'em?
Phi. Were you, Sir,
Not impotent.
Alph. Hold you your peace, Boy.
Zanch. Impotent!
'Death, I'll cut his Throat firſt, and then his Father's.
Alph. You muſt provide you then a ſharper Razor
Than is your Tongue, for I not fear your Sword.

Zanch.

Zanch. 'Heart bear me to either of 'em.
Phi. Pray, Sir, your Patience.
Enter Governor and Attendants.
Alph. My curse light on thee if thou stay him.
Phi. Hold.
Gov. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen, what tumult
Is this you raise i'th' Street? before my Door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a Weapon here?
Zanch. Yes, and to use it (bear me up to him, Rogues)
Thus, at a Traitor's Heart.
Alph. Truer than thine.
Gov. Strike, strike; some of the People disarm 'em,
Kill 'em if they resist.
Phi. Nay generous Sir,
Let not your courtesie turn fury now.
Gov. Lay hold upon 'em, take away their Weapons,
I will be worth an answer, e'er we part.
Phi. 'Tis the Governor, Sir.
Alph. I yield my self. (tell me.
Zanch. My Sword? what think'st thou of me? pray thee
1 *Attend.* As of a Gentleman.
Zanch. No more?
1 *Attend.* Of Worth,
And Quality.
Zanch. And I should quit my Sword
There were small Worth or Quality in that, Friend;
Pray thee learn thou more Worth and Quality
Than to demand it.
Gov. Force it, I say.
1 *Attend.* The Governor,
You hear, Commands.
Zanch. The Governor shall pardon me.
Phi. How, *Leocadia* gone again? [*Exit* Phi
Zanch. He shall, Friend,
I'th' point of Honour; by his leave, so tell him,
His Person and Authority I acknowledge,
And do submit me to it; but my Sword,
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen Governors;
That and I dwell together, and must yet,
'Till my Hands part, assure him.

Gov. I ſay, force it.

Zanch. Stay, hear me. Haſt thou ever read *Caranza?*
Underſtand'ſt thou Honour, noble Governor?

Gov. For that we'll have more fit diſpute.

Zanch. Your Name, Sir?

Gov. You ſhall know that too, but on colder terms,
Your Blood and Brain are now too hot to take it.

Zanch. Force my Sword from me? this is an Affront.

Gov. Bring 'em away.

Zanch. You'll do me reparation. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philippo.

Phi. I have for ever loſt her, and am loſt,
And worthily, my tameneſs hath undone me;
She's gone hence, aſham'd of me, yet I ſeek her;
Will ſhe be ever found to me again,
Whom ſhe ſaw ſtand ſo poorly, and dare nothing
In her Defence here? when I ſhould have drawn
This Sword out like a Meteor, and have ſhot it
In both our Parents Eyes, and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent Angers? Oh I am worthy,
On whom this loſs and ſcorn ſhould light to Death;
Without the pity that ſhould wiſh me better,
Either alive, or in my Epitaph. [*Exit.*

Enter Leonardo, *and* Marc Antonio.

Leo. Well, Son, your Father is too near himſelf,
And hath too much of Nature, to put off
Any Affection that belongs to you;
I could have only wiſh'd you had acquainted
Her Father, whom it equally concerns,
Though you'd preſum'd on me; it might have open'd
An eaſier Gate, and Path to both our Joys:
For though I am none of thoſe flinty Fathers
That when their Children do but natural things,
Turn Rock and Offence ſtraight: Yet, *Marc Antonio,*
All are not of my quarry.

Marc. 'Tis my Fear, Sir;
And if hereafter I ſhould e'er abuſe
So great a Piety, it were my Malice.

Enter Attendants.

Atten. We muſt intreat you, Gentlemen, to take
Anoth

Another Room, the Governor is coming
Here, on ſome buſineſs.

Enter Governor, Zanchio, Alphonſo, and Attendants.

Marc. We will give him way.

Zanch. I will have right, Sir, on you; that believe,
If there be any Marſhals Court in *Spain.*

Gov. For that, Sir, we ſhall talk.

Zanch.——Do not ſlight me,
Though I am without a Sword.

Gov. Keep to your Chair, Sir.

Zanch.---Let me fall, and hurl my Chair (Slaves) at him.

Gov. You are the more temper'd Man, Sir; let me intreat
Of you the manner how this Brawl fell out.

Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much;
But here we came, Sir, to this Town together,
Both in one buſineſs, and one wrong, engag'd
To ſeek one *Leonardo*, an old *Genoeſe*,
I ha' ſaid enough there; would you more? falſe Father
Of a falſe Son, call'd *Marc Antonio*,
Who had ſtole both our Daughters; and which Father
Conſpiring with his Son in Treachery,
It ſeem'd, to flie our Satisfaction,
Was, as we heard, come private to this Town,
Here to take Ship for *Italy*,

Leo. You heard
More than was true then; by the Fear, or Falſhood.
And though I thought not to reveal my ſelf
(Pardon my Manners in't to you) for ſome
Important Reaſons; yet being thus character'd
And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do,
To who dares threaten.

Marc. I ſay he is not worthy
The Name of Man, or any honeſt Preface,
That dares report or credit ſuch a ſlander.
Do you, Sir, ſay it?

Alph. I do ſay it.

Gov. Hold.
Is this your Father, Signior *Marc Antonio?*
You have ill requited me thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him ſervice.

Enter Eugenia.

Leon. 'Twas not his fault, Sir.
Eug. Where's my Lord?
Gov. Sweet-heart.
Eug. Know you these Gentlemen? they are all the Fathers
Unto our Friends.
Gov. So it appears, my Dove.
Zanch. Sir, I say nothing: I do want a Sword.
And 'till I have a Sword I will say nothing.
Eug. Good Sir, command these Gentlemen their Arms,
Entreat 'em as your Friends, not as your Prisoners.
Where be their Swords?
Gov. Restore each Man his Weapon.
Zanch. It seems thou hast not read *Caranza*, Fellow,
I must have reparation of Honour,
As well as this: I find that wounded.
Gov. Sir,
I did not know your Quality, if I had,
'Tis like I should have done you more respects.
Zanch. It is sufficient by *Caranza*'s Rule.
Eug. I know it is, Sir.
Zanch. Have you read *Caranza*, Lady?
Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the Duel,
He was my Kinsman.
Zanch. Lady, then you know
By the right noble Writings of your Kinsman,
My Honour is as dear to me as the King's.
Eug. 'Tis very true, Sir.
Zanch. Therefore I must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance.
Eug. What ha' you more?
Gov. None here, good Signior.
Zanch. I will refer me to *Caranza* still.
Eug. Nay Love, I prithee let me manage this.
With whom is't, Sir?
Zanch. With that false Man, *Alphonso.*
Eug Why he has th' advantage, Sir, in Legs.
Zanch. But I
In Truth, in Hand and Heart, and a good Sword.
Eug. But how if he will not stand you, Sir?

Alph

Alph. For that,
Make it no queſtion Lady, I will ſtick
My Feet in Earth down by him, where he dare.
Zanch. O would thou wouldſt.
Alph. I'll do't.
Zanch. Let me kiſs him.
I fear thou wilt not yet.
Eug. Why Gentlemen,
If you'll proceed according to *Caranza*,
Methinks an eaſier way, were two good Chairs,
So you would be content, Sir, to be bound,
'Cauſe he is lame: I'll fit you with like Weapons,
Piſtols and Ponyards, and ev'n end it. If
The difference between you be ſo mortal,
It cannot be ta'en up.
Zanch. Ta'en up? take off
This Head firſt.
Alph. Come, bind me in a Chair.
Eug. Yes, do.
Gov. What mean you, Dove?
Eug. Let me alone,
And ſet 'em at their diſtance; whan you ha' done
Lend me two Ponyards; I'll have Piſtols ready
Quickly. [*Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phi. She is not here. *Marc Antonio*,
Saw you not *Leocadia?*
Marc. Not I, Brother.
Phi. Brother, let's ſpeak with you; you were falſe unto her.
Marc. I was, but have ask'd Pardon: Why do you urge it?
Phi. You were not worthy of her.
Marc. May be I was not;
But 'tis not well, you tell me ſo.
Phi. My Siſter
Is not ſo fair.
Marc. It skills not.
Phi. Nor ſo virtuous.
Marc. Yes, ſhe muſt be as virtuous.
Phi. I would fain ———
Marc. What, Brother?

Phi. Strike you.
Marc. I ſhall not bear Strokes,
Though I do theſe ſtrange Words.
Phi. Will you not kill me?
Marc. For what, good Bother?
Phi. Why, for ſpeaking well
Of *Leocadia.*
Marc. No indeed.
Phi. Nor ill
Of *Theodoſia?*

Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodoſia, *and one with two Piſtols.*

Marc. Neither.
Phi. Fare you well then.
Eug. Nay, you ſhall have as noble Seconds too
As ever Duelifts had; give 'em their Weapons:
Now St. *Jago.*
Zanch. Are they charg'd?
Eug. Charg'd, Sir?
I warrant you.
Alph. Would they were well diſcharg'd.
Zanch. I like a Sword much better, I confeſs.
Eug. Nay, wherefore ſtay you? Shall I mend your Mark?
Strike one another through theſe?
Phi. My Love.
Alph. My *Theodoſia.*
Zanch. I ha' not the Heart.
Alph. Nor I.
Eug. Why here is a Dependance ended.
Unbind that Gentleman; come take here to you
Your Sons and Daughters, and be Friends. A Feaſt
Waits you within, is better than your Fray:
Lovers, take you your own, and all forbear,
Under my Roof, either to bluſh or fear.
My Love, what ſay you? Could *Caranza* himſelf
Carry a Buſineſs better?
Gov. It is well:
All are content I hope, and we well eas'd,
If they for whom we have done all this be pleas'd.

[*Exeunt omnes*



The Double Marriage vol. 5.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

FErrand, *the libidinous Tyrant of* Naples.
Virolet, *a noble Gentleman, ſtudious of his Country's Freedom.*
Briſſonet, } *Two honeſt Gentlemen, Confederates with* Vi-
Camillo, } rolet.
Ronvere, *a Villain, Captain of the Guard.*
Villio, *a Court Fool.*
Caſtruccio, *a Court Paraſite,*
Pandulpho, *a noble Gentleman of* Naples, *Father to* Virolet.
The Duke of Seſſe, *an Enemy to* Ferrand, *proſcribed and turn'd Pirate.*
Aſcanio, *Nephew and Succeſſor to* Ferrand.
Boy, Page to Virolet.
Maſter.
Gunner.
Boat-ſwain.
Chirurgion.
Sailors.
Doctor.
Citizens.
Guard.
Soldiers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Juliana, *the matchleſs Wife of* Virolet,
Martia, *Daughter to the Duke of* Seſſe.

SCENE *NAPLES.*

THE

THE Double Marriage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Virolet, *and Boy.*

VIROLET.

BOY.

Boy. Sir?

Vir. If my Wife ſeek me, tell her that
Deſigns of Weight, too heavy for her Knowledge,
Exact my Privacy.

Boy. I ſhall, Sir.

Vir. Do then,
And leave me to my ſelf.

Boy. 'Tis a raw Morning,
And would you pleaſe to interpret that for Duty
Which you may conſtrue Boldneſs, I could wiſh
To arm your ſelf againſt it, you would uſe
More of my Service.

Vir. I have heat within here,
A noble heat (good Boy) to keep it off,
I ſhall not freeze; deliver my excuſe,
And you have done your part.

Enter Juliana.

Boy. That is prevented:
My Lady follows you.

Vir. Since I muſt be croſt then,
Let her perform that Office.

Boy. I obey you. [*Exit.*

Vir. Prethee to Bed; to be thus fond's more tedious

Than

Than if I were neglected.
Jul. 'Tis the fault then
Of Love and Duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my Obedience.
Vir. I confeſs
This tenderneſs argues a loving Wife,
And more deſerves my Heart's beſt Thanks, than Anger.
Yet I muſt tell ye, Sweet, you do exceed
In your Affection, if you would ingroſs me
To your Delights alone.
Jul. I am not Jealous,
If my Embraces have diſtaſted you,
As I muſt grant you every way ſo worthy
That 'tis not in weak Woman to deſerve you,
Much leſs in miſerable me, that want
Thoſe Graces, ſome more Fortunate are ſtor'd with;
Seek any whom you pleaſe, and I will ſtudy
With my beſt Service to deſerve thoſe Favours,
That ſhall yield you contentment.
Vir. You are miſtaken.
Jul. No, I am patient Sir, and ſo good Morrow;
I will not be offenſive.
Vir. Hear my Reaſons.
Jul. Though in your Life a Widow's Bed receives me,
For your ſake I muſt love it. May ſhe proſper
That ſhall ſucceed me in it, and your Ardor
Laſt longer to her.
Vir. By the Love I bear,
Firſt to my Country's peace, next to thy ſelf,
To whom compar'd, my Life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choice Abſtract
Of all the Beauties Nature ever faſhion'd,
Or Art gave Ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art Obedient and Loving,
I ſhould contemn and loath her.
Jul. I do believe.
How I am bleſt
In my aſſur'd Belief? This is unfeign'd;
And why this Sadneſs then?

Vir.

Vir. Why *Juliana*,
Believe me, these my sad and dull Retirements,
My often, nay almost continued Fasts,
Sleep banisht from my Eyes, all Pleasures, Strangers,
Have neither root nor growth from any Cause
That may arrive at Woman. Shouldst thou be,
As Chastity forbid, false to my Bed,
I should lament my Fortune, perhaps punish
Thy Falshood, and then study to forget thee:
But that which like a never-emptied Spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling Grief,
Is what my Country suffers; there's a Ground
Where Sorrow may be planted, and spring up,
Through yielding Rage, and womanish Despair,
And yet not shame the Owner.
Jul. I do believe it true,
Yet I should think my self a happy Woman,
If, in this general and timely Mourning,
I might or give to you, or else receive
A little lawful Comfort.
Vir. Thy Discretion
In this may answer for me; look on *Naples*,
The Country where we both were Born and Bred,
Naples, the Paradise of *Italy*,
As that is of the Earth; *Naples*, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest *Romans*,
When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole World;
This flourishing Kingdom, whose Inhabitants
For Wealth and Bravery, liv'd like petty Kings,
Made subject now to such a Tyranny,
As that fair City that receiv'd her Name
From *Constantine* the great, now in the Power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own,
To look with pity on our Miseries;
So far in our Calamities we transcend her.
For since this *Arragonian* Tyrant, *Ferrand*,
Seiz'd on the Government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our Afflictions.
Jul. And hardly those; the King's strange cruelty,

Equals

Equals all Presidents of Tyranny.
Vir. Equal, say you?
He has out-gone the worst, compar'd to him;
Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dionysius*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd;
They yet as Kings, abus'd their Regal Power;
This as a Merchant, all the Country's Fat
He wholly does ingross unto himself:
Our Oils he buys at his own Price, then sells them
To us at dearer Rates; our Plate and Jewels,
Under a feign'd Pretence of publick use,
He borrows; which deny'd, his Instruments force.
The Races of our Horses he takes from us,
Yet keeps them in our Pastures; Rapes of Matrons,
And Virgins, are too frequent; never Man
Yet thank'd him for a Pardon; for Religion
It is a thing he dreams not of.
Jul. I have heard,
How true it is, I know not, that he sold
The Bishoprick of *Tarent* to a *Jew*,
For thirteen thousand Duckets.
Vir. I was present,
And saw the Mony paid; the Day would leave me,
E'er I could number out his impious Actions,
Or what the miserable Subject suffers;
And can you entertain, in such a time,
A thought of Dalliance? Tears, and Sighs, and Groans,
Would better now become you.
Jul. They indeed are
The only Weapons our poor Sex can use,
When we are injur'd; and they may become us;
But for Men that were born free Men, of Rank,
That would be registred Fathers of their Country,
And to have on their Tombs in golden Letters,
The noble Stile of Tyrant-killers, written;
To weep like Fools and Women, and not like wise Men
To practice a Redress, deserves a Name,
Which fits not me to give.
Vir. Thy grave Reproof,
If what thou dost desire, were possible

To

To be effected, might well argue it,
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong Guards this Tyrant is defended:
Ruffins, and Male-contents drawn from all Quarters;
That only know to serve his impious Will:
The Cittadels built by him in the Neck
Of this poor City; the invincible Strength,
Nature, by Art assisted, gave this Castle,
And above all his Fear; admitting no Man
To see him, but unarm'd, it being Death
For any to approach him with a Weapon.
You must confess, unless our Hands were Cannons,
To batter down these Walls, our weak Breath Mines
To blow his Forts up; or our Curses Lightning,
To force a Passage to him, and then blast him:
Our Power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our Misfortunes.

Jul. Walls of Brass resist not
A noble Undertaking; nor can Vice
Raise any Bulwark, to make good the Place,
Where Virtue seeks to enter; then to fall
In such a brave Attempt, were such an Honour
That *Brutus*, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers,
Nay, all the Ancestors I am deriv'd from,
As you, in being what you are, are all these;
I had rather wear a mourning Garment for you,
And should be more proud of my Widow-hood,
You dying for the Freedom of this Country,
Than if I were assur'd, I should enjoy
A Perpetuity of Life and Pleasure
With you, the Tyrant living.

Vir. 'Till this Minute,
I never heard thee speak. O more than Woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I find out
A Cabinet to lock a Secret in,
Of equal Trust to thee? All Doubts and Fears,
That scandalize your Sex, be far from me;
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest Councils,
And further them with thine.

Jul.

Jul. I will be faithful.
Vir. Know then this Day, ſtand Heav'n propitious to us,
Our Liberty begins.
Jul. In *Ferrand*'s Death?
Vir. 'Tis plotted Love, and ſtrongly, and believe it,
For nothing elſe could do it, 'twas the Thought,
How to proceed in this Deſign and end it,
That made ſtrange my Embraces.
Jul. Curs'd be ſhe,
That's ſo indulgent to her own Delights,
That for their Satisfaction, would give
A Stop to ſuch a glorious Enterprize:
For me, I would not for the World, I had been
Guilty of ſuch a Crime; go on and proſper.
Go on my deareſt Lord, I love your Honour
Above my Life; nay yours; my Prayers go with you;
Which I will ſtrengthen with my Tears: The Wrongs
Of this poor Country, edge your Sword; oh may it
Pierce deep into this Tyrant's Heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty Blood,
I'll waſh you clean with Fountains of true Joy.
But who are your Aſſiſtants? Though I am
So covetous of your Glory, that I could wiſh
You had no ſharer in it. [*Knock.*
Vir. Be not curious.
They come, however you command my Boſom,
To them I would not have you ſeen.
Jul. I am gone, Sir:
Be confident, and may my Reſolution
Be preſent with you. [*Exit.*
Vir. Such a Maſculine Spirit,
With more than Woman's Virtues, were a Dower
To weigh down a King's Fortune.

Enter Briſſonet, Camillo, *and* Ronvere.

Briſ. Good Day to you.
Cam. You are an early Stirrer.
Vir. What new Face
Bring you along?
Ron. If I ſtand doubted, Sir,
As by your Looks I gueſs it, you much injure

A Man that loves, and truly loves this Country,
With as much as Zeal as you do; one that hates
The Prince by whom it ſuffers, and as deadly;
One that dares ſtep as far to gain my Freedom,
As any he that breaths; that wears a Sword
As ſharp as any's.
Cam. Nay, no more Compariſons.
Ron. What you but whiſper, I dare ſpeak aloud,
Stood the King by; have means to put in act too,
What you but coldly plot; if this deſerve then
Suſpicion in the beſt, the boldeſt, wiſeſt,
Purſue your own Intents, I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-ſtrip you——
Briſ. Be aſſur'd, Sir,
A Conſcience like this can never be ally'd
To Treachery.
Cam. Who durſt ſpeak ſo much,
But one that is like us, a Sufferer,
And ſtands as we affected?
Vir. You are cozen'd
And all undone; every Intelligencer
Speaks Treaſon with like Licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many Years been train'd
In *Ferrand*'s School, a Man in Truſt and Favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?
Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A Man diſgrac'd, and with Contempt thrown off;
Will ſpur him to Revenge, as ſwift as they,
That never were in Favour.
Vir. Poor and childiſh.
Briſ. His Regiment is caſt, that is moſt certain;
And his Command in the Caſtle given away.
Cam. That on my Knowledge.
Vir. Groſſer ſtill; what Shepherd
Would yield the poor Remainder of his Flock
To a known Wolf; though he put on the Habit
Of a moſt faithful Dog, and bark like one?
As this but only talks.
Cam. Yes, he has Means too.

Vir.

Vir. I know it to my Grief, weak Men, I know it;
To make his Peace, if there were any War
Between him and his Maſter, betraying
Our innocent Lives.
Ron. You are too ſuſpicious,
And I have born too much, beyond my Temper:
Take your own ways, I'll leave you.
Vir. You may ſtay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fiſh'd for:
But one word Gentlemen; have you diſcover'd
To him alone our Plot?
Briſ. To him, and others that are at his Devotion.
Vir. Worſe and worſe:
For were he only conſcious of our Purpoſe,
Though with the breach of Hoſpitable Laws,
In my own Houſe, I'd ſilence him for ever:
But what is paſt my help, is paſt my care.
I have a Life to loſe.
Cam. Have better hopes. (further'd
Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have
Your noble Undertaking, you will ſwear me
Another Man; the Guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our nobleſt Youths,
Attir'd like Virgins, ſuch as Hermits would
Welcome to their ſad Cells, prepar'd a Mask;
As done for the King's Pleaſure.
Vir. For his ſafety
I rather fear; and as a Pageant to
Uſher our Ruin.
Ron. We as Torch-bearers
Will wait on theſe; but with ſuch Art and Cunning,
I have conveigh'd ſharp Poniards in the Wax,
That we may paſs, though ſearch'd, through all his Guards
Without ſuſpicion, and in all his Glory
Oppreſs him, and with ſafety.
Cam. 'Tis moſt ſtrange.
Vir. To be effected.
Ron. You are doubtful ſtill.
Briſ. But we reſolv'd to follow him, and if you

Deſiſt

Desist now *Virolet*, we will say 'tis Fear,
Rather than Providence.
Cam. And so we leave you, [*Exeunt.*
Enter Juliana.
Jul. To your wise Doubts, and to my better Counsels.
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and trust me too;
Let me not like *Cassandra* prophesy Truths,
And never be believ'd, before the Mischief:
I have heard all, know this *Ronvere* a Villain,
A Villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your Ruin, only to make way
To his hopes in my Embraces; at more leasure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceal'd it
To this last Minute; if you stay, you are lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark Cave
Within this House, a part of my poor Dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the Center,
Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is Air,
More than to keep in Life, *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his Fears are.
Vir. 'Tis better fall
Than hide my Head, now 'twas thine own Advice,
My Friends engag'd too.
Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak Men that have betray'd themselves,
Or to my Counsel, though then just and loyal:
Your Fancy hath been good, but not your Judgement,
In choice of such to side you; will you leap
From a steep Tower, because a desperate Fool
Do's it, and trusts the Wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all Mens Eyes are fixt
On *Virolet*, to help, not hurt them;
Make good their Hopes and ours: You have sworn often,
That you dare credit me, and allow'd me Wise
Although a Woman; even Kings in great Actions
Wait opportunity, and so must you, Sir,
Or lose your Understanding.
Vir. Thou art constant;

I am uncertain Fool, a moſt blind Fool;
Be thou my Guide.
Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For Torment or Reward, when I am wretched,
May Conſtancy forſake me.
Vir. I've my ſafety. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtruccio *and* Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus?
Caſt. Peace, thou art a Fool.
Vil. But if I were a Flatterer like your Worſhip,
I ſhould be wiſe and rich too;
There are few elſe that proſper, Bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there.
Caſt. A ſhrewd Knave;
But oh the King, the happy King!
Vil. Why happy?
In bearing a great Burthen.
Caſt. What bears he,
That's born on Princes Shoulders?
Vil. A Crown's weight,
Which ſets more heavy on his Head, than the Oar
Slaves dig out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.
Caſt. Thou worthily art his Fool, to think that heavy
That carries him in the Air; the reverence due
To that moſt ſacred Gold, makes him ador'd,
His Footſteps kiſt, his Smiles to raiſe a Beggar
To a Lord's Fortune; and when he but frowns,
The City quakes.
Vil. Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I ſhould ſay. I am of a Fool,
Grown a Philoſopher, to hear this Paraſite.
Caſt. The Delicates he is ſerv'd with, ſee and envy.
Vil. I had rather have an Onion with a Stomach,
Than theſe without one.
Caſt. The Celeſtial Muſick,
Such as the motion of the eternal Sphears [*Still Muſick.*
Yields *Jove*, when he drinks Nectar.
Vil. Here's a fine Knave, yet hath too many Fellows.
Caſt. Then the Beauties,
That with variety of choice Embraces [*Theſe paſs o'er.*
Renew his Age. *Vil.*

Vir. Help him to crouch rather, (way.
And the *French* Cringe, they are excellent Surgeons that
Caſt. Oh Majeſty! Let others think of Heav'n,
While I contemplate thee.
Vil. This is not Atheiſm, but Court obſervance.
Caſt. Now the God appears, uſher'd with Earth-quakes.
Vil. Baſe Idolatry. [*Flouriſh.*
Enter Ferrand, *Guard*, *Women*, *and Servants.*
Fer. Theſe Meats are poiſon'd, hang
The Cooks; no note more, on
Forfeit of your Fingers; do you
Envy me a minutes Slumber? what are theſe?
1 *Guard.* The Ladies appointed by your Majeſty.
Fer. To the purpoſe, for what appointed?
1 *Guard.* For your Grace's Pleaſure.
Fer. To ſuck away the little Blood is left me,
By my continual Cares; I am not apt now,
Injoy them firſt, taſte of my Diet once;
And your turns ſerv'd, for fifty Crowns apiece
Their Husbands may redeem them.
Wom. Great Sir, Mercy.
Fer. I am deaf, why ſtare you? Is what we command
To be diſputed? Who's this? Bring you the Dead
T' upbraid me to my Face.
Caſt. Hold Emperor;
Hold mightieſt of Kings, I am thy Vaſſal,
Thy Foot-ſtool, that durſt not preſume to look
On thy offended Face?
Fer. Caſtruccio, riſe.
Caſt. Let not the lightning of thy Eye conſume me,
Nor hear that muſical Tongue, in dreadful Thunder,
That ſpeaks all Mercy.
Vil. Here's no flattering Rogue.
Caſt. Ferrand, that is the Father of his People,
The Glory of Mankind.
Fer. No more, no word more;
And while I tell my Troubles to my ſelf,
Be Statues without Motion or Voice,
Though to be flatter'd is an Itch to Greatneſs,
It now offends me.

Vil. Here's the happy Man;
But speak who dares.
Fer. When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could Eat and Sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible to others:
My Guards cannot keep Fear from me,
It still pursues me; Oh! my wounded Conscience,
The Bed I would rest in, is stuft with Thorns;
The Ground's strew'd o'er with Adders, and with Aspicks
Where-e'er I set my Foot: But I am in,
And what was got with Cruelty, with Blood
Must be defended, though this Life's a Hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere *and Guard.*

Ron. My Lord,
Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden Plummet,
With which I found mine Enemies Depths and Angers:
Hast thou discover'd?
Ron. All as you could wish, Sir,
The Plot, and the Contrivers; was made one
Of the Conspiracy.
Fer. Is *Virolet* in?
Ron. The head of all, he only scented me:
And from his fear that I plaid false, is fled;
The rest I have in Fetters
Fer. Death and Hell.
Next to my mortal Foe the Pirate *Sesse*,
I aim'd at him; he's virtuous, and wise,
A Lover of his Freedom and his Country's;
Dangerous to such as govern by the Sword,
And so to me. No tract which way he went,
No means to overtake him?
Ron. There's some hope left;
But with a rough Hand, to be seiz'd upon.
Fer. What is't?
Ron. If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his Wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the rest.
Fer. 'Twas wisely order'd,

Go

Go fetch them in, and let my Executioners [*Exit* Ron.
Appear in horror with the Rack.
Vil. I take it, Signior, this is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to fool in. (near *Jove*
Caſt. Thou art wiſe in this, let's off, it is unſafe to be
When he begins to Thunder.
Vil. Good Morality. [*Exit.*
Fer. I that have pierc'd into the Hearts of Men;
Forc'd them to lay open with my looks,
Secrets, whoſe leaſt diſcovery was Death,
Will rend, for what concerns my life, the Fortreſs
Of a weak Woman's Faith.
Enter Ronvere, *Guard, and Executioners with a Rack,*
Camillo, Briſſonet, Pandulpho, *and* Juliana.
Cam. Whate'er we ſuffer,
The weight that loads a Traitor's
Heart, ſits ever heavy on thine.
Briſ. As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others.
Ron. Piſh, poor Fools, your Curſes will
Never reach me.
Jul. Now by my *Virolet*'s Life,
Father, this is a glorious ſtage of Murther.
Here are fine Properties too, and ſuch Spectators
As will expect good Action, to the life;
Let us perform our parts, and we ſhall live,
When theſe are rotten; would we might begin once;
Are you the Maſter of the Company?
Trot, you are tedious now.
Fer. She does deride me.
Jul. Thee and thy Power; if one poor Syllable
Could win me an aſſurance of thy favour,
I would not ſpeak it, I deſire to be
The great Example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know *Ferrand*, I alone
Can make diſcovery where my *Virolet* is,
Whoſe life I know thou aim'ſt at; but if Tortures
Compel me to't, may hope of Heav'n forſake me;
I dare thy worſt.
Fer. Are we contemn'd?

Jul. Thou art,
Thou and thy Miniſters, my Life is thine;
But in the death of Victory ſhall be mine.
Pand. We have ſuch a Miſtreſs here to teach us Courage,
That Cowards might learn from her.
Fer. You are ſlow; [*Put on the Rack.*
Begin the Scene thou miſerable Fool,
For ſo I'll make thee.
Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
I am happy in my Sufferings, thou moſt wretched.
Fer. So brave! I'll tame you yet; pluck hard, Villains;
Is ſhe inſenſible? No Sigh nor Groan? Or is ſhe dead?
Jul. No Tyrant, though I ſuffer
More than a Woman, beyond Fleſh and Blood;
'Tis in a Cauſe ſo honourable, that I ſcorn
With any ſign that may expreſs a Sorrow
To ſhew I do repent.
Fer. Confeſs yet,
And thou ſhalt be ſafe.
Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my Soul,
From whence thou canſt not force it.
Fer. I will be
Ten Days a killing thee.
Jul. Be twenty thouſand,
My Glory lives the longer.
Ron. 'Tis a Miracle,
She tires th' Executioners,
And me.
Fer. Unlooſe her, I am conquer'd, I muſt take
Some other way; reach her my Chair, in honour
Of her invincible Fortitude.
Ron. Will you not
Diſpatch the reſt?
Fer. When I ſeem merciful,
Aſſure thy ſelf *Ronvere*, I am moſt cruel.
Thou wonder of thy Sex, and of this Nation,
That haſt chang'd my Severity to Mercy,
Not to thy ſelf alone, but to thy People,
In which I do include theſe Men, my Enemies:
Unbind them.

Pand.

Pand. This is ſtrange.
Fer. For your Intent
Againſt my Life, which you dare not deny,
I only ask one Service.
Cam. Above Hope.
Fer. There rides a Pyrate near, the Duke of *Seſſe*,
My Enemy and this Country's, that in Bonds
Holds my dear Friend *Aſcanio*; free this Friend,
Or bring the Pirat's Head; beſides your Pardon,
And Honour of the Action, your Reward
Is forty thouſand Ducates: And becauſe
I know that *Virolet* is as bold as wiſe,
Be he your General. As pledge of your Faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old Man
And this moſt conſtant Matron ſtay with me,
Of whom, as of my ſelf, I will be careful.
She ſhall direct you where her Husband is.
Make Choice of any Ship you think moſt uſeful,
They are rigg'd for you.
[*Exeunt Guard, with* Juliana *and* Pandulpho.
Briſ. We with Joy accept it.
Cam. And will proclaim King *Ferrand* merciful.
[*Exeunt.*
Ron. The Myſtery of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your Nature?
Fer. I'll make thee private to it.
The Lives of theſe weak Men, and deſperate Woman,
Would no way have ſecur'd me, had I took them,
'Tis *Virolet* I aim at; he has Pow'r,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Seſſe*,
And he prove Conqueror, I am aſſur'd
They'll find no Mercy; if that they prove Victors,
I ſhall recover, with my Friend, his Head
I moſt deſire of all Men.
Ron. Now I have it.
Fer. I'll make thee underſtand the Drift of all.
So we ſtand ſure, thus much for thoſe that fall.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Boatſwain and Gunner.

Boatſ. LAY here before the wind; up with your Can-vas,
And let her Work, the Wind begins to whiſtle
Clap all her Streamers on, and let her dance,
As if ſhe were the Minion of the Ocean.
Let her beſtride the Billows 'till they roar,
And curl their wanton Heads. Ho, below there:
Ho, ho, within.
Lay her North-Eaſt, and thruſt her Miſſen out,
The Day grows fair and clear, and the Wind courts us.
Oh for a luſty Sail now, to give chaſe to.

Gun. A ſtubborn Bark, that wou'd but bear up to us,
And change a Broadſide bravely.

Boatſ. Where's the Duke?

Gun. I have not ſeen him ſtir to Day.

Boat. Oh Gunner,
What Bravery dwells in his Age, and what Valour?
And to his Friends, what Gentleneſs and Bounty?
How long have we been Inhabitants at Sea here?

Gun. Some fourteen Years.

Boatſ. By fourteen Lives I ſwear then,
This Element never nouriſh'd ſuch a Pirate,
So great, ſo fearleſs, and ſo fortunate,
So patient in his Want, in Act ſo valiant.
How many Sail of well mann'd Ships before us,
As the *Bonuto* does the flying Fiſh,
Have we purſu'd and ſcour'd, that to out-ſtrip us,
They have been fain to hang their very Shirts on?
What Gallies have we bang'd, and ſunk, and taken;
Whoſe only Fraughts were Fire, and ſtern Defiance?
And nothing ſpoke but Bullet in all theſe.
How like old *Neptune* have I ſeen our General
Standing i'th'Poop, and toſſing his Steel Trident,
Commanding both the Sea and Winds to ſerve him?

Gun.

Gun. His Daughter too; which is the Honour, Boat-
Of all her Sex; that martial Maid. (swain,
Boats. A brave Wench.
Gun. How oftentimes, a Fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, and took my Linstock from me,
And crying, now fly right, and fir'd all my Chasers?
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddess,
Her Target brac'd upon her Arm, her Sword drawn,
And Anger in her Eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hall'd the Bark. I have wondred, Boat-
That in a Body made so delicate, (swain,
So soft for sweet Embraces, so much Fire,
And manly Soul, not starting at a Danger.
Boats. Her noble Father got her in his Fury,
And so she proves a Soldier.
Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking so many Strangers as he does,
He uses them with that Respect and Coolness,
Not making Prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his Want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly. Where, if he take
His Countryman, that should be neareſt to him,
And stand most free from Danger, he sure pays for't:
He drowns or hangs the Men, ransacks the Bark,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his Fortune (try,
Boats. The Wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Coun-
That's all I know has purchas'd all his Cruelty.
We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly Boys,
The Ship runs merrily, my Captain's melancholly,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight:
I hope to meet a Sail Boy, and a right one. (stime.
Gun. That's my Hope too, I am ready for the Pa-
Boat. I'th' mean time let's bestoy a Song upon him,
To shake him from his Dumps, and bid good Day to
Ho, in the Hold. (him.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.
Boats. To th' Main-Top, Boy,
And thou kenst a Ship that dares defie us,
Here's Gold. *Boy.*

Boy. I am gone. [*Exit Boy.*

Boatſ. Come, Sirs, a quaint *Levet* [*Trump. a* Levet.
To waken our brave General. Then to our Labour.

Enter Duke of Seſſe *above, and his Daughter* Martia *like an* Amazon.

Seſſe. I thank you loving Mates, I thank you all;
There's to prolong your Mirth; and good morrow to you.

Mart. Take this from me, you're honeſt, valiant Friends,
And ſuch we muſt make much of. Not a Sail ſtirring?

Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boatſ. Without doubt Lady,
The Winding ſtanding ſo fair and full upon us,
We ſhall have Sport anon. But noble General,
Why are you ſtill ſo ſad? You take our Edge off;
You make us dull, and ſpiritleſs.

Seſſe. I'll tell ye,
Becauſe I will provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my Cauſe, 'twill double arm you.
This Woman ne'er knew it yet; my Daughter,
Some Diſcontents ſhe has.

Mart. Pray Sir, go forward.

Seſſe. Theſe fourteen Years, I have ſtored it here at Sea,
Where the moſt curious Thought could never find it.

Boatſ. Call up the Maſter, and all the Mates.

Enter below the Maſter and Sailors.

Seſſe. Good Morrow.

Maſt. Good morrow to our General, a good one,
And to that noble Lady all good Wiſhes.

Mart. I thank you Maſter.

Seſſe. Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have diſcovered,
'Till full Revenge had woed me; but to ſatisfie
My faithful Friends, thus I caſt off my Burthen.
In that ſhort time I was a Courtier,
And followed that moſt hated of all Princes,
Ferrand, the full Example of all Miſchiefs,
Compell'd to follow to my Soul a Stranger,
It was my Chance one Day to play at Cheſs
For ſome few Crowns, with a Minion of this King's,
A mean poor Man, that only ſerv'd his Pleaſures;

Removing

Removing of a Rook, we grew to Words;
From this to hotter Anger: To be ſhort,
I got a Blow.
Mart. How, how, my noble Father!
Seſſe. A Blow, my Girl, which I had ſoon repaid,
And ſunk the Slave for ever, had not odds
Thurſt in betwixt us. I went away diſgrac'd——
Mart. For Honours ſake not ſo, Sir.
Seſſe. For that time, Wench;
But call'd upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private Friends; knockt at his Valour,
Courted his Honour hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my Thoughts made ſlight
And only worth the Fury of my Footman, (on,
Still I purſu'd him nobly.
Mart. Did he eſcape you?
My old brave Father, could you ſit down ſo coldly?
Seſſe. Have Patience, and know all. Purſu'd him fairly,
'Till I was laughed at, ſcorn'd, my Wrongs made May-
By him unjuſtly wrong'd, ſhould be all Juſtice, (games.
The Slave protected; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he ſuppos'd all had been buried,
And what I had receiv'd, durſt not be queſtioned;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever ſunk; his poor Life, like the Air,
Blown in an empty Bubble, burſt, and left him,
No noble Wind of Memory to raiſe him.
But then began my Miſery, I fled,
The King's Frowns following, and my Friends Deſpair:
No Hand that durſt relieve; my Country fearful,
Baſely and weakly fearful of a Tyrant,
Which made his bad Will worſe, ſtood ſtill and wondred,
Their Virtues bed-rid in 'em; then my Girl,
A little one, I ſnatch'd thee from thy Nurſe,
The Model of thy Father's Miſeries,
And ſome ſmall Wealth was fit for preſent Carriage,
And got to Sea, where I profeſt my Anger,
And will do, whilſt that baſe ungrateful Country,
And that bad King, have Blood or Means to quench
Now ye know all. (me.

Maſt.

Maſt. We know all, and admire all;
Go on, and do all ſtill, and ſtill be fortunate.
Mart. Had you done leſs, or loſt this noble Anger,
You had been worthy then Mens empty Pities,
And not their Wonders. Go on, and uſe your Juſtice,
And uſe it ſtill with that fell Violence,
It firſt appeared to you; if you go leſs,
Or take a dyating Mercy to Protection,
The Honour of a Father I diſclaim in you,
Call back all Duty; and will be prouder of
Th' infamous and baſe Name of a Whore,
Than Daughter to a great Duke and a Coward.
Seſſe. Mine own ſweet *Martia*, no; thou know'ſt my
It cannot, muſt not be. (Nature,
Mart. I hope it ſhall not.
But why, Sir, do you keep alive ſtill young *Aſcanio*,
Prince of *Roſſana*, King *Ferrand*'s moſt belov'd one,
You took two Months ago?
Why is not he flung over Board, or hang'd?
Seſſe. I'll tell thee, Girl.
It were a Mercy in my Nature now,
So ſoon to break the Bed of his Afflictions;
I am not ſo far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die; that were a Benefit.
Beſides, I keep him as a Bait and Diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the King;
I look each Hour to hear of his *Armado's*,
And a hot Welcome they ſhall have.
Mart. But hark you?
If you were over-ſway'd with Odds——
Seſſe. I find you:
I would not yield; no Girl, no hope of yielding,
Nor fling my ſelf one Hour into their Mercies,
And give the Tyrant Hope to gain his Kingdom.
No, I can ſink Wench, and make ſhift to die;
A thouſand Doors are open, I ſhall hit one.
I am no Niggard of my Life, ſo it go nobly;
All Ways are equal, and all Hours, I care not.
Mart. Now you ſpeak like my Father.
Maſt. Noble General,

If

If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the Main-yard light upon us.
No, we can ſink too, Sir, and ſink low enough,
To poſe their cruelties to follow us:
And he that thinks of life, if the World go that way,
A thouſand Cowards ſuck his Bones.
Gun. Let the worſt come,
I can unbreech a Cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keel; and when ſhe has ſplit it,
Every Man knows his way, his own Prayers,
And ſo good Night I think.
Maſt. We have liv'd all with you,
And will die with you, General.
Seſſe. I thank you, Gentlemen.
Boy above. A Sail, a Sail.
Maſt. A chearful ſound.
Boy. A Sail.
Boatſ. Of whence? of whence, Boy?
Boy. A luſty Sail.
Mart. Look right, and look again.
Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And fomes i'th' Mouth.
Boatſ. Of whence?
Boy. I ken not yet, Sir.
Seſſe. Oh may ſhe prove of *Naples.*
Maſt. Prove the Devil,
We'll ſpit out fire as thick as ſhe.
Boy. Hoy.
Maſt. Brave Boy.
Boy. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, I think of *Naples* Maſter,
Methinks I ſee the Arms.
Maſt. Up, up another,
And give more certain ſigns. [*Exit Sailor.*
Seſſe. All to your buſineſs,
And ſtand but right and true.
Boatſ. Hang him that halts now.
Boy. Sh'as us in chaſe.
Maſt. We'll ſpare her our main Top-ſail,
She ſhall not look us long, we are no Starters.
Down with the Fore-ſail too, we'll ſpoom before her.

Mart.

Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my Honour
Load me but these two Minions in the chape there;
And lead 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine Eye and Level as thy Heart is.
Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out, I'll piss 'em out else.
Sail. above. Ho.
Sesse. Of whence now?
Sail. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, *Naples*.
I see her Top-Flag, how she quarters *Naples*.
I hear her Trumpets.
Sesse. Down, she's welcome to us.
[*Exeunt Mast. Boats. Gun. Sail.*
Every Man to his Charge, Man her i'th' Bow well,
And place your Rakers right. Daughter, be sparing.
Mart. I swear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is, I'll seek for Honour.
They have begun, hark how their Trumpets call us.
Hark how the wide-mouth'd Cannons sing amongst us;
Hark how they sail; out of our Shells for shame, Sir.
Sesse. Now Fortune and my Cause.
Mart. Be bold and conquer. [*Exe.*
[*Charge Trumpets and shot within.*
Enter Master and Boatswain.
Mast. They'll board us once again, they're tuff and valiant.
Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' Air like Feathers,
And made 'em Dance.
Mast. Good Boys, fight bravely, manly.
They come on yet, clap in her stern, and yoke 'em.
Enter Gunner.
Gun. You should not need, I have Provision for 'em;
Let 'em board once again, the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant:
I have a second course of Service for 'em,
Shall make the Bowels of their Bark ake, Boy.
The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Ex.*
[*Charge Trumpets, Pieces go off.*
Enter Master, Boatswain following.
Mast. Down with 'em, stow 'em in. (into the Sea.
Boats. Cut their Throats, 'tis Brotherhood to fling 'em
The Duke is hurt, so is his lovely Daughter *Martia*.
We have the day yet. *Enter*

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have ſmoak'd us, never ſuch Plums (yet flew.
Boatſ. They have rent the Ship, and bor'd a hundred (holes,
She ſwims ſtill luſtily.
Maſt. She made a brave fight, and ſhe ſhall be cur'd,
And make a braver yet.
Gun. Bring us ſome Cans up, I am as hot as fire.

Enter Boy with three Cans.

Boatſ. I am ſure I am none o'th' cooleſt.
Gun. My Cannons rung like Bells. Here's to my Miſtreſs,
The dainty ſweet braſs Minion: ſplit their Fore-maſt,
She never fail'd.
Maſt. Ye did all well, and truly, like faithful honeſt Men,
Boatſ. But is ſhe rich, Maſter? [*Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Seſſe, Martia, Virolet, *and Sailors.*

Maſt. Rich for my Captain's purpoſe howſoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he ſhows,
Heated in Blood and Anger? how do you, Sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope?
Seſſe. No, Maſter, but only wear the Livery of fury.
I am hurt, and deep.
Maſt. My Miſtreſs too?
Mart. A ſcratch Man,
My Needle would ha' done as much good. Sir,
Be provident and careful.
Seſſe. Prithee peace Girl,
This Wound is not the firſt Blood I have bluſht in:
Ye fought all like tall Men, my thanks among ye,
That ſpeaks not what my Purſe means, but my Tongue,
Soldiers.
Now, Sir, to you that ſought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the Tyrant's Tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You are welcome to your Death.
Vir. I do expect it,
And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.
Seſſe. Thou bor'ſt the Face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rank'd in the firſt file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful Spirit, ſhewed and pointed,
Thy Country's Love; one that advanc'd her Honour,

Not

Not tainted with the baſe and ſervile uſes
The Tyrant tyes Mens Souls too. Tell me *Virolet*,
If ſhame have not forſook thee, with thy credit?
Vir. No more of theſe Racks; what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor Confeſſions;
Nor if I ſhew ill, will I ſeem a Monſter,
By making my Mind Priſoner; do your worſt.
When I came out to deal with you, I caſt it,
Only thoſe baſe inflictions fit for Slaves,
Becauſe I am a Gentleman———
Seſſe. Thou art none.
Thou waſt while thou ſtoodſt good, thou'rt now a Villain,
And Agent for the Devil.
Vir. That Tongue lies.
Give me my Sword again, and ſtand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman.
A Man as fair in Honour, rate your Priſoners,
How poor and like a Pedagogue it ſhews?
How far from Nobleneſs? 'tis fair, you may kill's;
But to defame your Victory with foul Language.
Seſſe. Go fling him over-board; I'll teach you, Sirrah.
Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in deſpiſing all your cruelties,
And make you choak with anger.
Seſſe. Away I ſay.
Mart. Stay, Sir, h'as given you ſuch bold Language,
I am not reconcil'd to him yet, and therefore
He ſhall not have his wiſh obſerv'd ſo nearly,
To die when he pleaſe; I beſeech you ſtay, Sir.
Seſſe. Do with him what thou wilt.
Mart. Carry him to th' Bilboes,
And clap him faſt there, with the Prince.
Vir. Do, Lady,
For any Death you give, I am bound to bleſs you.
[*Exeunt* Vir. *and Sailers.*
Mart. Now to your Cabin, Sir; pray lean upon me,
And take your reſt, the Surgeons wait all for you.
Seſſe. Thou mak'ſt me bluſh to ſee thee bear thy Fortunes;
Why, ſure I have no hurt, I have not fought ſure?
Maſt. You bleed apace, Sir.

Mart.

Mart. Ye grow cold too.
Seſſe. I muſt be rul'd, no leaning,
My deepeſt Wounds ſcorn Crutches.
All. A brave General. [*Flouriſh Trumpets, Cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Will they not moore her?
2 *Sail.* Not 'till we come to the Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at work; ſhe ſwims well,
And may hold out another fight. The Ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.
1 *Sail.* She made a brave fight.
2 *Sail.* She put us all in fear.
1 *Sail.* Beſhrew my Heart did ſhe.
Her Men are gone to *Candia*, they are pepper'd,
All but this Priſoner.
2 *Sail.* Sure he's a brave Fellow.
1 *Sail.* A ſtubborn Knave, but we have pul'd his bravery.
[*He diſcovers* Virolet *and* Aſcanio *in the Bilboes.*
Look how he looks now: come, let's go ſerve his Diet,
Which is but Bread and Water.
2 *Sail.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*
Aſca. I muſt confeſs I have endur'd much miſery,
Even almoſt to the ruin of my Spirit,
But ten times more grows my Affliction,
To find my Friend here.
Vir. Had we ſerv'd our Country,
Or Honeſties, as we have ſerv'd our Follies,
We had not been here now.
Aſca. 'Tis too true, *Virolet.*
Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your ſafety,
Pointed at more than *Ferrand*'s Will, a baſe one;
Some ſervice for mine own, ſome for my Nation,
Some for my Friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durſt adventure ſuch a noble Office,
From the moſt treacherous command of miſchief;
You know him now?
Aſca. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heav'n be witneſs with me,

(And if I lie my Miſeries ſtill load me)
With what Tears I have wooed him, with what Prayers,
What weight of Reaſons I have laid, what dangers;
Then, when the Peoples curſes flew like ſtorms,
And every Tongue was whetted to defame him,
To leave his Doubts, his Tyrannies, his Slaughters,
His fell Oppreſſions: I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all Mankind that knew him; theſe Confeſſions
Do no good to the World, to Heav'n they may.
Let's ſtudy to die well, we have liv'd like Coxcombs.

Aſca. That my misfortune, ſhould loſe you too.

Vir. Yes;
And not only me, but many more, and better:
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I ſave yours,
And ſome brave Friends I have engag'd, let me go;
It were the meritorious Death I wiſh for,
But we muſt hang or drown like Whelps.

Aſca. No Remedy.

Vir. On my part I expect none. I know the Man,
And know he has been nettled to the quick too,
I know his Nature.

Aſca. A moſt cruel Nature.

Vir. His Wrongs have bred him up. I cannot blame him.

Aſca. He has a Daughter too, the greateſt ſcorner,
And moſt inſulter upon Miſery. (Men:

Vir. For thoſe, they are Toys to laugh at, not to lead
A Woman's Mirth or Anger, like a Meteor,
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it;
Our Miſeries would ſeem like Maſters to us,
And ſhake our manly Spirits into Feavers,
If we reſpected thoſe; the more they glory,
And raiſe inſulting Trophies on our Ruins,
The more our Virtues ſhine in patience.
Sweet Prince, the name of Death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud Torrent
Of all Afflictions, ſinging as they ſwim,
A Gall of Heart, but to a guilty Conſcience:
Whilſt we ſtand fair, though by a two-edg'd Storm,
We find untimely falls, like early Roſes,
Bent to the Earth, we bear our Native Sweetneſs.

Aſca.

Aſca. Good Sir, go on.
Vir. When we are little Children,
And cry and fret for every Toy comes croſs us;
How ſweetly do we ſhew, when Sleep ſteals on us?
When we grow great, but our Affections greater,
And ſtruggle with this ſtubborn twin, born with us;
And tug and pull, yet ſtill we find a Giant:
Had we not then the privilege to ſleep,
Our everlaſting Sleep? he would make us Idiots;
The Memory and Monuments of good Men
Are more than lives, and tho' their Tombs want Tongues,
Yet have they Eyes that daily ſweat their loſſes;
And ſuch a Tear from ſtone no time can value.
To die both young and good, are Natures curſes,
As the World ſays; ask Truth, they are bounteous Bleſſings:
For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full Virtues,
And fix our ſelves new Stars, crown'd with our goodneſs.
Aſca. You have double arm'd me.
Hark, what noiſe is this?
[*Strange Muſick within, Hoboys.*
What horrid noiſe is the Sea pleas'd to ſing.
A hideous *Dirge* to our deliverance?
Vir. Stand faſt now.
[*Within ſtrange Cries, horrid Noiſe, Trumpets.*
Aſca. I am fixt.
Vir. We fear ye not,
Let Death appear in all ſhapes, we ſmile on him.
Enter Martia.
Aſca. The Lady now.
Vir. The Face o'th' Mask is alter'd.
Aſca. What will ſhe do?
Vir. Do what ſhe can, I care not.
Aſca. She looks on you, Sir.
Vir. Rather ſhe looks through me,
But yet ſhe ſtirs me not.
Mart. Poor wretched Slaves,
Why do you live? or if ye hope for Mercy,
Why do not you houl out, and fill the Hold
With lamentations, cries, and baſe ſubmiſſions,
Worthy our ſcorn?

Vir. Madam, you are miſtaken,
We are no Slaves to you, but to blind Fortune;
And if ſhe had her Eyes, and durſt be certain,
Certain our Friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor ask ſo baſe a Mercy:
If you ſee any thing in our Appearance,
Worthy your Sexes ſoftneſs and your own glory,
Do it for that, and let that good reward it:
We cannot beg.
Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.
Vir. Madam, for what?
Mart. For Life; and when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your Baſeneſs.
Aſca. Madam, 'tis true, there may be ſuch a favour,
And we may ask it too, ask it with Honour;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Though it be Death; but when we beg a baſe Life,
And beg it of your ſcorn———
Vir. You're cozen'd, Woman,
Your handſomneſs may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate———
Mart. Are ye ſo ſtubborn?
'Death, I will make you bow.
Vir. It muſt be in your Bed then;
There you may work me to humility.
Mart. Why, I can kill thee.
Vir. If you do it handſomly,
It may be I can thank you, elſe———
Mart. So glorious?
Aſca. Her Cruelty now works.
Mart. Yet woot thou?
Vir. No.
Mart. Wilt thou for Life ſake?
Vir. No, I know your ſubtilty.
Mart. For Honour ſake?
Vir. I will not be a Pageant,
My Mind was ever firm, and ſo I'll loſe it.
Mart. I'll ſtarve thee to it.
Vir. I'll ſtarve my ſelf, and croſs it.
Mart. I'll lay thee on ſuch miſeries———

Vir. I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonneſs, you do your Bracelets.
Mart. I'll be a Month a killing thee.
Vir. Poor Lady,
I'll be a Month a dying then; what's that?
There's many a Calenture out-does your cruelty.
Mart. How might I do in killing of his Body,
To ſave his noble Mind? Who waits there?
Enter a Sailor with a rich Cap and Mantle.
Sail. Madam.
Mart. Unbolt this Man, and leave thoſe things behind you;
And ſo away: Now put 'em on. [*Exit Sailor.*
Vir. To what end?
Mart. To my End, to my Will.
Vir. I will.
Mart. I thank you.
Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more. I'll tell ye,
I am a Servant to your courteſie,
And ſo far will be woo'd; but if this Triumph
Be only aim'd to make your Miſchief glorious,
Lady, you've put a richer Shroud upon me,
Which my ſtrong Mind ſhall ſuffer in.
Mart. Come hither,
And all thy Bravery put into thy Carriage,
For I will admire thee.
Vir. Whither will this Woman?
Aſca. Take heed, my Friend.
Mart. Look as thou ſcorn'dſt my Cruelty,
I know thou doſt.
Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.
Mart. No, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt died, and I had glo-ried.
I ſuffer now, and thou which art my Priſoner,
Haſt nobly won the free Power to deſpiſe me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleneſs;
And, for thy manly Sufferance, am thy Servant.
Vir. Good Lady, mock me not.
Mart. By Heav'n I love thee;
And by the Soul of Love, am one piece with thee:
Thy Mind, thy Mind; thy brave, thy manly Mind,
That like a Rock, ſtands all the ſtorms of Fortune,

And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee:
That lovely Mind I doat on, not the Body;
That Mind has rob'd me of my Liberty;
That Mind has darken'd all my Bravery,
And into poor despis'd things turn'd my Angers.
Receive me to your Love, Sir, and instruct me;
Receive me to your Bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you.
Vir. Is this a new way?
Mart. If you doubt my Faith,
First take your liberty; I'll make it perfect,
Or any thing within my power.
Vir. I love you,
But how to recompence your Love with Marriage?
Alas, I have a Wife.
Mart. Dearer than I am?
That will adventure so much for your safety?
Forget her Father's Wrongs, quit her own Honour,
Pull on her, for a Stranger's sake, all curses?
Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too?
Else all I love is gone, all my Friends perish.
Mart. He shall.
Vir. What shall I do?
Mart. If thou despise my courtesie,
When I am dead, for grief I am forsaken,
And no soft Hand left to asswage your Sorrows;
Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties.
Asca. Be wise; if she be true, no thread is left else,
To guide us from this Labyrinth of mischief;
Nor no way for our Friends.
Vir. Thus then I take you,
I bind ye to my Life, my Love.
Mart. I take you,
And with the like Bond tye my Heart your Servant;
We're now almost at Harbour, within this hour,
In the dead Watch, I'll have the Long-boat ready,
And when I give the word, be sure you enter,
I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately,
And like your self some trusty Man shall wait you,
The watch I'll make my own; only my Love

Requires

Requires a ſtronger Vow, which I'll adminiſter,
Before we go.
Vir. I'll take it to confirm you.
Mart. Go in, there are the Keys, unlock his Fetters,
And arm ye nobly both; I'll be with you preſently;
And ſo this loving Kiſs.
Aſca. Be conſtant, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Seſſe *by Torch-light, Maſter and Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow ſo angry Sir, your Wound goes back-ward.
Seſſe. I am angry at the time, at none of you,
That ſends but one poor Subject for Revenge;
I would have all the Court, and all the Villany,
Was ever practis'd under that foul *Ferrand*
Tyrant, and all to quench my Wrath.
Maſt. Be patient,
Your Grace may find occaſion every Hour,
For certain they will ſeek you to ſatisfie,
And to the full, your Anger.
Seſſe. 'Death, they dare not:
They know that I command Death, feed his Hunger,
And when I let him looſe——
Surg. You'll never heal, Sir,
If theſe extreams dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your Spirits out with this wild Anger.
Seſſe. Thou lieſt, I am not old, I am as luſty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art.
Maſt. No more of that.
Seſſe. And dare ſeek out a Danger;
And hold him at the Swords Point, when thou trembleſt
And creepeſt into thy Box of Salves to ſave thee.
Oh Maſter, I have had a dreadful Dream to Night!
Methought the Ship was all on Fire, and my lov'd Daughter
To ſave her Life, leapt into the Sea; where ſuddenly
A Stranger ſnatcht her up, and ſwam away with her.
Maſt. 'Twas but the heat o' th' Fight, Sir.
[*Boatſwain within, and Sailor.*
Boatſ. Look out, what's that?
Sail. The Long-boat, as I live.
Boatſ. Ho, there i' th' Long-boat.

Seſſe. What Noiſe is that! [*Hoy.*
I hear Sir—— [*Exit Maſter.*
Boatſ. The Devil or his Dam; Hail her again Boys.
Sail. The Long-boat, ho, the Long-boat.
Seſſe. Why, the Long-boat.
Where is the Long-boat?
Boatſ. She is ſtolen off.

Enter Maſter.

Seſſe. Who ſtole her?
Oh my prophetick Soul!
Maſt. Your Daughter's gone, Sir:
The Priſoners and ſix Sailors, Rogues.
Seſſe. Miſchief, ſix thouſand Plagues ſail with 'em;
They're in her yet, make out.
Maſt. We ha'ne'er a Boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this Trick?
Seſſe. Weigh Anchors and away.
Boatſ. We ha no Wind, Sir,
They'll beat us with their Oars.
Seſſe. Then ſink 'em Gunner,
Oh ſink 'em, ſink 'em, ſink 'em, claw 'em Gunner;
As ever thou haſt lov'd me.
Gun. I'll do reaſon,
But I'll be hang'd before I'll hurt the Lady. [*Exit Gun.*
Seſſe. Who knew of this? [*Trump. a piece or two go off.*
Maſt. We ſtand all clear.
Seſſe. What Devil
Put this baſe trick into her Tail? My Daughter,
And run away with Rogues! I hope ſhe's ſunk,
[*A Piece or two.*
Or torn to Pieces with the Shot. Rots find her,
The Leaproſie of Whore ſtick ever to her,
Oh ſhe has ruin'd my Revenge.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She is gone, Sir.
I cannot reach her with my Shot.
Seſſe. Riſe Winds,
Blow till ye burſt the Air, and ſwell the Seas,
That they may ſink the Stars, Oh dance her, dance her;

She's

She's impudently Wanton, dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your Surges, cool her, cool her;
She runs hot like a Whore, cool her, cool her.
Oh now a ſhot to ſink her, cut Cables,
I will away, and where ſhe ſets her Foot,
Although it be in *Ferrand*'s Court, I'll follow her,
And ſuch a Father's Vengeance ſhall ſhe ſuffer——
Dare any Man ſtand by me?

Maſt. All, all.

Boatſ. All, Sir.

Gun. And the ſame Cup you taſte.

Seſſe. Cut Cables then;
For I ſhall never ſleep, nor know what Peace is,
Till I have pluckt her Heart out.

All within. Oh main there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Caſtruccio, Villio, *and Guard.*

Ron. YOU are too gentle, Sir. [*Flouriſh Cornets.*

Fer. You are too careleſs:
The Creatures I have made, no way regard me:
Why ſhould I give you Names, Titles of Honour,
Rob Families to fill your private Houſes;
For your Advancement draw all Curſes on me,
Wake tedious Winter Nights, to make them happy
That for me break no ſlumber?

Ron. What we can,
We dare do.

Fer. Why is your Sovereign's Life then
(In which you live, and in whoſe fall your Honours,
Your Wealth, your Pomp, your Pride, and all muſt ſuffer)
No better guarded? Oh my cruel Stars,
That mark me out a King, raiſing me on
This Pinnacle of Greatneſs, only to be
The nearer blaſting!

Vil. What think you now, *Caſtruccio?*
Is not this a merry Life?

Caſt. Still thou art cozen'd;
It is a glorious royal Diſcontentment;
How bravely it becomes him!
Fer. To be made
The common Butt, for every Slave to ſhoot at;
No peace, no reſt I take, but their Alarms
Beat at my Heart; why do I live, or ſeek then,
To add a Day more to theſe glorious Troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the ſumming up of Fears and Sorrows.
What Power has my Command, when from my Boſom
Aſcanio, my moſt dear and lov'd *Aſcanio*,
Was ſnatch'd, ſpite of my Will, ſpite of my Succour?
And by mine own proud Slave, retain'd moſt miſerable?
And ſtill that Villain lives to nip my Pleaſures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
Ron. Time may reſtore all this; and would you hear
Whoſe Counſel never fail'd you.
Fer. Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my Cares;
And yield my ſelf moſt wretched.
Ron. On my Knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchſafe me hearing.
Fer. Speak, ſpeak, and I thus low, ſuch is my Fortune,
Will hear what thou canſt ſay.
Vil. Look but on this,
Has not a Man that has but means to keep
A Hawk, a Greyhound, and a Hunting Nag,
More Pleaſure than this King?
Caſt. A dull Fool ſtill,
Make me a King, and let me ſcratch with care,
And ſee who'll have the better; give me Rule,
Command, Obedience, Pleaſure of a King,
And let the Devil roar: The greateſt Corroſive
A King can have, is of more precious tickling,
And handled to the height, more dear Delight,
Than other Mens whole Lives, let 'em be ſafe too.
Vil. Think of the mutinous People.
Caſt. Hang the People,
Give me the Pleaſure, let me do all, awe all,

Enjoy

Enjoy their Wives and States at my Discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the Slaves mumble.
Vil. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?
Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the Bridle here,
And see if they can crack my Girths: Ah *Villio*,
Under the Sun there's nothing so Voluptuous
As riding of this Monster, till he founder.
Fer. Who's that so loud?
Cast. I am Dumb: Is not this rare?
Kings Looks make *Pythagoreans*; is not this
A happiness, *Villio*?
Vil. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning Sycophant.
Fer. Thou speakest truth in all,
And Mercy is a Vice, when there needs Rigour,
Which I with all severity will practice;
And since, as Subjects they pay not Obedience,
They shall be forc'd as Slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and with the means, my fears;
Go you the fatal Executioners
Of my Commands, and in our Name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private Conferences in the City:
To feast a Neighbour shall be Death; to talk,
As they meet in the Streets, to hold Discourse
By Writing, nay by Signs; see this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to those
That dare repine at this, to me true Service.
1 *Guard.* This makes for us.
2 *Guard.* Ay, now we have Employments,
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be Beggars.
Fer. Ronvere. [*Exit Guard.*
Ron. My Lord.
Cast. Thou Enemy to Majesty,
What thinkest thou of a Kingdom?
Vil. As of a Man
That hath power to do ill.
Cast. Or a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the Gods;
Observe but with how little Breath he shakes

A populous City, which would ſtand unmov'd
Againſt a Whirlwind.
Vil. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the Winds.
Caſt. For me I do profeſs it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on Earth,
I would be mighty *Ferrand.*
Fer. Who names me?
Deliver thy Thoughts Slave, thy Thoughts, and truly,
Or be no more.
Caſt. They rather will deſerve
Your Favour than your Fury; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a Loyal Subject?)
Your Wiſdom, Power, your perfect Happineſs,
The moſt bleſt of Mankind.
Fer. Didſt thou but feel
The weighty Sorrows that ſit on a Crown,
Though thou ſhouldſt find one in the Streets, *Caſtruccio,*
Thou wouldſt not think it worth the taking up;
But ſince thou art enamour'd of my Fortune,
Thou ſhalt e'er long taſte of it.
Caſt. But one Day,
And then let me expire.
Fer. Go to my Wardrobe,
And of the richeſt things I wear, cull out
What thou think'ſt fit: Do you attend him, Sirrah.
Vil. I warrant you I ſhall be at his Elbow,
The Fool will never leave him. [*Ex.* Vil. *and* Caſt.
Caſt. Made for ever. [*A Shout within.*
Fer. What Shout is that, draw up our Guards.
Enter Virolet, Aſcanio, *and a Servant.*
Ron. Thoſe rather
Speak Joy than Danger.
Bring her to my Houſe,
I would not have her ſeen here.
Fer. My *Aſcanio!*
The moſt deſir'd of all Men, let me die
In theſe Embraces; how wert thou redeem'd?
Aſca. Sir, this is my Preſerver.
Fer. At more Leiſure

I will enquire the Manner, and the Means,
I cannot ſpare ſo much time now from my
More ſtrict Embraces : *Virolet*, welcome too,
This Service weighs down your intended Treaſon.
You long have been mine Enemy ; learn now
To be my Friend, and loyal; I ask no more,
And live as free as *Ferrand.* Let him have
The Forty thouſand Crowns I gladly promis'd
For my *Aſcanio*'s Freedom ; and deliver
His Father and his Wife to him in Safety.
Something hath paſs'd which I am ſorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my *Aſcanio*,
And reap the Harveſt of my Winter-Travels.
My beſt *Aſcanio*, my lov'd *Aſcanio.*
[*Flouriſh Cornets.* *Exit* Fer. Aſcanio.

Vir. My Lord, all former Paſſages forgot,
I am become a Suitor.

Ron. To me, *Virolet?*

Vir. To you, yet will not beg the Courteſie,
But largely pay you for it.

Ron. To the purpoſe.

Vir. The Forty thouſand Crowns the King hath given
I will beſtow on you, if by your means
I may have Liberty for a Divorce
Between me and my Wife.

Ron. Your *Juliana?*
That for you hath endur'd ſo much, ſo nobly ?

Vir. The more my Sorrow; but it muſt be ſo.

Ron. I will not hinder it. Without a Bribe,
For mine own Ends, I would have further'd this.
I will uſe all my Power.

Ron. 'Tis all I ask.
Oh my curs'd Fate, that ever Man ſhould hate
Himſelf for being belov'd, or be compell'd
To caſt away a Jewel Kings would buy,
Tho' with the Loſs of Crown and Monarchy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, *and Gunner.*

Seſſe. How do I look ?

Maſt. You are ſo ſtrangely alter'd,
We ſcarce can know you; ſo young again, and utterly

From

From that you were, Figure, or any Favour;
Your Friends cannot discern you.
Sesse. I have none,
None but my fair Revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alter'd too.
Boats. To please your Humour,
But we may pass without Disguise, our Living
Was never in their Element.
Gun. This *Jew* sure,
That alter'd you, is a mad Knave:
Sesse. Oh! a most excellent Fellow. (Snow off,
Gun. How he has mew'd your Head, has rubb'd the
And run your Beard into a Peak of Twenty.
Boats. Stopt all the Crannies in your Face.
Mast. Most rarely. (sparkling,
Boats. And now you look as plump, your Eyes as
As if you were to leap into a Lady's Saddle.
Has he not set your Nose awry?
Sesse. The better.
Boats. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry sure;
North and by East, ay, there's the Point it stands in;
Now half a *Point to the Southward.*
Sesse. I could laugh,
But that my Business requires no Mirth now.
Thou art a merry Fellow.
Boats. I would the *Jew*, Sir, (in't,
Could steer my Head right; for I have such a Swimming
Ever since I went to Sea first.
Mast. Take Wine and purge it.
Boats. I have had a thousand Pills of Sack, a thousand,
A thousand Pottle-Pills.
Gun. Take more.
Boats. Good Doctor,
Your Patient is easily perswaded.
Mast. The next fair open Weather.
Methinks this *Jew*,
If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
And decay'd Ladies, that have lost their Fleeces
On every Bush, he might pick a pretty Living. (him:
Boats. The best of all our Gallants should be glad of

For

For if you mark their Marches, they are tender,
Soft, ſoft, and tender; then but obſerve their Bodies,
And you ſhall find them cemented by a Surgeon,
Or ſome Phyſician, for a Year or two,
And then to th'Tub again, for a new Pickle.
This *Jew* might live a *Gentile* here.
Enter two Citizens at both Doors, ſaluting afar off.
Seſſe. Who are theſe?
Stand cloſe and mark.
Boatſ. Theſe are no Men, th'are Motions.
Seſſe. What ſad and ruthful Faces!
Boatſ. How they duck!
This ſenſeleſs, ſilent Courteſie, methinks,
Shews like two *Turks* ſaluting one another,
Upon two *French* Porters Backs.
Seſſe. They are my Country-men,
And this, ſome forc'd Inflıction from the Tyrant;
What are you, why is this? Why move thus ſilent,
As if you were wandring Shadows? Why ſo ſad?
Your Tongues ſeal'd up: Are ye of ſeveral Countries?
You underſtand not one another?
Gun. That's an *Engliſhman*,
He looks as though he had loſt his Dog.
Seſſe. Your Habits
Shew ye all *Neapolitans*; and your Faces
Deliver you oppreſs'd Things: Speak boldly.
Do you groan and labour under this ſtiff Yoak?
Maſt. They ſhake their Heads and weep.
Seſſe. Oh Miſery!
Give plenteous Sorrow, and no Tongues to ſhew em!
This is a ſtudy'd Cruelty.
1 *Cit.* Begone, Sir,
It ſeems you are a Stranger, and ſave your ſelf.
2 *Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you ſpeak ſo openly and boldly,
The King's Command being publiſh'd to the contrary;
'Tis Death here, above two to talk together;
And that muſt be but common Salutation neither,
Short, and ſo part.
Boatſ. How ſhould a Man buy Muſtard,

If

If he be forc'd to ſtay the making of it?
Within. Clear all the Streets before the King.
1 *Cit.* Get off, Sir,
And ſhift, as we muſt do. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Seſſe. I'll ſee his Glory.
Maſt. Stand faſt now, and like Men. [*Flouriſh Colours.*
Enter Caſtruccio, *like the King, in the midſt of a Guard; and* Villio.
Caſt. Begin the Game, Sir,
And pluck me down the Row
Of Houſes there,
They hide the View o' th'Hill; and ſink thoſe Merchants,
Their Ships are foul, and ſtink.
Maſt. This is a ſweet Youth.
Caſt. All that are taken in Aſſemblies,
Their Houſes and their Wives, their Wealths are forfeit,
Their Lives at your Devotion. Villains, Knaves,
I'll make you bow and ſhake, I'll make you kneel, Rogues.
How brave 'tis to be a King?
Gun. Here's fine Tumbling.
Caſt. No Man ſhall ſit i' th'Temple near another.
Boatſ. Nor lye with his own Wife.
Caſt. All upon Pain
Of preſent Death, forget to write.
Boatſ. That's excellent,
Carriers and Footpoſts will be arrant Rebels.
Caſt. No Character, or Stamp, that may deliver
This Man's Intention, to that Man i' th'Country.
Gun. Nay, and you cut off, After my hearty Com-
Your Friend and *Oliver.* No more. (mendations,
Caſt. No Man ſmile,
And wear Face of Mirth: That Fellow's cunning,
And hides a double Heart; he's your Prize, ſmoke him.
Enter Virolet, Ronvere, Aſcanio, *and* Martia, *paſſing over.*
Seſſe. What baſe Abuſe is this? Ha? 'tis her Face ſure,
My Priſoners with her too? By Heav'n, wild Whore,
Now is my time.
Maſt. Do what you will.
Seſſe. Stay, hold yet,

My

My Country ſhall beſerv'd firſt, let her go,
We'll have an Hour for her to make her tremble.
Now ſhew our ſelves, and bleſs you with your Valours.
Guard. Here's a whole plump of Rogues.
[Virolet *and they off again.*
Seſſe. Now for your Country.
Caſt. Away with 'em and hang 'em; ſhew no Mercy,
I ſay no Mercy.
Seſſe. Be it ſo upon 'em.
Guard. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.
Boatſ. Cut the Slaves to Giggets.
Gun. Down with the Bullbeefs.
Seſſe. Hold, hold, I command you, —— look here.
Caſt. A miſerable thing; I am no King, Sir.
Seſſe. Sirrah, your Fool's Face has preſerv'd your Life.
Wear no more King's Coats, you have ſcap'd a ſcouring.
Boatſ. Is't not the King.
Seſſe. No, 'tis a prating Raſcal,
The Puppy makes him Mirth.
Caſt. Yes, Sir, I am a Puppy.
Boatſ. I beſeech you let me hang him,
I'll do't in my Belt ſtraight.
Caſt. As your are honourable,
It is enough you may hang me.
Gun. I'll hang a Squib at's Tail
That ſhall blow both his Buttocks, like a Petard.
Caſt. Do any thing.
But do not kill me, Gentlemen.
Enter Citizens.
Boatſ. Let's flea him, and have him Fly-blown.
Cit. Away, and ſave your Lives.
The King himſelf is coming on; if you ſtay,
You are loſt for ever; let not ſo much Nobleneſs
Wilfully periſh.
Seſſe. How near?
2 *Cit.* He's here behind you.
Seſſe. We thank you. Vaniſh. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Ferand, *and* Ronvere. *Flouriſh Cornets.*
Fer. Double the Guards, and take in Men that dare,

These Slaves are frighted; where are the proud Rebels?
To what Protection fled? What Villain leads 'em?
Under our Nose disturb'd our Rest?
Ron. We shall hear,
For such a Search I have sent, to hunt the Traitors.
Fer. Yet better Men I say, we stand too open.
How now *Castruccio?* How do you like our Glory?
Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my.
This open Glory agrees not with my Body; (Match, Sir;
But if it were i'th' Castle, or some Strength,
Where I might have my swinge.
Vil. You have been swing'd, Brother;
How these Delights have tickled you? You itch yet?
Will you walk out again in Pomp?
Cast. Good Fool.
Vil. These Rogues must be rebuk'd, they are too sawcy,
These peremptory Knaves. Will you walk out, Sir,
And take the Remnant of your Coronation?
The People stay to see it.
Fer. Do not vex him,
H'as Grief enough in's Bones; you shall to the Citadel,
And like my self command, there use your Pleasure;
But take heed to your Person.
Vil. The more Danger,
Still the more Honour, Brother.
Cast. If I reign not then,
And like a King, and thou shalt know it, Fool,
And thou shalt feel it, Fool.
Vil. Fools still are Freemen,
I'll sue for a Protection, 'till thy Reign's out.
Fer. The People have abus'd the Liberty
I late allow'd, I now proclaim it straiter.
No Men shall walk together, nor salute;
For they that do shall die.
Ron. You hit the right, Sir;
That Liberty cut off, you are free from Practice.
Fer. Renew my Guards.
Ron. I shall.
Fer. And keep strict Watches;
One Hour of Joy I ask.

Ron.

Ron. You ſhall have many. [*Exeunt. Flouriſh Coronets*
Pandulpho *and* Juliana, *led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.*
(Lady,
1 *Guard.* You are now at Liberty, in your own Houſe,
And here our Charge takes end.
Pan. 'Tis now a Cuſtom,
We muſt even woe thoſe Men deſerve worſt of us,
And ſo we thank your Labours; there's to drink,
For that and Miſchief are your Occupations,
And to mean well to no Man, your chiefeſt Harveſts.
2 *Guard.* You give liberally; we hope, Sir, er't be long,
To be oftner acquainted with your Bounty,
And ſo we leave you.
Pan. Do, for I doat not on ye.
Jul. But where's my Husband? What ſhould I do here
Or what Share have I in this Joy, call'd Liberty,
Without his Company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his Service honour'd?
1 *Guard.* He is ſo, and ſtands high in the King's Favour,
His Friends redeemed, and his own Liberty,
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his Service,
To his own Wiſh, rewarded: So farewel, Lady.
[*Exe. Guard.*
Pan. Go perſecute the Good, and hunt ye Hell-hounds,
Ye Leeches of the Time, ſuck 'till ye burſt, Slaves;
How does my Girl?
Jul. Weak yet, but full of Comfort.
Pan. Sit down, and take ſome Reſt.
Jul. My Heart's whole, Father;
That joys and leaps, to hear my *Virolet*,
My Dear, my Life, has conquer'd his Afflictions.
Pan. Thoſe rude Hands, and that bloody Will that did this,
That durſt upon thy tender Body print
Theſe Characters of Cruelty; hear me Heav'n.
Jul. O Sir, be ſparing.
Pan. I'll ſpeak it, tho' I burſt;
And tho' the Air had Ears, and ſerv'd the Tyrant,
Out it ſhould go: O hear me thou great Juſtice;
The Miſeries that wait upon their Miſchiefs,
Let them be numberleſs, and no Eye pity

Them, when their Souls are loaden, and in labour, (rour;
And wounded through, and through, with guilt and hor-
As mine is now with Grief; let Men laugh at 'em ('em,
Then, when their monstrous Sins, like Earth-quakes, shake
And those Eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,
The bloody 'larms of the Conscience beating,
Let Mercy fly, and Day struck into Darkness,
Leave their blind Souls, to hunt out their own Horrours.

Jul. Enough, enough, we must forget dear Father;
For then we are glorious Forms of Heav'n; and live,
When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.
But where's my Lord? Methinks I have seen this House,
And have been in't before.

Pand. Thine own House, Jewel.

Jul. Mine, without him? Or his, without my Company?
I think it cannot be, it was not wont, Father. (Heav'n)

Pand. Some business with the King, (let it be good,
Retains him sure.

Enter Boy.

Jul. It must be good and noble,
For all Men that he treats with taste of Virtue;
His Words and Actions are his own, and Honour's
Not brought, nor compell'd from him.

Pand. Here's the Boy.
He can confirm us more; how sad the Child looks?
Come hither *Lucio*, how, and where's thy Master?

Jul. Speak, gentle Boy.

Pand. Is he return'd in safety?

Jul. If not, and that thou knowest is miserable,
Our hopes and happiness declin'd for ever;
Study a Sorrow excellent as thy Master,
Then if thou canst live, leave us.

Luc. Noble Madam,
My Lord is safe return'd, safe to his Friends, and Fortune,
Safe to his Country, entertain'd with Honour,
Is here within the House.

Jul. Do not mock me.

Luc. But such a Melancholly hangs on his Mind,
And in his Eyes inhabit such sad Shadows;
But what the cause is———

Pand.

Pand. Go tell him we are here, Boy,
There must be no cause now.
Jul. Hast thou forgot me?
Luc. No, noblest Lady.
Jul. Tell him I am here,
Tell him his Wife is here, sound my Name to him,
And thou shalt see him start; speak *Juliana*,
And like the Sun that labours through a Tempest,
How suddenly he will disperse his sadness?
Pand. Go I command thee instantly,
And charge him on his Duty.
Jul. On his Love, Boy:
I would fain go to him.
Pand. Away, away, you are foolish.
Jul. Bear all my Service, sweet Boy.
Pand. Art thou here still? (thee.
Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that shall become
Pand. I'th' House, and know we are here. [*Exit Boy.*
Jul. No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His Love had less than Wings, had he but seen me,
His strong Affection any thing but Fire
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my Flame, and made one Body?
If ever Heav'ns high Blessings met in one Man,
And there erected to their holy Uses
A sacred Mind fit for their Services,
Built all of polisht Honour, 'twas in this Man:
Misdoubt him not.
Pand. I know he's truly Noble;
But why this sadness, when the general Cause
Requires a Jubile of Joy?
Jul. I know not.

Enter Virolet *and Boy.*

Pand. Pray Heav'n you find it not.
Jul. I hope I shall not:
O here he comes, and with him all my Happiness;
He stays and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*They stand off.*
Pand. I do not like this sadness.

Vir. O hard Condition of my Misery!
Unheard of Plagues! When to behold that Woman,
That chaste and virtuous Woman, that preserv'd me,
That pious Wife, wedded to my Afflictions,
Must be more terrible than all my Dangers.
O Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my making,
The noble Building of a Man demolish'd,
And flung me headlong, on a Sin so base
Man and Mankind contemn, even Beasts abhor it;
A Sin more dull than Drink, a Shame beyond it;
So foul, and far from Faith, I dare not name it,
But it will cry it self out, loud Ingratitude.
Your Blessing, Sir.

Pan. You have it in abundance;
So is our Joy, to see you safe.

Vir. My Dear one.

Jul. H'as not forgot me yet: O take me to you, Sir.

Vir. Must this be added to encrease my Misery,
That she must weep for Joy, and lose that Goodness?
My *Juliana*, even the best of Women,
Of Wives the perfectest; let me speak this,
And with a Modesty declare thy Virtues,
Chaster than Chrystal, on the *Scythian* Clifts,
The more the proud Winds court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy Obedience than a Sacrifice;
And in thy Mind a Saint, that even yet living
Produceſt Miracles, and Women daily,
With crooked and lame Souls creep to thy Goodness,
Which having toucht at, they become Examples.
The Fortitude of all their Sex is fable,
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up Glory,
And Admiration, in the Age behind us,
Out of their celebrated Urns are started,
To stare upon the Greatness of thy Spirit;
Wondring what new Martyr Heav'n has begot,
To fill the Times with Truth, and ease their Stories:
Being all these, and excellent in Beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the noblest Buildings)
Thou hast undone thy Husband, made him wretched,
A miserable Man, my *Juliana*,

Thou

Thou haſt made thy *Virolet.*
Jul. Now Goodneſs keep me;
Oh! my dear Lord.
Pan. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but ſpeak, I charge you on Obedience;
Your Father charges you; ſhe make you miſerable?
That you your ſelf confeſs.
Vir. I do, that kills me;
And far leſs I have ſpoke her than her Merit.
Jul. It is ſome ſin of Weakneſs, or of Ignorance?
For ſure my Will———
Vir. No, 'tis a ſin of Excellence:
Forgive me Heav'n, that I prophane thy Bleſſings:
Sit ſtill, I'll ſhew you all. [*Exit* Vir.
Pan. What means this Madneſs?
For ſure there is no taſte of right Man in it;
Grieves he our liberty, our Preſervation?
Or has the greatneſs of the deed he has done,
Made him forget, for whom, and how he did it,
And looking down upon us, ſcorn the benefit?
Well *Virolet*, if thou beeſt proud, or treacherous.
Jul. He cannot, Sir, he cannot; he will ſhew us,
And with that reaſon ground his Words.
Enter Virolet, Martia, *and* Ronvere.
Pan. He comes.
What Maſque is this? what admirable Beauty?
Pray Heav'n his Heart be true.
Jul. A goodly Woman.
Vir. Tell me, my Dear, and tell me without flattery,
As you are nobly honeſt, ſpeak the Truth;
What think you of this Lady?
Jul. She is moſt excellent.
Vir. Might not this Beauty tell me it's a ſweet one,
Without more ſetting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Miſtreſs than meer Nature,
Stagger a conſtant Heart?
Pan. She is full of wonder!
But yet; yet *Virolet.*
Vir. Pray by your leave Sir!
Jul. She would amaze.

Vir. O! would ſhe ſo? I thank you.
Say to this Beauty, ſhe have all Additions,
Wealth, noble Birth.
Pand. O hold there.
Vir. All Virtues,
A Mind as full of Candor as the Truth is,
Ay, and a loving Lady.
Jul. She muſt needs
(I am bound in Conſcience to confeſs) deſerve much.
Vir. Nay, ſay beyond all theſe, ſhe be ſo pious,
That even on Slaves condemn'd ſhe ſhower her Benefits,
And melt their ſtubborn Bolts with her ſoft Pity,
What think you then?
Pand. For ſuch a noble Office,
At theſe Years I ſhould dote my ſelf. Take heed, Boy.
Jul. If you be he that have receiv'd theſe Bleſſings,
And this the Lady, love her, honour her:
You cannot do too much to ſhew your Gratitude,
Your greateſt Service will ſhew off too ſlender.
Vir. This is the Lady, Lady of that Bounty,
That Wealth, that noble Name, that all I ſpoke of:
The Prince of *Aſcanio*, and my ſelf, the Slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, ſtill guarded by her Goodneſs,
And of our Liberties you taſte the Sweetneſs.
Even you ſhe has preſerv'd too, lengthen'd your Lives.
Jul. And what Reward do you purpoſe? It muſt be a main one,
If Love will do it, we'll all ſo love her, ſerve her.
Vir. It muſt be my Love.
Jul. Ha!
Vir. Mine, my only Love,
My everlaſting Love.
Pand. How?
Vir. Pray have Patience.
The Recompence ſhe ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her Husband. Then I vow'd it,
And ſince I have made it good.
Pand. Thou durſt not.
Vir. Done, Sir.
Jul. Be what you pleaſe, his Happineſs (with me,
You have been mine: Oh, my unhappy Fortune!

Pand. Nay, break and die.
Jul. It cannot yet: I muſt live,
Till I ſee this Man bleſt in his new Love,
And then.
Pand. What haſt thou done, thou baſe one, tell me,
Thou barren thing of Honeſty, and Honour;
What haſt thou wrought? Is not this ſhe, look on her,
Look on her, with the Eyes of Gratitude,
And wipe thy falſe Tears off: Is not this ſhe,
That three times on the Rack, to guard thy Safety,
When thou ſtood'ſt loſt, and naked to the Tyrant;
Thy aged Father here, that ſhames to know thee,
Ingag'd i'th' Jaws of Danger; was not this ſhe,
That then gave up her Body to the Torture?
That tender Body, that the Wind ſings through;
And three times, when her Sinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
The Beauties of her Body turn'd to Ruins;
Even then, within her patient Heart ſhe lock'd thee,
Then hid thee from the Tyrant, then preſerv'd thee;
And canſt thou be that Slave?
Mart. This was but Duty,
She did it for her Husband, and ſhe ought it;
She has had the Pleaſure of him, many an Hour,
And if one Minute's Pain cannot be ſuffered;
Mine was above all theſe, a nobler Venture,
I ſpeak it boldly, for I loſt a Father,
He has one ſtill; I left my Friends, he has many;
Expos'd my Life and Honour to a Cruelty,
That if it had ſeiz'd on me, racks and tortures,
Alas, they are Triumphs to it; and had it hit,
For this Man's Love, it ſhould have ſhew'd a Triumph,
Twice loſt, I freed him; *Roſſana* loſt before him,
His Fortunes with him, and his Friends behind him:
Twice was I rack'd my ſelf for his Deliverance,
In Honour firſt and Name, which was a Torture
The Hangman never heard of; next at Sea,
In our Eſcape, where the proud Waves took Pleaſure
To toſs my little Boat up like a Bubble,
Then like a Meteor in the Air he hung,
Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of Darkneſs;

The

The Cannon from my incenſed Father's Ship,
Ringing our Knell, and ſtill as we peep'd upward,
Beating the raging Surge, with Fire and Bullet,
And I ſtood fix'd for this Man's ſake, and ſcorn'd it;
Compare but this.
Vir. 'Tis too true; O my Fortune!
That I muſt equally be bound to either.
Jul. You have the better and the nobler, Lady,
And now I am forc'd, a lover of her Goodneſs:
And ſo far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my Lord, ſo lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I ſtagger in my Title.
But how with honeſty? for I am a poor Lady,
In all my dutious ſervice but your ſhadow,
Yet would be juſt; how with fair Fame and Credit,
I may go off; I would not be a Strumpet:
O my dear Sir, you know.
Vir. O Truth, thou knoweſt too.
Jul. Nor have the World ſuſpect, I fell to miſchief.
Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has done it,
A fair Divorce, 'tis honeſt too.
Pan. The Devil,
Honeſt? to put her off?
Law. Moſt honeſt, Sir,
And in this point moſt ſtrong.
Pan. The cauſe, the cauſe, Sir?
Law. A juſt cauſe too.
Pan. As any is in Hell, Lawyer.
Law. For Barrenneſs, ſhe never brought him Children.
Pan. Why art thou not divorc'd? thou canſt not get 'em,
Thy Neighbours, thy rank Neighbours: O baſe jugling,
Is ſhe not young?
Jul. Women at more Years, Sir,
Have met that Bleſſing; 'tis in Heav'ns high Power.
Law. You never can have any.
Pan. Why, quick Lawyer?
My Philoſophical Lawyer.
Law. The Rack has ſpoil'd her,
The diſtentions of thoſe parts hath ſtopt all Fruitfulneſs.
Pan. O I could curſe.

Jul.

Jul. And am I grown ſo miſerable,
That mine own Pity muſt make me wretched?
No Cauſe againſt me, but my Love and Duty?
Farewel, Sir, like Obedience, thus I leave you,
My long Farewel. I do not grudge; I grieve, Sir;
And if that be offenſive, I can die,
And then you are fairly free. Good Lady, love him.
You have a noble and an honeſt Gentleman;
I ever found him ſo, the World has ſpoke him,
And let it be your part ſtill to deſerve him,
Love him no leſs than I have done, and ſerve him,
And Heav'n ſhall bleſs you: You ſhall bleſs my Aſhes,
I give you up the Houſe, the Name of Wife,
Honour, and all Reſpect I borrow'd from him,
And to my Grave I turn: One Farewel more,
Nothing divide your Loves, not want of Children,
Which I ſhall pray againſt, and make you fruitful:
Grow like two equal Flames, riſe high and glorious,
And in your honour'd Age burn out together.
To all I know, Farewel.

Ron. Be not ſo griev'd, Lady,
A nobler Fortune.

Jul. Away, thou Paraſite.
Diſturb not my ſad Thoughts; I hate thy Greatneſs.

Ron. I hate not you, I am glad ſhe's off theſe Hinges,
Come, let's purſue. [*Ex.* Ronvere *and* Law.

Pand. If I had Breath to curſe thee,
Or could my great Heart utter, Farewel, Villain,
Thy Houſe nor Face again. [*Exit* Pand.

Mart. Let 'em go.
And now let us rejoyce, now freely take me,
And now embrace me, *Virolet*; give the Rites
Of a brave Husband to his Love.

Vir. I'll take my Leave too.

Mart. How? take your Leave too?

Vir. The Houſe is furniſh'd for you;
You are Miſtreſs, may command.

Mart. Will you to bed, Sir?

Vir. As ſoon to Hell, to any thing I hate moſt:
You muſt excuſe me, I have kept my Word.

You

You are my Wife, you now enjoy my Fortune,
Which I have done to recompence your Bounty:
But to yield up thoſe chaſt Delights and Pleaſures,
Which are not mine, but my firſt Vows.

Mar. You jeſt.

Vir. You will not find it ſo, to give you thoſe
I have Divorc'd, and loſt with *Juliana*,
And all fires of that Nature———

Mart. Are you a Husband?

Vir. To queſtion hers, and ſatisfie your Flames,
That held an equal Beauty, equal Bounty———
Good Heav'n forgive; no, no, the ſtrict forbearance
Of all thoſe Joys, like a full Sacrifice,
I offer to the Sufferings of my firſt Love.
Honour, and Wealth, Attendance, State, all Duty,
Shall wait upon your Will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted Mind, you muſt give leave, Lady,
My weary Trunk muſt wander.

Mart. Not enjoy me?
Go from me too?

Vir. For ever thus I leave you;
And howſoe'er I fare, live you ſtill happy. [*Exit* Vir.

Mart. Since I am ſcorn'd, I'll hate thee, ſcorn thy gifts (too,
Thou miſerable Fool, thou Fool to pity,
And ſuch a rude, demoliſh'd thing, I'll leave thee,
In my Revenge; for fooliſh Love, farewel now,
And Anger, and the ſpite of Woman enter,
That all the World ſhall ſay, that read this Story,
My Hate, and not my Love, begot my Glory.
[*Exit* Martia.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Seſſe, *Boatſwain, Maſter and Gunner.*

Seſſe. HE that fears Death, or Tortures, let him leave me.
The ſtops that we have met with, crown our Conqueſt.
Common Attempts are fit for common Men;
The rare, the rareſt Spirits. Can we be daunted?

We

We that have ſmil'd at Sea at certain Ruins,
Which Men on Shore but hazarded would ſhake at:
We that have liv'd free, in deſpite of Fortune,
Laught at the out-ſtretch'd Arm of Tyranny,
As ſtill too ſhort to reach us, ſhall we faint now?
No my brave Mates, I know your fiery Temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as Men;
Calamity, that ſevers worldly Friendſhips,
Could ne'er divide us, you are ſtill the ſame;
The conſtant followers of my baniſht Fortunes;
The Inſtruments of my Revenge, the Hands
By which I work, and faſhion all my Projects.
Maſt. And ſuch we will be ever.
Gun. 'Slight Sir, cram me
Into a Cannon's Mouth, and ſhoot me at
Proud *Ferrand*'s Head; may only he fall with me,
My Life I rate at nothing.
Boatſ. Could I but get
Within my Sword's length of him, and if then
He ſcape me, may th' account of all his Sins
Be added unto mine.
Maſt. 'Tis not to die, Sir,
But to die unreveng'd, that ſtaggers me:
For were your ends ſerv'd, and our Country free,
We would fall willing Sacrifices.
Seſſe. To riſe up
Moſt glorious Martyrs.
Boatſ. But the reaſon why
We were theſe Shapes?
Seſſe. Only to get acceſs;
Like honeſt Men, we never ſhall approach him,
Such are his fears, but thus attir'd like *Switzers*,
And faſhioning our Language to our Habits;
Bold, bloody, deſperate, we may be admitted
Among his Guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thouſand others, out-do *Proteus*
In various Shapes, but I will reach his Heart.
And ſeal my Anger on't.

Enter Ronvere *and the Guard.*

Maſt. The Lord *Ronvere.*

Boatſ.

Boatſ. Shall we begin with him?
Seſſe. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you ſee me begin,
With all care imitate.
Gun. We are inſtructed.
Boatſ. Would we were at it once.
Ron. Keep a ſtrict Watch,
And let the Guards be doubled, this laſt Night
The King had fearful Dreams.
Seſſe. 'Tis a good *Omen*
To our Attempts.
Ron. What Men are theſe? what ſeek you?
Seſſe. Imployment.
Ron. Of what nature?
Seſſe. We are Soldiers;
We have ſeen Towns and Churches ſet on fire;
The Kennels running Blood, coy Virgins raviſh'd;
The Altars ranſack'd, and the Holy Relicks,
Yea, and the Saints themſelves, made lawful Spoils
Unto the Conquerors; but theſe good days are paſt,
And we made Beggars, by this idle Peace,
For want of Action. I am, Sir, no Stranger
To the Government of this State, I know the King
Needs Men, that only do what he Commands,
And ſearch no farther: 'tis the Profeſſion
Of all our Nation, to ſerve faithfully,
Where they're beſt payed; and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.
Ron. A goodly Perſonage.
Maſt. And if you have an Enemy, or ſo,
That you would have diſpatch'd.
Gun. They are here can fit you.
Boatſ. Or if there be an Itch, though to a Man.
Seſſe. You ſhall tye
Our Conſciences in your Purſe-ſtrings.
Ron. Gentlemen,
I like your freedom; I am now in haſte,
But wait for my return. I like the Raſcals,
They may be uſeful.

Seſſe.

Sesse. We'll attend you, Sir.
Ron. Do, and be confident of Entertainment;
I hope you will deserve it. [*Exe.* Ron. *and Guard.*
Sesse. O, no doubt, Sir:
Thus far we are prosperous; we'll be his Guard;
'Till Tyranny and Pride find full Reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandulpho *and* Juliana.

Pan. My Blessing? no, a Father's heavy curse,
Pursue and overtake him.
Jul. Gentle Sir.
Pan. My Name, and Family, end in my self,
Rather than live in him.
Jul. Dear Sir, forbear;
A Father's curses hit far off, and kill too.
And like a murthering piece aims not at one,
But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some Bullet may return upon your self too,
Though against Nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.
Pan. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other Women are:
Thy Injuries would teach Patience to blaspheme,
Yet still thou art a Dove.
Jul. I know not Malice, but like an Innocent, suffer.
Pan. More miraculous!
I'll have a Woman Chronicled, and for Goodness,
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,
I have no Son to inherit after me;
Him I disclaim.
What then? I'll make thy Virtues my sole Heir;
Thy Story I'll have written, and in Gold too;
In Prose and Verse, and by the ablest Doers:
A word or two of a kind Step-father
I'll have put in, good Kings and Queens shall buy it.
And if the Actions of ill great Women,
And of the modern times too, are remembred,
That have undone their Husbands and their Families,
What will our Story do? It shall be so,
And I will streight about it. [*Exit* Pan.

Enter

Enter Boy.

Jul. Such as love
Goodneſs for Glory, have it for Reward;
I love mine for it ſelf: let Innocence
Be written on my Tomb, though ne'er ſo humble,
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my Vows.

Boy. 'Fore me you are not modeſt,
Nor is this Court-like. Would you take it well,
If ſhe ſhould rudely preſs into your Cloſet,
When from your ſeveral Boxes you chuſe Paint,
To make a this days Face with?

Jul. What's the matter?

Boy. Pray know her Pleaſure firſt.

Jul. To whom ſpeak you, Boy?

Boy. Your Ladiſhip's Pardon. That proud Lady Thief,
That ſtole away my Lord from your Embraces,
(Wrinkles at two and twenty on her Cheeks for't,
Or *Mercury* unallayed, make Bliſters on it)
Would force a Viſit.

Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any elſe that I call mine? No more.
Attend her with all Reverence and Reſpect;
The want in you of Manners, my Lord may
Conſtrue in me for Malice. I will teach you
How to eſteem and love the Beauty he doats on;
Prepare a Banquet.

Enter Martia *and Boy.*

Madam, thus my Duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchſafe your Servant,
In honouring her Houſe.

Mart. Is this in ſcorn?

Jul. No, by the Life of *Virolet*: Give me leave
To ſwear by him, as by a Saint I worſhip,
But am to know no farther, my Heart ſpeaks that
My Servants have been rude, and this Boy, doating
Upon my Sorrows, hath forgot his Duty;
In which, that you may think I have no ſnare,
Sirrah, upon your Knees, deſire her Pardon.

Boy. I dare not diſobey you.

Mart.

Mart. Prethee riſe,
My Anger never looks ſo low: I thank you,
And will deſerve it, if we may be private.
I came to ſee and ſpeak with you.
Jul. Be gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Good Madam ſit.
Mart. I rob you of your place then.
Jul. You have deſerv'd a better, in my Bed;
Make uſe of this too: Now your pleaſure, Lady.
If in your Breaſt there be a worthy Pity,
That brings you for my Comfort, you do nobly:
But if you come to triumph in your Conqueſt,
Or tread on my Calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other Excellencies. Let it ſuffice,
That you alone enjoy the beſt of Men,
And that I am forſaken.
Mart. He the beſt?
The ſcum and ſhame of Mankind.
Jul. *Virolet*, Lady?
Mart. Bleſt in him? I would my Youth had choſen
Conſuming Feavers, Bed-rid Age,
For my Companions, rather than a thing
To lay whoſe Baſeneſs open, would even poiſon
The Tongue that ſpeaks it.
Jul. Certainly from you
At no part he deſerves this; and I tell you,
Durſt I pretend but the leaſt tittle to him,
I ſhould not hear this.
Mart. He's an impudent Villain,
Or a malicious Wretch; to you ungrateful;
To me beyond Expreſſion barbarous.
I more than hate him; from you he deſerves
A Death moſt horrid: From me, to die for ever,
And know no end of Torments. Would you have Comfort?
Would you waſh off the ſtain that ſticks upon you,
In being refus'd? Would you redeem your Fame,
Shipwrack'd in his baſe Wrongs? If you deſire this,
It is not to be done with ſlaviſh ſuffering,
But by a noble Anger, making way

To a moſt brave Revenge, we may call Juſtice;
Our Injuries are equal; join with me then,
And ſhare the Honour.
Jul. I ſcarce underſtand you,
And know I ſhall be moſt unapt to learn
To hate the Man, I ſtill muſt love and honour.
Mart. This fooliſh Dotage in ſoft-hearted Women,
Makes proud Men inſolent; but take your way,
I'll run another Courſe.
Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his Offence.
Mart. He has denied
The Rites due to a Wife.
Jul. O me moſt happy,
How largely am I paid for all my Sufferings?
Moſt honeſt *Virolet*, thou juſt Performer
Of all thy Promiſes: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in thoſe Joys you ſpeak of,
In a chaſte Bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would ſwear, that if he ſhould ſurvive me,
(Which then I knew he wiſht not) never Woman
Should taſt of his Embraces; this one act
Makes me again his Debtor.
Mart. And was this
The cauſe my Youth and Beauty were contemn'd?
If I ſit down here! well——
Jul. I dare thy worſt,
Plot what thou canſt, my Piety ſhall guard him
Againſt my Malice. Leave my Houſe and quickly,
Thou wilt infect theſe innocent Walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpoſe,
And turn it on thine own accurſed Head;
Believe't I will. [*Exit* Juliana.
Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed againſt him.
I'll ſet my ſelf to Sale, and live a Strumpet;
Forget my Birth, my Father, and his Honour,
Rather than want an Inſtrument to help me
In my Revenge. The Captain of the Guard;
Bleſt Opportunity courts me.

Enter

Enter Ronvere.

Ron. Sad and troubled?
How brave her Anger ſhews? How it ſets off
Her natural Beauty? Under what happy Star
Was *Virolet* born, to be belov'd and ſought to,
By two incomparable Women? Nobleſt Lady,
I have heard your Wrongs, and pity them; and if
The ſervice of my Life could give me hope
To gain your Favour, I ſhould be moſt proud
To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad Servant.

Ron. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not Preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtſhip.
He that deſires to reap the Harveſt of
My Youth and Beauty, muſt begin in Blood,
And right my Wrongs.

Ron. I apprehend you Madam,
And reſt aſſur'd 'tis done; I am provided
Of Inſtruments to fit you: To the King
I'll inſtantly preſent you; if I fail,
He ſhall make good your aims. He's leſs than Man,
That to atchieve your Favour, would not do
Deeds, Fiends would fear to put their Agents to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Virolet *Reading.*

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non eſt ſcelus.* 'Tis an Axiome.
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd; with that, above her Life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy Husband,
Was full of Children; her Afflictions,
That I begot, that when our Age muſt periſh,
And all our painted Frailties turn'd to Aſhes,
Then ſhall they ſtand and propagate our Honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new ſtrange Beauty, it was a uſeful one:
How, to my Luſt? If it be ſo, I am ſinful;
And guilty of that Crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair courſe of Virtue?
This pious Courſe, to ſave my Friends, my Country,
That even then had put on a mourning Garment,

And wept the desolation of her Children?
Her noblest Children? Did not she thrust me on,
And to my Duty clapt the spur of Honour?
Was there a way, without this Woman, left me
To bring 'em off? The marrying of this Woman?
If not, why am I stung thus? Why tormented?
Or had there been a wild Desire join'd with it?
How easily, both these, and all their Beauties
Might I have made my mine own? Why am I toucht thus,
Having perform'd the great Redemption,
Both of my Friends and Family? Fairly done it?
Without base and lascivious ends; O Heav'n,
Why am I still at War thus? Why this a Mischief,
That Honesty and Honour had propounded,
Ay, and absolv'd my tender Will, and chid me,
Nay then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana *and the Boy.*

Boy. He's here, Madam;
This is the melancholly Walk he lives in,
And chuses ever to increase his sadness.

Jul. Stand by.

Vir. 'Tis she; how I shake now and tremble?
The Virtues of that Mind are Torments to me.

Jul. Sir, if my hated Face shall stir your Anger,
Or this forbidden Path I tread in vex you;
My Love and fair Obedience left behind me,
Your Pardon asked, I shall return and bless you.

Vir. Pray stay a little, I delight to see you;
May not we yet, though Fortune have divided us,
And set an envious stop between our Pleasures,
Look thus one at another? Sigh and weep thus?
And read in one anothers Eyes, the Legends,
And Wonders of our old Loves? Be not fearful,
Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you:
May I not take this Hand, and on it sacrifice
The sorrows of my Heart? White seal of Virtue.

Jul. My Lord, you wrong your Wedlock.

Vir. Were she here,
And with her all severe Eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name *Juliana*,

And to the reverence of that Name, bow thus:
I might ſigh *Juliana* ſhe was mine once;
But I too weak a Guard for that great Treaſure——
And whilſt ſhe has a Name, believe me Lady,
This broken Heart ſhall never want a Sorrow.

Jul. Forget her Sir, your Honour now commands you,
You are anothers, keep thoſe Griefs for her,
She richly can reward 'em. I would have ſpoken with you.

Vir. What is your Will? For nothing you can ask,
So full of Goodneſs are your Words and Meanings,
Muſt be denied: Speak boldly.

Jul. I thank you, Sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd,
That I deſire: For I ſhall tell a Story,
So far from ſeeming Truth, yet a moſt true one;
So horrible in Nature, and ſo horrid;
So beyond Wickedneſs, that when you hear it,
It muſt appear the practice of another,
The Caſt and Malice of ſome one you have wrong'd much,
And me you may imagine, me accuſe too,
Unleſs you call to Mind my daily Sufferings;
The infinite Obedience I have born you,
That hates all Name and Nature of Revenge.
My Love, that nothing but my Death can ſever,
Rather than hers I ſpeak of.

Vir. Juliana,
To make a doubt of what you ſhall deliver,
After my full experience of your Virtues,
Were to diſtruſt a Providence; to think you can lie,
Or being wrong'd, ſeek after foul repairings,
To forge a Creed againſt my Faith.

Jul. I muſt do ſo, for it concerns your Life, Sir;
And if that word may ſtir you, hear and proſper:
I ſhould be dumb elſe, were not you at ſtake here.

Vir. What few Friends have I found, that dare deliver
This loaden Trunk from his Afflictions?
What pitying Hand, of all that feels my Miſeries,
Brings ſuch a benefit?

Jul. Be wiſe and Manly,

And with your Honour fall, when Heav'n ſhall call you,
Not by a helliſh Miſchief.
Vir. Speak, my bleſt one.
How weak and poor I am, now ſhe is from me?
Jul. Your Wife.
Vir. How's that?
Jul. Your Wife.
Vir. Be tender of her, I ſhall believe elſe——
Jul. I muſt be true; your Ear, Sir,
For 'tis ſo horrible, if the Air catch it,
Into a thouſand Plagues, a thouſand Monſters,
It will diſperſe it ſelf, and fright Reſiſtance. [*Whiſpers.*
Vir. She ſeek my Life with you? Make you her Agent?
Another Love? O ſpeak but Truth.
Jul. Be patient,
Dear as I love you, elſe I leave you wretched.
Vir. Forward, 'tis well, it ſhall be welcome to me;
I have liv'd too long, numbred too many Days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my Service,
And hunt for that my Youth and Honour aims at,
The Sun ſets on my Fortune red and bloody,
And everlaſting Night begins to cloſe me.
'Tis time to Die.

Enter Martia *and* Ronvere.

Jul. She comes her ſelf.
Ron. Believe Lady,
And on this Angel Hand your Servant ſeals it,
You ſhall be Miſtreſs of your whole Deſires,
And what ye ſhall command.
Mart. Ha Minion,
My precious Dame, are you there? Nay go forward,
Make your Complaints, and pour out your feign'd pities,
Slave, like to him you ſerve: I am the ſame ſtill,
And what I purpoſe, let the World take witneſs,
Shall be ſo finiſht, and to ſuch Example,
Spite of your poor preventions; my dear Gentleman,
My honourable Man, are you there too?
You and your hot Deſire? Your mercy, Sir,
I had forgot your Greatneſs.

Jul.

Jul. 'Tis not well, Lady.
Mart. Lord, how I hate this Fellow now; how deſpe-(rately
My Stomach ſtands againſt him; this baſe Fellow,
This gelded Fool!
Jul. Did you never hear of Modeſty?
Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and ſo believ'd it,
Thou bloodleſs, brainleſs Fool.
Vir. How?
Mart. Thou deſpiſed Fool,
Thou only Sign of Man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven Worthy in a Piece of Arras,
Fit only to enjoy a Wall; thou Beaſt
Beaten to uſe: Have I preſerv'd a Beauty,
A Youth, a Love, to have my Wiſhes blaſted?
My Dotings, and the Joys I came to offer,
Muſt they be loſt, and ſlighted by a Dormouſe?
Jul. Uſe more Reſpect, and Woman 'twill become(you;
At leaſt, leſs Tongue.
Mart. I'll uſe all Violence,
Let him look for't.
Jul. Dare you ſtain thoſe Beauties,
Thoſe heav'nly Stamps, that raiſe up Men to Wonder,
With harſh and crooked Motions? Are you ſhe
That overdid all Ages, with your Honour;
And in a little Hour dare loſe this Triumph?
Is not this Man your Husband?
Mart. He's my Halter;
Which (having ſued my Pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my Anger,
Which I will nouriſh to the Deſolation,
Not only of his Folly, but his Friends,
And his whole Name.
Vir. 'Tis well, I have deſerv'd it.
And if I were a Woman, I would rail too.
Mart. Nature ne'er promiſed thee a thing ſo noble.
Take back your Love, your Vow, I give it freely;
I poorly ſcorn it; graze now where you pleaſe:
That that the dulneſs of thy Soul neglected,
Kings ſue for now. And mark me, *Virolet*,
Thou Image of a Man, obſerve my Words well.

At ſuch a bloody rate I'll ſell this Beauty,
This Handſomneſs thou ſcorn'ſt and fling'ſt away,
Thy proud ungrateful Life ſhall ſhake at; take your Houſe,
The petty things you left me give another;
And laſt, take home your Trinket: Fare you well, Sir.
Ron. You have ſpoke like your ſelf;
Y'are a brave Lady. [*Exeunt* Ronvere *and* Martia.
Jul. Why do you ſmile, Sir?
Vir. O my *Juliana*,
The Happineſs this Woman's Scorn has given me,
Makes me a Man again; proclaims it ſelf,
In ſuch a general Joy, through all my Miſeries,
That now methinks——
Jul. Look to your ſelf, dear Sir,
And trifle not with Danger that attends you;
Be joyful when y'are free.
Vir. Did you not hear her?
She gave me back my Vow, my Love, my Freedom;
I am free, free as Air; and though to morrow
Her bloody Will meet with my Life, and ſink it,
And in her Execution tear me piecemeal:
Yet have I time once more to meet my Wiſhes,
Once more to embrace my beſt, my nobleſt, trueſt
And Time that's warranted.
Jul. Good Sir, forbear it;
Though I confeſs, equal with your Deſires
My Wiſhes riſe, as covetous of your Love,
And to as warm Alarms ſpur my Will to:
Yet pardon me, the Seal o'th' Church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning Flame between us,
We muſt not meet, I dare not.
Vir. That poor disjointing,
That only ſtrong Neceſſity thruſt on you,
Not Crime, nor ſtudied Cauſe of mine; how ſweetly,
And nobly I will bind again and cheriſh;
How I will recompence one dear Embrace now,
One free Affection! How I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.
Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my Credit

The Love you firſt had was preſerv'd with Honour,
The laſt ſhall not cry Whore; you ſhall not purchaſe
From me a Pleaſure, that have equally
Lov'd your fair Fame as you, at ſuch a Rate;
Your Honeſty and Virtue muſt be bankrupt,
If I had lov'd your Luſt, and not your Luſtre;
The glorious Luſtre of your matchleſs Goodneſs,
I would compel you now to be!——forgive me,
Forgive me, Sir, how fondly ſtill I love you!
Yet nobly too; make the way ſtraight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me,
Under the Ax upon the Rack again,
Even in the Bed of all Afflictions,
Where nothing ſings our Nuptials but dire Sorrows,
With all my Youth and Pleaſure I'll embrace you,
Make Tyrrany and Death ſtand ſtill affrighted,
And at our meeting Souls amaze our Miſchiefs;
'Till when, high Heav'n defend you, and Peace guide you.
Be wiſe and manly, make your Fate your own,
By being Maſter of a Providence,
That may controul it.

Vir. Stay a little with me.
My Thoughts have chid themſelves: May I not kiſs you?
Upon my truth I am an honeſt.

Jul. I believe ye;
But yet what that may raiſe in both our Fancies,
What Iſſues ſuch warm Parents breed.

Vir. I obey you,
And take my Leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable Love.

Jul. I'll pray for ye,
And when you fall I have not long to follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter, Boatſwain, and Gunner, at one Door;* Martia *and* Ronvere, *at another.*

Seſſe. Now we have got free Credit with the Captain.

Maſt. Soft, ſoft, he's here again: Is not that Lady---
Or have I loſt mine Eyes? a ſalt Rhume ſeizes 'em;
But I ſhould know that Face.

Boatſ.

Boatſ. Make him not madder,
Let him forget the Woman; ſteer a Lar-Board.
Maſt. He will not kill her.
Boatſ. Any thing he meets;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes;
Nothing but Blood and Horror.
Maſt. I would ſave the Lady,
For ſuch another Lady.
Boatſ. There's the Point;
And you know there want Women of her Mettle.
Maſt. 'Tis true, they bring ſuch Children now,
Such Demilances.
Their Father's Socks will make them chriſtning Cloaths.
Gun. No more, they view us.
Seſſe. You ſhall play a while,
And ſun your ſelf in this Felicity,
You ſhall you glorious Whore, I know you ſtill.
But I ſhall pick an Hour when moſt ſecurely ———
I ſay no more.
Ron. Do you ſee thoſe? thoſe are they
Shall act your Will; come hither my good Fellows.
You are now the King's. Are they not goodly Fellows?
Mart. They have Bone enough, if they have ſtout (Heart to it.
Maſt. Still the old Wench.
Seſſe. Pray Captain, let me ask you
What noble Lady's that? 'Tis a rude Queſtion,
But I deſire to know.
Ron. She is for the King, Sir;
Let that ſuffice for Anſwer.
Seſſe. Is ſhe ſo, Sir?
In good time may ſhe curſe it.
Muſt I breed Hacknies for his Grace?
Ron. What wouldſt thou do
To merit ſuch a Lady's Favour?
Seſſe. Any thing. (tunes?
Ron. That can ſupply thy Wants, and raiſe thy For-
Seſſe. Let her command, and ſee what I dare execute.
I keep my Conſcience here; if any Man
Oppoſe her will, and ſhe would have him hun bled,
Whole Families between her and her Wiſhes ———

Maſt.

Maſt. We have ſeen bleeding Throats, Sir, Cities ſack'd,
And Infants ſtuck upon their Pikes.
Boatſ. Houſes a fire, and handſom Mothers weeping.
Seſſe. Which we have heaped upon the Pile like Sacri-
Churches and Altars, Prieſts and all Devotions, (fices.
Tumbled together into one rude *Chaos*.
Gun. We know no Fear, Sir, but want of Imployment.
Seſſe. Nor other Faith but what our Purſes preach.
To gain our Ends we can do any thing,
And turn our Souls into a thouſand Figures;
But when we come to do——
Mart. I like theſe Fellows.
Ron. Be ready and wait here, within this Hour
I'll ſhew you to the King, and he ſhall like ye:
And if you can deviſe ſome Entertainment
To fill his Mirth, ſuch as your Country uſes,
Preſent it, and I'll ſee it grac'd.
After this *Comick Scene* we ſhall employ you,
For one muſt die.
Seſſe. What is he, Sir? ſpeak boldly,
For we dare boldly do.
Ron. This Lady's Husband;
His Name is *Virolet*.
Seſſe. We ſhall diſpatch it. [*Exe.* Martia *and* Ronvere.
O damned, damned thing: A baſe Whore firſt,
And then a Murtherer. I'll look to you.
Boatſ. Can ſhe be grown ſo ſtrange?
Seſſe. She has an itch;
I'll ſcratch you my dear Daughter, I'll ſo claw you;
I'll curry your hot Hide; married and honour'd?
And turn thoſe holy Bleſſings into Brothels?
Your Beauty into Blood? I'll hunt your Hotneſs.
I'll hunt you like a Train.
Maſt. We did all pity her.
Seſſe. Hang her, ſhe is not worth Man's Memory;
She's falſe and baſe, and let her fright all Stories.
Well, though thou be'ſt mine Enemy I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly.
Boatſ. Faith, Sir, ſince ſhe muſt go,
Let's ſpare as few as may be.

Seſſe.

Seſſe. We'll take all,
And like a Torrent ſweep the Slaves before us.
You dare endure the worſt?
Maſt. You know our Hearts, Sir,
And they ſhall bleed the laſt, e'er we ſtart from ye.
Gun. We can but die, and e'er we come to that,
We ſhall pick out ſome few Examples for us.
Seſſe. Then wait the firſt Occaſion, and like *Curtius*,
I'll leap the Gulph before you, fearleſs leap it:
Then follow me like Men, and if our Virtues
May buoy our Country up, and ſet her ſhining
In her firſt State; our fair Revenges taken,
We have our noble Ends, or elſe our Aſhes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Aſcanio, *and* Martia *above.*

Mart. AS you are noble, keep me from diſcovery,
And let me only run a Stranger's Fortune:
For when the King ſhall find I am his Daughter
He ever holds moſt Ominous, and hates moſt;
With what Eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his Fears and Cruelties?
Aſca. I have found you;
Suſpect not, I am bound to what you like beſt,
What you intend, I dare not be ſo curious
To queſtion now, and what you are, lies hid here.
Enter Ferrand *and* Ronvere *above.*
The King comes, make your Fortune, I ſhall joy in't.
Ron. All things are ready, Sir, to make you merry;
And ſuch a King, you ſhall behold him now.
Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of Mirth.
Ron. The Lady, Sir.
Fer. Now as I am a King, a ſprightly Beauty,
A goodly ſweet Aſpect! My Thanks *Ronvere*,
My beſt Thanks, on your Lips I ſeal your Wiſhes,

Be what you can, imagine mine, and happy.
And now ſit down and ſmile; come, my *Aſcanio*,
And let this Monarch enter.
Enter Seſſe, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, *Gunner*, *and Sailors.*
Ron. Theſe are the *Switzers*,
I told your Grace of.
Fer. Goodly promiſing Fellows,
With Faces to keep Fools in awe, I like 'em;
Go guard the Preſence well, and do your Duties,
To Morrow I ſhall take a farther View.
Seſſe. You ſhall, Sir,
Or I ſhall loſe my Will; how the Whore's mounted?
How ſhe ſits thron'd? thou blazing muddy Meteor,
That frighteſt the under World with luſtful Flaſhes,
How I ſhall daſh thy Flames? Away, no Word more.
[*Exe.* Seſſe *and his Company. Flouriſh Cornets.*
Enter Villio, Caſtruccio, *Doctor*, *and a Guard.*
Fer. Now, here he comes in Glory; be merry Maſters,
A Banquet too? [*Meat conveyed away.*
Ron. O, he muſt ſit in State, Sir!
Aſca. How rarely he is uſher'd? Can he think now
He is a King indeed?
Ron. Mark but his Countenance.
Caſt. Let me have Pleaſures infinite, and to the Height,
And Women in abundance, many Women:
Enter Ladies.
I will diſport my Grace,
Stand there and long for me.
What have ye brought me here? Is this a Feaſt
Fit for a Prince? a mighty Prince? Are theſe things,
Theſe Preparations, ha?
Doct. May it pleaſe your Grace? (Marchpanes,
Caſt. It does not pleaſe my Grace: Where are the
The Cuſtards double Royal, and the Subtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to ſerve a Prince thus?
Where be the delicates o'th' Earth and Air?
The hidden Secrets of the Sea? Am I a Plow-man,
You pop me up with Porridge? Hang the Cooks.
Fer. O moſt Kingly:
What a Majeſtick anger?

Caſt.

Caſt. Give me ſome Wine.
Aſca. He cools again now.
Caſt. Fool, where are my Players?
Let me have all in Pomp; let 'em play ſome Love matter,
To make the Ladies itch. I'll be with you anon, Ladies;
You black Eyes, I'll be with you:
Give me ſome Wine I ſay,
And let me have a Mask of Cuckolds enter,
Of mine own Cuckolds,
And let them come in, peeping and rejoicing,
Juſt as I kiſs their Wives, and ſomewhat glorying.
Some Wine I ſay, then for an excellent Night-piece,
To ſhew my Glory to my Loves, and Minions,
I will have ſome great Caſtle burnt.
Vil. Hark you, Brother;
If that be to pleaſe theſe Ladies, ten to one
The Fire firſt takes upon your own, look to that;
Then you may ſhew a Night-piece.
Caſt. Where's this Wine?
Why ſhall I choak? do ye long all to be tortur'd?
Doct. Here, Sir.
Caſt. What is this? why, Doctor.
Doct. Wine and Water, Sir.
'Tis Sovereign for your heat, you muſt endure it.
Vil. Moſt excellent to cool your Night-piece, Sir.
Doct. You are of a high and cholerick Complexion,
And you muſt have allays.
Caſt. Shall I have no ſheer Wine then?
Doct. Not for a World: I tender your dear Life, Sir;
And he is no faithful Subject———
Vil. No, by no means;
Of this you may drink, and never hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the Fool, this Liquor's merciful.
Caſt. I will ſit down and eat then: Kings, when they're hungry,
May eat, I hope?
Doct. Yes, but they eat diſcreetly.
Caſt. Come, taſte this Diſh, and cut me liberally;
I like Sauce well.
Doct. Fie, 'tis too hot, Sir;
Too deeply ſeaſon'd with the Spice, away with't,

You

You muſt acquaint your Stomach with thoſe Diets
Are temperately nouriſhing.
Caſt. But pray ſtay, Doctor,
And let me have my Meat again.
Doct. By no means;
I have a charge concerns my Life.
Caſt. No Meat neither;
Do Kings never eat, Doctor?
Doct. Very little, Sir,
And that too very choice.
Vil. Your King never ſleeps, Brother,
He muſt not ſleep, his Cares ſtill keep him waking.
Now he that Eats and Drinks much is a Dormouſe;
The third part of a Wafer is a Weeks Diet.
Caſt. Appoint me ſomething then.
Doct. There.
Caſt. This I feel good,
But it melts too ſuddenly; yet, how, that gone too!
Ye are not mad! I charge you. [*Take away.*
Doct. For your Health, Sir,
A little quickens Nature, much depreſſes.
Caſt. Eat nothing for my Health? that's a new Diet.
Let me have ſomething, ſomething has ſome ſavour.
Why thou uncourteous Doctor, ſhall I hang thee?
Doct. 'Tis better, Sir, than I ſhould let you ſurfeit:
My Death were nothing.
Vil. To loſe a King, were terrible.
Caſt. Nay, then I'll carve my ſelf, I'll ſtay no Ceremonies.
This is a Partridge Pye, I am ſure that's nouriſhing,
Or *Galen* is an Aſs: 'tis rarely ſeaſon'd:
Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there?
Vil. What ails thy Grace? [*Take away.*
Caſt. Retrieve thoſe Partridges.
Or as I am a King———
Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
They are flown too far.
Vil. Theſe are breath'd Pies an't pleaſe you,
And your Hawks are ſuch Buzards.
Caſt. A King, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing!

Vil.

Vil. What think you of Pudding?
A Pudding Royal?
Caſt. To be royally ſtarv'd,
Whip me this Fool to Death; he is a Blockhead.
Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a (King:
'Twill be enough.
Caſt. As for you dainty Doctor, the Table taken away,
All gone, all ſnatch'd away, and I unſatisfied,
Without my Wits, being a King and hungry?
Suffer but this thy Treaſon? I tell thee Doctor,
I tell it thee, in earneſt, and in Anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.
Vil. A hungry Grace is fitteſt to no Meal, Sir. (Sir,
Doct. Some two hours hence, you ſhall ſee more: but ſtill,
You muſt retain an excellent and ſtrict Diet.
Vil. It ſharpens you, and makes your Wit ſo poynant, Sir,
Your very words will kill.
Doct. A bit of Marmalade
No bigger than a Peaſe.
Vil. And that well butter'd,
The Air thrice purified, and three times ſpirited,
Becomes a King: your rare Conſerve of nothing
Breeds no Offence.
Caſt. Am I turn'd King *Camelion*,
And keep my Court i'th' Air?
Fer. They vex him cruelly.
Aſca. In two days more they'll ſtarve him.
Fer. Now the Women, there's no Food left but they.
Aſca. They'll prove ſmall Nouriſhment;
Yet h'as another Stomach and a great one,
I ſee by his Eye.
Caſt. I'll have mine own Power here;
Mine own Authority; I need no Tutor.
Doctor, this is no Diet.
Doct. It may be, Sir.
Vil. By'r Lady, it may turn to a dry Diet;
And how thy Grace will ward that———
Caſt. Stand off, Doctor;
And talk to thoſe that want Faith.
Fer. Hot and mighty.

Aſca.

Asca. He will cool apace, no doubt.
Cast. Fair, plump, and red,
A Forehead high, an Eye revives the dead;
A Lip like ripest Fruit, inviting still.
Vil. But O, the rushy Well, below the Hill,
Take heed of that, for though it never fail,
Take heed I say, for thereby hangs a Tail.
Cast. I'll get ye all with Child.
Vil. With one Child, Brother,
So many Men in a Blue Coat.
Cast. Had I fed well,
And drunk good store of Wine, ye had been blest all,
Blest all with double Births; come kiss me greedily,
And think no more upon your foolish Husbands,
They are transitory things; a King's Fame meets you.
Doct. Vanish away. [*Ex. Women.*
Cast. How, they gone too? my Guard there;
Take me this Devil Doctor, and that Fool there,
And sow 'em in a Sack; bring back the Women,
The lovely Women; drown these Rogues, or hang 'em.
Asca. He is in earnest, Sir,
I must needs take him off.
Enter Sesse, *Master, Boatswain, Gunner and Sailors.*
Fer. In serious earnest.
Sesse. Now, now be free.
Now Liberty, now Country-men shake from ye
The Tyrant's Yoke.
All. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!
Guard. Treason, Treason, Treason.
Fer. We are betray'd, fly to the Town, cry Treason,
And raise our faithful Friends; O my *Ascanio.*
Asca. Make haste, we have way enough.
Guard. Treason, Treason. [*Ex.* Fer. Asca. *and Guard.*
Sesse. Spare none, put all to th'Sword: A vengeance shake (thee,
Art thou turn'd King again?
Cast. I am a Rascal:
Spare me but this time, if ever I see King more,
Or once believe in King.
Sesse. The Ports are ours,
The Treasure and the Port, fight bravely Gentlemen;

Cry to the Town, cry Liberty and Honour;
[*Crying Liberty and Freedom within.*
Waken their perſecuted Souls, cry loudly,
We'll ſhare the Wealth among ye.
Caſt. Do you hear, Captain?
If ever you hear me name a King.
Seſſe. You ſhall not.
Caſt. Or though I live under one, obey him.
Gun. This Rogue again.
Seſſe. Away with him, good Gunner.
Caſt. Why look ye, Sir; I'll put you to no charge;
I'll never eat.
Gun. I'll take a courſe, you ſhall not;
Come, no more words.
Enter Boatſwain.
Caſt. Say nothing when you kill me.
Seſſe. He's taken to the Tower's ſtrength;
Now ſtand ſure Gentlemen,
We have him in a pen, he cannot ſcape us,
The reſt o'th' Caſtle's ours; Liberty, Liberty!
What, is this City up?
Boatſ. They are up and glorious,
And rouling like a ſtorm they come; their Tents
Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom.
The Women are in Arms too.
Seſſe. Let 'em come all;
Honour and Liberty.
All. Honour and Liberty. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Juliana.
Jul. This Woman threats, her Eyes, even red with fury,
Which like prodigious Meteors foretold
Aſſur'd Deſtruction, are ſtill before me.
Beſides, I know ſuch Natures unacquainted
With any mean, or in their Love, or Hatred;
And ſhe that dar'd all dangers to poſſeſs him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loſs
Of what ſhe held ſo dear. I firſt diſcover'd
Her bloody purpoſes, which ſhe made good,
And openly profeſs'd 'em; that in me
Was but a cold Affection; Charity

Com-

Commands ſo much to all; for *Virolet*,
Methinks I ſhould forget my Sexes weakneſs,
Riſe up, and dare beyond a Woman's ſtrength;
Then do not counſel: He is too ſecure,
And in my judgment, 'twere a greater Service
To free him from a deadly Enemy,
Than to get him a Friend. I undertook too,
To croſs her Plots, oppos'd my Piety,
Againſt her Malice; and ſhall Virtue ſuffer?
No, *Martia*, wer't thou here equally armed,
I have cauſe, ſpite of thy maſculine Breeding,
That would aſſure the Victory: My Angel
Direct and help me.

Enter Virolet *like* Ronvere.

Vir. The State in Combuſtion,
Part of the Cittadel forc'd, the Treaſure ſeiz'd on;
The Guards corrupted, arm themſelves againſt
Their late protected Maſter; *Ferrand* fled too,
And with ſmall ſtrength, into the Caſtle's Tower,
The only *Aventine*, that now is left him?
And yet the Undertakers, nay, Performers,
Of ſuch a brave and glorious Enterprize,
Are yet unknown; they did proceed like Men,
I like a Child; and had I never truſted
So deep a practice unto ſhallow Fools,
Beſides my Soul's peace, in my *Juliana*,
The Honour of this Action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no ſhare.

Jul. Ronvere! 'tis he, a thing, next to the Devil
I moſt deteſt, and like him terrible;
Martia's right Hand, the Inſtrument I fear too,
That is to put her bloody Will into act.
Have I not Will enough, and Cauſe too mighty?
Weak Womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this Habit,
This Likeneſs to *Ronvere*, which I have ſtudied,
Either admits me ſafe to my deſign,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And ſuffer'd to be raviſh'd from my Glory;

Or ſinks me and my Miſeries together;
Either concludes me happy.
Jul. He ſtands muſing,
Some Miſchief is now hatching:
In the full meditation of his Wickedneſs,
I'll ſink his curſed Soul: Guide my Hand, Heav'n,
And to my tender Arm give Strength and Fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all Ages
Shall bleſs my Name for; all remembrance crown me.
Vir. It ſhall be ſo.
Jul. It ſhall not; take that Token,
And bear it to the luſtful Arms of *Martia*,
Tell her, for *Virolet*'s dear ſake, I ſent it.
Vir. O I am happy, let me ſee thee,
That I may bleſs the hand that gave me Liberty;
O courteous Hand, nay thou haſt done moſt nobly,
And Heav'n has guided thee, 'twas their great Juſtice;
O bleſſed Wound that I could come to kiſs thee!
How beautiful and ſweet thou ſhew'ſt!
Jul. Oh!
Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, Dear, ſhed not thoſe ſovereign Balſams
Into my Blood, which muſt recover me;
Then I ſhall live again to do a miſchief,
Againſt the mightineſs of Love and Virtue,
Some baſe unhallowed Hand ſhall rob thy right of.
Help me, I faint: ſo.
Jul. O unhappy Wench!
How has my Zeal abus'd me; you that guard Virtue,
Were ye aſleep? or do you laugh at Innocence,
You ſuffer'd this miſtake? O my dear *Virolet*!
An everlaſting curſe follow that form
I ſtruck thee in, his Name be ever blaſted;
For his accurſed ſhadow has betray'd
The ſweetneſs of all Youth, the Nobleneſs,
The Honour, and the Valour; wither'd for ever
The Beauty and the Bravery of all Mankind:
O my dull Devil's Eyes.
Vir. I do forgive you,
By this, and this, I do: I know you were cozen'd;

The Shadow of *Ronvere*, I know you aim'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas moſt neceſſary
I ſhould be ſtruck, ſome Hand above directed you;
For *Juliana* could not ſhew her Juſtice,
Without depriving high Heav'n of his Glory,
Or any Subject fit for her, but *Virolet*:
Forgive me too, and take my laſt Breath, ſweet one,
This the new Marriage of our Souls together;
Think of me *Juliana*, but not often,
For fear my Faults ſhould burthen your Affections.
Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. O ſtay a little,
A little, little, Sir. [*Offers to kill her ſelf.*

Vir. Fie, *Juliana*.

Jul. Shall I out-live the Virtue, I have murder'd?

Vir. Hold, or thou hat'ſt my Peace; give me the Dag-
On your Obedience, and your Love, deliver it. (ger,
If you do thus, we ſhall not meet in Heav'n, Sweet;
No guilty Blood comes there; kill your Intentions,
And then you conquer; there where I am going,
Would you not meet me, Dear?

Jul. Yes.

Vir. And ſtill love me?

Jul. And ſtill behold you.

Vir. Live then 'till Heav'n calls you.
Then ripe and full of Sweetneſs you riſe ſainted.
Then I that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
With Hymns of holy Love——I go out:
Give me your Hand, farewel, in Peace farewel,
Remember me, farewel. [*Dies.*

Jul. Sleep you ſweet Glaſſes,
An everlaſting Slumber crown thoſe Cryſtals,
All my Delight adieu, farewel, dear *Virolet*,
Dear, dear, moſt dear; O I can weep no more,
My Body now is Fire, and all conſuming.
Here will I ſit, forget the World and all things,
And only wait what Heav'n ſhall turn me to,
For now methinks I ſhould not live. [*She ſits down.*

Enter Pandulpho.

Pand. O my ſweet Daughter,
The Work is finiſh'd now, I promis'd thee:
Here are thy Virtues ſhewed, here regiſter'd,
And here ſhall live for ever.
Jal. Blot it, burn it,
I have no Virtue, hateful I am as Hell is.
Pand. Is not this *Virolet*?
Jul. Ask no more Queſtions;
Miſtaking him, I kill'd him.
Pand. O my Son,
Nature turns to my Heart again, my dear Son,
Son of my Age, would'ſt thou go out ſo quickly?
So poorly take thy Leave, and never ſee me?
Was this a kind Stroak, Daughter? Could you love him,
Honour his Father, and ſo deadly ſtrike him?
O wither'd timeleſs Youth, are all thy Promiſes,
Thy goodly Growth of Honours, come to this?
Do I halt ſtill i'th' World, and trouble Nature,
When her main Pieces founder, and fail daily?

Enter Boy, and three Servants.

Boy. He does weep certain: What Body's that lyes (by him?
How do you do, Sir?
Pand. O look there, *Lucio*,
Thy Maſter, thy beſt Maſter.
Boy. Woe is me.
They have kill'd him, ſlain him baſely; O my Maſter!
Pand. Well Daughter, well; what Heart had you to do this?
I know he did you Wrong; but 'twas his Fortune,
And not his Fault, for my ſake that have lov'd you,
But I ſee now you ſcorn me too.
Boy. O Miſtreſs?
Can you ſit there, and his cold Body breathleſs?
Baſely upon the Earth?
Pan. Let her alone, Boy,
She glories in his end.
Boy. You ſhall not ſit here,
And ſuffer him you loved,---ha! Good Sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly, heave her up; O Heav'n, Sir,
O God, my Heart, ſhe's cold, cold and ſtiff too,
Stiff as a Stake, ſhe's dead. *Pand.*

Pand. She's gone, ne'er bend her.
I know her Heart, she could not want his Company:
Blessing go with thy Soul, sweet Angels shadow it.
O, that I were the third now, what a Happiness?
But I must live, to see you laid in Earth both,
Then build a Chappel to your Memories,
Where all my Wealth shall fashion out your Stories.
Then dig a little Grave besides, and all's done.
How sweet she looks, her Eyes are open smiling,
I thought she had been alive. You are my Charge, Sir,
And amongst you, I'll see his Goods distributed.
Take up the Bodies, mourn in Heart my Friends,
You have lost two noble Succours; follow me,
And thou, sad Country, weep this Misery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sesse, *Boatswain*, *Master*, *Gunner*, *Citizens*, *and Soldiers*; *as many as may be.*

Sesse. Keep the Ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter
But such as are known Patriots.

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Sesse. 'Tis a substantial Thing, and not a Word,
You Men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other Blessings leave us; 'tis a Jewel
Worth purchasing, at the dear rate of Life,
And so to be defended. O remember
What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it;
And if again you wish not to be Slaves,
And Properties to *Ferrand*'s Pride and Lust,
Take noble Courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 *Cit.* Our great Preserver,
You have infranchis'd us, from wretched Bondage.

2 *Cit.* And might be known, to whom we owe our Free-
We to the Death would follow him. (dom,

3 *Cit.* Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.

Sesse. That's not my end.
'Twas not Ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful Friends, nor hope of Spoil
For when we did possess the Tyrant's Treasure,
By Force extorted from you, and employed,

To load you with moſt miſerable Thraldom,
We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
The help of theſe, to get you Liberty,
That for the ſame Price kept you in Subjection.
Nor are we *Switzers*, worthy Country Men,
But *Neapolitans:* Now eye me well;
And tho' the reverend Emblems of mine Age,
My ſilver Locks are ſhorne, my Beard cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
Tho' fourteen Years you have not ſeen this Face,
You may remember it, and call to Mind
There was a Duke of *Seſſe*, a much wrong'd Prince,
Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand.*

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Seſſe.*

Seſſe. I thank you.

The Injuries I receiv'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made me forget the Love I owed this Country,
For which I hope, I have given Satisfaction,
In being the firſt that ſtir'd, to give it Freedom;
And with your Loves and furtherance, will call back
Long baniſht Peace, and Plenty, to this People.

2 *Cit.* Lead where you pleaſe, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all Dangers.

Enter Pandulpho, *the Bodies of* Virolet *and* Juliana *upon a Hearſe.*

Seſſe. What ſolemn Funeral's this?

Pand. There reſt a while,
And if't be poſſible there can be added
Wings to your ſwift deſire of juſt Revenge,
Hear (if my Tears will give way to my Words)
In brief a moſt ſad Story.

Seſſe. Speak, what are they?
I know thee well, *Pandulpho.*

Pand. My beſt Lord?
As far as Sorrow will give Leave, moſt welcome;
This *Virolet* was, and but a Son of mine,
I might ſay, the moſt hopeful of our Gentry;
And though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll ſpeak him no farther. Look on this,

This

This Face, that in a Savage would move Pity,
The Wonder of her Sex, and having ſaid
'Tis *Juliana*, Eloquence will want Words
To ſet out her deſervings; this bleſt Lady,
That did endure the Rack to ſave her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Endur'd a thouſand Tortures; by what Practice,
I know not, (but 'twas ſure a cunning one)
Are made, the laſt I hope, but ſad Examples
Of *Ferrand*'s Tyranny. Convey the Bodies hence.
Seſſe. Expreſs your Sorrow
In your Revenge, not Tears, my worthy Soldiers:
That fertile Earth that teem'd ſo many Children,
To feed his Cruelty, in her wounded Womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.
Boatſ. We are cold,
Cold Walls ſhall not keep him from us. (for a
Gun. Were he covered with Mountains, and room only
Bullet to be ſent level at him, I would ſpeed him.
Maſt. Let's ſcale this petty Tower; at Sea we are Fal-
And fly unto the Main-Top in a Moment. (con's
What then can ſtop us here?
1 *Cit.* We'll tear him Piece-meal.
2 *Cit.* Or eat a Paſſage to him.
Seſſe. Let Diſcretion
Direct your Anger; that's a Victory,
Which is got with leaſt Loſs, let us make ours ſuch:
And therefore Friends, while we hold parley here,
Raiſe your Scalado on the other ſide,
But enter'd wreak your Suff'rings.
[*Exeunt Sailors and Soldiers.*
1 *Cit.* In our Wrongs
There was no Mean.
2 *Cit.* Nor in our full Revenge
Will we know any.
Seſſe. Be appeas'd, good Man,
No Sorrow can redeem them from Death's Priſon;
What his inevitable Hand hath ſeiz'd on,
The World cannot recover. All the Comfort
That I can give to you, is to ſee Vengeance

Pour'd

Pour'd dreadfully upon the Author's Head,
Of which their Aſhes may be ſenſible,
That have faln by him. [*Sound a Parley.*
Enter Ferrand, Martia, Aſcanio, *and* Ronvere, *above.*
Pand. They appear.
Fer. 'Tis not that we eſteem rebellious Traitors
Worthy an Anſwer to their proudeſt Summons,
That we vouchſafe our Preſence, or to exchange
One Syllable with 'em; but to let ſuch know,
Though circled round with Treaſon, all points bent
As to their Center at my Heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, Villains, and in this weak Tower
Ferrand commands as abſolute, as when
He trod upon your Necks, and as much ſcorns you.
And when the Sun of Majeſty ſhall break through
The Clouds of your Rebellion, every Beam,
Inſtead of comfortable Heat, ſhall ſend
Conſuming Plagues among you, and you call
That Government which you term'd Tyrannous,
Hereafter, gentle.
Seſſe. Flatter not thy ſelf
With theſe deluding hopes, thou cruel Beaſt,
Thou art i'th' toil, and the glad Huntſman prouder,
By whom thou art taken, of his Prey, than if
(Like thee) he ſhould command, and ſpoil his Foreſt.
Fer. What art thou?
Seſſe. To thy horror, Duke of *Seſſe.*
Fer. The Devil.
Seſſe. Reſerv'd for thy Damnation.
Fer. Why ſhakes my Love?
Mart. O I am loſt for ever;
Mountains divide me from him, ſome kind Hand
Prevent our fearful meeting: Or lead me
To the ſteep Rock, whoſe rugged Brows are bent
Upon the ſwelling Main; there let me hide me:
And as our Bodies then ſhall be divided,
May our Souls never meet.
Fer. Whence grows this, Sweeteſt?
Mart. There are a thouſand Furies in his Looks;
And in his deadly ſilence more loud Horrour,

Than

Than when in Hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whoſe ſhrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my Father.
Seſſe. Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
Till my Revenge. It is my Daughter, *Ferrand*;
My Daughter thou haſt whor'd.
Fer. I triumph in it:
To know ſhe's thine, affords me more true Pleaſure,
Than the Act gave me, when even at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin Zone. Her ſhame dwell on thee,
And all thy Family; may they never know
A female Iſſue, but a Whore; *Aſcanio*,
Ronvere, look cheerful; be thou a Man too,
And learn of me to die. That we might fall,
And in our Ruins ſwallow up this Kingdom,
Nay the whole World, and make a ſecond *Chaos*.
And if from thence a new Beginning riſe,
Be it Recorded this did end with us;
And from our Duſt hath Embryon.
Ron. I liv'd with you,
And will die with you; your Example makes me
Equally bold.
Aſca. And I reſolv'd to bear
Whate'er my Fate appoints me.
Seſſe. They are ours,
Now to the Spoil.
Boatſ. Pity the Lady, to all elſe be deaf. [*Exeunt.*
Within. Kill, kill, kill.
[*Alarum, Flo. Trumpets, Retreat.*
Enter Seſſe *with* Ferrand's *Head, the Citizens, Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in* Aſcanio *and* Martia.
Seſſe. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the beſt Sacrifice to Heav'n for Peace,
Is Tyrants Blood, and thoſe that ſtuck faſt to him,
Fleſh'd Inſtruments in his commands to Miſchief,
With him diſpatch'd.
Boatſ. They are cut off.
Seſſe. 'Tis well.
All. Thanks to the Duke of *Seſſe*.

Seſſe.

Seſſe. Pay that to Heav'n,
And for a general Joy, give general Thanks:
For Bleſſings ne'er deſcend from Heav'n, but when
A grateful Sacrifice aſcends from Men.
To your Devotion, leave me, there's a Scene
Which I would act alone; yet you may ſtay,
For wanting juſt Spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The reſt forbear me.

Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

Mart. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
As now I ſtand above it; how I tremble!
Thrice happy they that died, I dying live
To ſtand the Whirlwind of a Father's Fury.
Now it moves toward me.

Seſſe. Thou, I want a Name
By which to ſtile thee: All articulate ſounds
That do expreſs the miſchief of vile Woman,
That are, or have been, or ſhall be, are weak
To ſpeak thee to the height. Witch, Parricide,
For thou, in taking leave of Modeſty,
Haſt kill'd thy Father, and his Honour loſt;
He's but a walking Shadow to torment thee.
To leave, and rob thy Father; then ſet free
His Foes, whoſe Slavery he did prefer
Above all Treaſure, was a ſtrong defeazance
To cut off even the ſureſt bonds of Mercy.
After all this, having given up thy ſelf,
Like to a ſenſual Beaſt, a ſlave to Luſt,
To play the Whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me)
To find out none to quench thy Appetite,
But the moſt cruel King, whom next to Hell
Thy Father hated, and whoſe black Embraces
Thou ſhouldſt have fled from, as the whips of Furies;
What canſt thou look for?

Enter Pandulpho, *and the Bodies born on the Herſe.*

Mart. Death; and 'tis not in you
To hurt me farther; my old Reſolution,
Take now the place of Fear; in this I liv'd,
In this I'll die, your Daughter.

Pand.

Pand. Look but here;
You had, I know, a guilty Hand in this;
Repent it, Lady.
Mart. Juliana dead?
And *Virolet?*
Pand. By her unwilling Hand.
Mart. Fates, you are equal. What can now fall on me,
That I will ſhrink at? Now unmov'd I dare
Look on your Anger, and not bend a Knee
To ask your Pardon; let your Rage run higher
Than Billows rais'd up by a violent Tempeſt,
And be, as that is, deaf to all intreaties;
They are dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my deſires are ſum'd up.
Seſſe. Impudent too?
Die in it, Wretch.
Boatſ. Stay, Sir. [*Boatſwain kills her.*
Seſſe. How dareſt thou, Villain,
Snatch from my Sword the honour of my Juſtice?
Boatſ. I never did you better Service, Sir,
Yet have been ever faithful. I confeſs
That ſhe deſerv'd to die, but by whoſe Hand?
Not by a Father's. Double all her Guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
In me 'tis Murder, in you 'twere a Crime
Heav'n could not pardon. Witneſs that I love you,
And in that Love I did it.
Seſſe. Thou art noble,
I thank thee for't, the thought of her die with her.
Aſca. My turn is next; ſince ſhe could find no Mercy,
What am I to expect?
Cit. With one Voice, Sir,
The Citizens ſalute you with the Stile
Of King of *Naples.*
Seſſe. I muſt be excus'd,
The Burden is too heavy for my Shoulder,
Beſtow it where 'tis due. Stand forth *Aſcanio,*
It does belong to you; live long and wear it,
And warn'd by the Example of your Uncle,

Learn

Learn that you are to govern Men, not Beasts:
And that it is a most improvident Head,
That strives to hurt the Limbs that do support it.
Give burial to the Dead; for me, and mine,
We will again to Sea, and never know
The Place, which in my Birth first gave me Woe.

[*Flourish Trumpets.* *Exeunt omnes.*



The Maid in ye Mill

vol. 5. p. 251

THE MAID IN THE MILL.

A COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

DON Philippo, *King of* Spain.
Otrante, *a Spaniſh Count, in love with* Florimel.
Julio, *A Nobleman, Uncle to* Antonio.
Bellides, *Father to* Iſmenia, *Enemy to* Julio.
Liſauro, *Brother to* Iſmenia, Bellides *Son.*
Terzo, *Kinſman to* Liſauro, *and Friend to* Bellides.
Antonio, *in love with* Iſmenia, *an Enemy to* Bellides.
Martino, *Friend to* Antonio, *and his ſecret Rival.*
Geraſto, *Friend to* Otrante.
Pedro, Moncado, } *Two Courtiers.*
Goſtanzo, Giraldo, Philippo, } *Three Gentlemen, Friends to* Julio.
Vertigo, *A* French *Taylor.*
Lords, attending the King in Progreſs.
Franio, *a Miller, ſuppoſed Father to* Florimel.
Buſtopha, Franio *his Son, a Clown.*
Pedro, *a Songſter.*
Conſtable.
Officers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Iſmenia, *Daughter to* Bellides, *Miſtreſs of* Antonio.
Aminta, *Couſin to* Iſmenia, *and her private Competrix in* Antonio's *Love.*
Florimel, *ſuppoſed Daughter to* Franio, *Daughter to* Julio, *ſtolen from him a Child.*
Gillian, Franio *the Miller's Wife.*
Country Maids.

SCENE *SPAIN.*

THE

THE MAID in the MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Liſauro, Terzo, Iſmenia, *and* Aminta.

LISAURO.



ET the Coach go round, we'll walk along theſe Meadows, (Siſter,
And meet at Port again: Come my fair
Theſe cool Shades will delight ye.
Amin. Pray be merry, (ye,
The Birds ſing as they meant to entertain
Every thing ſmiles abroad; methinks the River,
As he ſteals by, curles up his Head, to view ye:
Every thing is in Love.
Iſm. You would have it ſo.
You that are fair, are eaſie of belief, Couſin,
The theam ſlides from your Tongue.
Amin. I fair? I thank ye,
Mine's but Shadow when your Sun ſhines by me.
Iſm. No more of this, you know your worth, *Aminta.*
Where are we now?
Amin. Hard by the Town, *Iſmenia.*
Ter. Cloſe by the Gates.
Iſm. 'Tis a fine Air.
Liſ. A delicate;
The way ſo ſweet and even, that the Coach
Would be a tumbling trouble to our Pleaſures:
Methinks I am very merry.

Ism. I am ſad.
Amin. You are ever ſo when we entreat ye, Couſin.
Ism. I have no reaſon; ſuch a trembling here
Over my Heart methinks.
Amin. Sure you are faſting,
Or not ſlept well to Night; ſome Dream, *Iſmenia?*
Ism. My Dreams are like my Thoughts, honeſt and innocent,
Yours are unhappy; who are theſe that coaſt us?
You told me the Walk was private.

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Ter. 'Tis moſt commonly.
Ism. Two proper Men: It ſeems they have ſome buſineſs,
With me none ſure; I do not like their Faces;
They are not of our Company.
Ter. No, Couſin:
Liſauro, we are dog'd.
Liſ. I find it, Couſin.
Ant. What handſome Lady?
Mar. Yes, ſhe's very handſome;
They are handſome both.
Ant. Martine, ſtay we are cozen'd.
Mar. I will go up; a Woman is no Wild-fire.
Ant. Now by my Life ſhe is ſweet: Stay good *Martine*,
They are of our Enemies, the Houſe of *Belides*;
Our mortal Enemies.
Mar. Let 'em be Devils,
They appear ſo handſomly, I will go forward;
If theſe be Enemies, I'll ne'er ſeek Friends more.
Ant. Prithee forbear, the Gentlewomen.
Mar. That's it, Man,
That moves me like a Gin.
'Pray ye ſtand off, Ladies.
Liſ. They are both our Enemies, both hate us equally;
By this fair Day our mortal Foes.
Ter. I know 'em,
And come here to affront: how they gape at us?
They ſhall have gaping work.
Ism. Why your Swords, Gentlemen?
Ter. Pray ye ſtand you off, Couſin,
And good now leave your whiſtling, we are abus'd all:
Back, back, I ſay.

Liſ.

Lif. Go back.
Ant. We are no Dogs, Sir,
To run back on Command.
Ter. We'll make ye run, Sir.
Ant. Having a civil Charge of handſome Ladies,
We are your Servants; pray ye no Quarrel, Gentlemen,
There's way enough for both.
Lif. We'll make it wider. (have at ye.
Ant. If you will fight; arm'd from this Saint,
Iſm. O me unhappy, are ye Gentlemen?
Diſcreet, and civil, and in open View thus?
Amin. What will Men think of us; nay you may kill us.
Mercy o'me, through my Petticoat; what bloody Gentlemen! (nocent,
Iſm. Make way through me, ye had beſt, and kill an In-
Brother, why Couſin, by this Light I'll die too:
This Gentleman is temperate; be you merciful:
Alas, the Swords.
Amin. You had beſt run me through,
'Twill be a valiant Thruſt.
Iſm. I faint amongſt ye.
Ant. Pray ye be not fearful: I have done, ſweet Lady,
My Sword's already aw'd, and ſhall obey ye:
I come not here to violate ſweet Beauty,
I bow to that.
Iſm. Brother, you ſee this Gentleman,
This noble Gentleman.
Lif. Let him avoid then,
And leave our Walk.
Ant. The Lady may command, Sir,
She bears an Eye more dreadful than your Weapon.
Iſm. What a ſweet Nature this Man has? dear Bro-
Put up your Sword. (ther,
Ter. Let them put up, and walk, then. (us:
Ant. No more loud Words, there's time enough before
For ſhame put up, do Honour to theſe Beauties.
Mar. Our way is this,
We will not be deny'd it.
Ter. And ours is this, we will not be croſs'd in it.
Ant. What e'er your way is, Lady, 'tis a fair one;

And may it never meet with rude Hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues. [*Exeunt.*
Ism. I thank ye, Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly; a brave Enemy,
Here's a ſweet Temper now: This is a Man, Brother,
This Gentleman's anger is ſo nobly ſeated,
That it becomes him, yours proclaim ye Monſters.
What if he be our Houſe-Foe? we may brag on't;
We have ne'er a Friend in all our Houſe ſo honourable:
I had rather from an Enemy, my Brother,
Learn worthy diſtances and modeſt difference,
Than from a Race of empty Friends, loud nothings:
I am hurt between ye.
Amin. So am I, I fear too. Dear Couſin,
Why look ye pale? Where are ye hurt?
Ism. I know not,
But here methinks.
Liſ. Unlace her, gentle Couſin.
Ism. My Heart, my Heart, and yet I bleſs the hurter.
Amin. Is it ſo dangerous?
Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Amin. Here is no Blood that I find, ſure 'tis inward.
Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a ſubtle Weapon,
The hurt not to be cur'd I fear.
Liſ. The Coach there.
Amin. May be a fright.
Ism. Aminta, 'twas a ſweet one,
And yet a cruel.
Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handſome Gentleman.
Ism. Oh no deeper:
Prithee be ſilent, Wench, it may be thy caſe.
Amin. You muſt be ſearched; the Wound will rancle,
And of ſo ſweet a Nature. (Couſin,
Ism. Dear *Aminta*,
Make it not ſorer.
Amin. And on my Life admires ye.
Ism. Call the Coach, Couſin.
Amin. The Coach, the Coach.
Ter. 'Tis ready, bring the Coach there.

Liſ.

Lif. Well my brave Enemies, we ſhall yet meet ye,
And our old Hate ſhall teſtifie.
Ter. It ſhall, Couſin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Ant. Their Swords, alas, I weigh 'em not, dear Friend,
The Indiſcretion of the Owners blunts 'em;
The Fury of the Houſe affrights not me,
It ſpends it ſelf in Words: Oh me, *Martine*,
There was a two-edg'd Eye, a Lady carry'd
A Weapon that no Valour can avoid,
Nor Art, the Hand of Spirit, put aſide.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a Bullet
Wrapt in a Cloud of Fire; that Point, *Martine*,
Dazled my Senſe, and was too ſubtle for me,
Shot like a Comet in my Face, and wounded,
To my Eternal Ruin, my Heart's Valour.
Mar. Methinks ſhe was no ſuch Piece.
Ant. Blaſpheme not, Sir,
She is ſo far beyond weak Commendation,
That Impudence will bluſh to think ill of her.
Mar. I ſee it not, and yet I have both Eyes open,
And I could judge, I know there is no Beauty
'Till our Eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handſome;
What's red and white, unleſs we do allow 'em?
A green Face elſe; and methinks ſuch another.
Ant. Peace thou lewd Heretick; thou Judge of Beauties?
Thou haſt an excellent Senſe for a Sign-Poſt, Friend,
Doſt thou not ſee? I'll ſwear thou art ſoon blind elſe,
As blind as Ignorance; when ſhe appear'd firſt
Aurora breaking in the Eaſt, and through her Face,
As if the Hours and Graces had ſtrew'd Roſes,
A Bluſh of Wonder flying; when he was frighted
At our uncivil Swords, didſt thou not mark
How far beyond the Purity of Snow
The ſoft Wind drives whiteneſs of Innocence,
Or any thing that bears celeſtial Paleneſs,
She appear'd o'th' ſudden? Didſt thou not ſee her Tears
When ſhe entreated? O thou Reprobate!

Didſt thou not ſee thoſe orient Tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A ſet, *Martine*,
Of ſuch ſanctified Beads, and a holy Heart to love,
I could live ever a religious Hermit.
Mar. I do believe a little, and yet methinks
She was of the loweſt Stature.
Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep. Nature's chief Art, *Martine*,
Is to reſerve her Models curious,
Not cumberſome and great; and ſuch an one
For fear ſhe ſhould exceed, upon her Matter
Has ſhe fram'd this; oh 'tis a Spark of Beauty,
And where they appear ſo excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention ſpoils 'em:
Martine learn this, the narrower that our Eyes
Keep way unto our Object, ſtill the ſweeter
That comes unto us: Great Bodies are like Countries,
Diſcovering ſtill, Toil and no Pleaſure finds 'em.
Mar. A rare Coſmographer for a ſmall Iſland,
Now I believe ſhe is handſome.
Ant. Believe heartily,
Let thy Belief, though long a coming, ſave thee.
Mar. She was, certain, fair.
Ant. But hark ye, Friend *Martine*,
Do not believe your ſelf too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.
Mar. Who bid ye teach me?
Do you ſhow me Meat, and ſtitch my Lips, *Antonio*?
Is that fair Play?
Ant. Now if thou ſhouldſt abuſe me,
And yet I know thee for an errant Wencher,
A moſt immoderate thing, thou canſt not love long.
Mar. A little ſerves my turn, I fly at all Games,
But I believe.
Ant. How if we never ſee her more?
She is our Enemy.
Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive ſhe hates our whole Houſe.
Ant. Yet, good *Martine*.
Mar. Come, come, I have mercy on ye:

You

You ſhall enjoy her in your Dream, *Antonio*,
And I'll not hinder; though now I perſuade my ſelf.
Enter Aminta *with a Letter.*
Ant. Sit with Perſuaſion down, and you deal honeſtly;
I will look better on her.
Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?
Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?
Mar. Yes, a Letter.
She brings no Challenge ſure; if ſhe do, *Antonio*,
I hope ſhe'll be a Second too; I am for her.
Amin. A good Hour, Gentlemen.
Ant. You are welcome, Lady;
'Tis like our late rude Paſſage has pour'd on us
Some Reprehenſion.
Amin. No, I bring no Anger,
Though ſome deſerv'd it.
Ant. Sure we were all to blame, Lady;
But for my part, in all Humility
And with no little Shame, I ask your Pardons,
Indeed I wear no Sword to fright ſweet Beauties.
Amin. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye Sir, (view it,
And my Commiſſion's done.
Mar. Have ye none for me, Lady?
Amin. Not at this time.
Mar. I am ſorry for't; I can read too.
Amin. I am glad; but Sir, to keep you in your Exer- (ciſe,
You may chance meet with one ill written.
Mar. Thank ye,
So it be a Womans, I can pick the Meaning,
For likely they have but one end.
Amin. You ſay true, Sir. [*Exit.*
Ant. *Martine*, my Wiſhes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave Return; moſt happy, happy,
I am a bleſſed Man; where's the Gentlewoman?
Mar. Gone, the Spirit's gone, what News?
Ant. 'Tis from the Lady;
From her we ſaw; from that ſame Miracle,
I know her Name now; read but theſe three Lines;
Read with Devotion, Friend, the Lines are holy.

Martine reads.

I dare not chide ye in my Letter, Sir,
'Twill be too gentle: If you pleaſe to look me
In the Weſt-ſtreet, *and find a fair Stone Window*
Carved with white Cupid; *there I'll entertain ye:*
Night and Diſcretion guide ye. *Call me* Iſmenia.

Ant. Give it me again: Come, come, fly, fly, I am all (Fire.
Mar. There may be Danger.
Ant. So there is to drink,
When Men are thirſty, to eat haſtily
When we are hungry: So there is in Sleep, Friend,
Obſtructions then may riſe and ſmother us;
We may die laughing, choak'd even at Devotions:
An Apoplexy, or a ſudden Palſie,
May ſtrike us down.
Mar. May be a Train to catch ye.
Ant. Then I am caught; and let Love anſwer for it,
'Tis not my Folly, but his Infamy.
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things.——
Mar. Well, I will go.
Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy Spell
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a Villany.
'Tis almoſt Night; away Friend.
Mar. I am ready,
I think I know the Houſe too.
Ant. Then are we happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta.

Iſm. Did you meet him?
Amin. Yes.
Iſm. And did you give my Letter?
Amin. To what end went I?
Iſm. Are ye ſure it was he?
Was it that Gentleman?
Amin. Do you think I was blind?
I went to ſeek no Carrier, nor no Midwife. (Friend.
Iſm. What kind of Man was he? Thou may'ſt be deciv'd,

Amin.

Amin. A Man with a Noſe on's Face: I think he had
And Hands, for ſure he took it. (Eyes too,
Iſm. What an Anſwer? (troubled?
Amin. What Queſtions are theſe to one that's hot and
Do you think me a Babe? Am I not able, Couſin,
At my Years and Diſcretion, to deliver
A Letter handſomely? Is that ſuch a hard thing?
Why every Wafer-woman will undertake it:
A Sempſter's Girl, or a Tailor's Wife will not miſs it:
A Puritan Hoſteſs, Couſin, would ſcorn theſe Queſtions.
My Legs are weary.
Iſm. I'll make 'em well again.
Amin. Are they at Supper?
Iſm. Yes, and I am not well,
Nor deſire no Company: Look out, 'tis darkiſh.
Amin. I ſee nothing yet; aſſure your ſelf, *Iſmenia*,
If he be a Man, he will not miſs.
Iſm. It may be he is modeſt,
And that may pull him back from ſeeing me;
Or has made ſome wild Conſtruction of my Eaſineſs:
I bluſh to think what I writ.
Amin. What ſhould ye bluſh at?
Bluſh when you act your Thoughts, not when you write
Bluſh ſoft between a Pair of Sheets, ſweet Couſin. ('em;
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I cannot think
He's ſo unnatural to leave a Woman,
A young, a noble, and a beauteous Woman,
Leave her in her Deſires: Men of this Age
Are rather prone to come before they are ſent for.
Hark, I hear ſomething: Up to th' Chamber, Couſin,
You may ſpoil all elſe.

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Iſm. Let me ſee, they are Gentlemen;
It may be they.
Amin. They are they; get ye up,
And like a Land-ſtar draw him.
Iſm. I am ſhame-fac'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. This is the Street.
Mart. I am looking for the Houſe:
Cloſe, cloſe, pray ye cloſe here.

Ant.

Ant. No, this is a Merchant's;
I know the Man well:
Mar. And this a Pothecary's: I have lain here many times,
For a looſeneſs in my Hilts.
Ant. Have ye not paſt it?
Mar. No ſure:
There is no Houſe of mark that we have ſcaped yet.
Ant. What place is this?
Mar. Speak ſofter, 'may be Spies;
If any, this, a goodly Window too,
Carv'd far above, that I perceive; 'tis dark,
But ſhe has ſuch a Luſtre.

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta *above with a Taper.*

Ant. Yes *Martine*,
So radiant ſhe appears.
Mar. Elſe we may miſs, Sir:
The Night grows vengeance black, pray Heav'n ſhe ſhine clear;
Hark, hark, a Window, and a Candle too.
Ant. Step cloſe, 'tis ſhe; I ſee the Cloud diſperſe,
And now the beauteous Planet.
Mar. Ha, 'tis indeed,
Now by the ſoul of Love a Divine Creature.
Iſm. Sir, Sir.
Ant. Moſt bleſſed Lady.
Iſm. 'Pray ye ſtand out.
Amin. You need not fear, there's no Body now ſtirring.
Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite ſtrangely taken.
Amin. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble Body:
I love him heartily.
Iſm. 'Tis the right Gentleman;
But what to ſay to him. Sir.
Amin. Speak.
Ant. I wait ſtill,
And will do till I grow another Pillar,
To prop this Houſe, ſo it pleaſe you.
Iſm. Speak ſoftly,
And 'pray ye ſpeak truly too.
Ant. I never ly'd, Lady.

Iſm.

Iſm. And don't think me impudent to ask ye,
I know ye are an Enemy, ſpeak low,
But I would make ye a Friend.
Ant. I am Friend to Beauty;
There's no Handſomneſs, I dare be Foe to.
Iſm. Are ye married?
Ant. No.
Iſm. Are ye betrothed?
Ant. No, neither.
Iſm. Indeed, fair Sir?
Ant. Indeed, fair Sweet, I am not.
Moſt beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.
Iſm. That may be, Sir, then ye are miſerable,
For I am bound.
Ant. Happy the Bonds that hold ye;
Or do you put them on your ſelf for Pleaſure?
Sure they be ſweeter far than Liberty:
There is no bleſſedneſs but in ſuch Bondage.
Give me that freedom, Madam, I beſeech ye,
(Since you have queſtion'd me ſo cunningly)
To ask you whom you are bound to; he muſt be certain
More than Human, that bounds in ſuch a Beauty:
Happy that happy Chain, ſuch Links are Heav'nly.
Iſm. Pray ye do not mock me, Sir.
Ant. Pray ye, Lady, tell me.
Iſm. Will ye believe, and will ye keep it to ye?
And not ſcorn what I ſpeak?
Ant. I dare not, Madam,
As Oracle what you ſay, I dare ſwear to.
Iſm. I'll ſet the Candle by, for I ſhall bluſh now;
Fie, how it doubles in my Mouth? It muſt out,
'Tis you I am bound to.
Ant. Speak that work again.
I underſtand ye not.
Iſm. 'Tis you I am bound to.
Ant. Here is another Gentleman.
Iſm. 'Tis you, Sir.
Amin. He may be lov'd too.
Mar. Not by thee, firſt curſe me.
Iſm. And if I knew your Name.

Ant.

Ant. *Antonio*, Madam,
Ism. *Antonio*, take this Kiss, 'tis you I am bound to.
Ant. And when I set ye free, may Heav'n forsake me,
Ismenia.
Ism. Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You have learn'd my Name.
Ant. Hear but some Vows I make to ye:
Hear but the Protestations of a true Love.
Ism. No, no, not now: Vows should be cheerful things,
Done in the cleerest Light, and noblest Testimony:
No Vow, dear Sir, tie not my fair Belief
To such strict Terms; those Men have broken Credits,
Loose and dismembred Faiths, my dear *Antonio*,
That splinter 'em with Vows: Am I not too bold?
Correct me when you please.
Ant. I had rather hear ye,
For so sweet Musick never struck mine Ears yet:
Will you believe now?
Ism. Yes.
Ant. I am yours.
Ism. Speak louder,
If ye answer the Priest so low, you will lose your Wedding.
Mar. Would I might speak, I would hollow.
Ant. Take my Heart,
And if it be not firm and honest to you,
Heav'n———
Ism. Peace, no more: I'll keep your Heart and credit it.
Keep you your word; when will you come again, Friend?
For this time we have woo'd indifferently.
I would fain see ye, when I dare be bolder.
Ant. Why any Night; only, dear noble Mistress,
Pardon three Days, my Uncle *Julio*
Has bound me to attend him upon Promise,
Upon expectation too; we have rare Sports there,
Rare Country Sports, I would you could but see 'em.
Dare ye so honour me?
Ism. I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I must not, Friend,
Where I may come with honourable Freedom
Alas, I am ill too, we in Love.

Ant.

Ant. You flout me.

Ism. Truſt me, I do not; I ſpeak truth, I am ſickly,
And am in Love, but you muſt be Phyſician.

Ant. I'll make a Plaiſter of my beſt Affection.

Ism. Be gone, we have ſupp'd, I hear the People ſtir,
Take my beſt Wiſhes; give me no cauſe, *Antonio*,
To curſe this happy Night.

Ant. I'll loſe my Life firſt:
A thouſand Kiſſes.

Ism. Take ten thouſand back again.

Mar. I am dumb with Admiration; ſhall we go, Sir?
[*Exeunt.*

Ism. Doſt thou know his Uncle?

Amin. No, but I can ask, Couſin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that, come, let's to Bed both,
And give me handſome Dreams, Love, I beſeech thee.

Amin. 'Has given ye a handſome Subject.

Ism. Pluck to the Windows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Buſtopha.

Buſt. THE thundering Seas, whoſe watry Fire waſhes
The whiting Mops:
The gentle Whale whoſe Feet ſo fell
Flies o'er the Mountains tops.

Fra. within. Boy.

Buſt. The thundring.

Fra. Why Boy *Buſtopha.*

Buſt. Here I am; the gentle Whale.

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your Siſter?

Buſt. The gentle Whale flies o'er the Mountain tops.

Fra. Where's your Siſter, Man?

Buſt. Waſhes the whiting-Mops.

Fra. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe has none to waſh Mops?
The Boy is half way out of his Wits, ſure:
Sirrah,

Sirrah, who am I?
Buſt. The thundring Seas.
Fra. Mad, ſtark mad.
Buſt. Will you not give a Man leave to Con? (Sirrah,
Fra. Yes, and feſſe too, e'er I have done with you
Am I your Father? (thing
Buſt. The Queſtion is too hard for Child, ask me any
That I have learn'd, and I'll anſwer you. (Father?
Fra. Is that a hard Queſtion? Sirrah, am not I your
Buſt. If I had my Mother-wit I could tell you.
Fra. Are you a Thief?
Buſt. So far forth as the Son of a Miller.
Fra. Will you be hang'd?
Buſt. Let it go by Elderſhip. The gentle Whale——
Fra. Sirrah, lay by your fooliſh Study there,
And beat your Brains about your own Affairs: or-----
Buſt. I thank you; you'd have me go under the Sails,
And beat my Brains about your Mill? a natural
Father you are.——
Fra. I charge you go not to the Sports to Day;
Laſt Night I gave you leave, now I recant.
Buſt. Is the Wind turn'd ſince laſt Night?
Fra. Marry is it, Sir, go no farther than my Mill;
There's my Command upon you.
Buſt. I may go round about then as your Mill does?
I will ſee your Mill gelded, and his Stones fry'd in Steaks,
E'r I deceive the Country ſo; have I not my part to
How ſhall the Sports go forward, if I be not there? (ſtudy?
Fra. They'll want their Fool indeed, if you be'ſt not
Buſt. Conſider that, and go your ſelf. (there.
Fra. I have fears, Sir, that I cannot utter,
You go not, nor your Siſter; there's my Charge.
Buſt. The price of your golden Thumb cannot hold
Fra. I, this was ſport that I have tightly lov'd, (me.
I could have kept Company with the Hounds.
Buſt. You are fit for no other Company yet. (i'faith:
Fra. Run with the Hare, and been in the Whore's tail
Buſt. That was before I was born,
I did ever miſtruſt I was a Baſtard,
Becauſe *Lapis* is in the ſingular number with me.

Enter

Enter Otrante *and* Geraſto.

Otr. Leave thou that Game, *Geraſto*, and chaſe here;
Do thou but follow it with my deſires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.
Ger. I am prepar'd,
My Lord, with Advantages; and ſee
Yonder's the Subject I muſt work upon.
Otr. Her Brother 'tis: Methinks it ſhould be eaſie
That groſs Compound cannot but diffuſe
The Soul in ſuch a Latitude of eaſe,
As to make dull her Faculties, and lazie:
What Wit above the leaſt can be in him,
That Reaſon ties together?
Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a Hackney-pace,
With all that Fleſh about him; yes, and dragg
His Siſter after him: This baits the old one,
Rid you him, and leave me to the other. [*Exit.*
Otr. 'Tis well: Oh *Franio*, the good Day to you;
You were not wont to hear this Muſick ſtanding;
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the firſt rank of Huntſmen.
Buſt. The Dogs cry out of him now.
Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking, I'll bite you elſe:
Buſt. Curr, Curr.
Fra. Slave, do'ſt call me Dog?
Otr. Oh fie, Sir, he ſpeaks *Latine* to you,
He would know why you'll bite him. (my Lord.
Buſt. Reſponde cur; You ſee his Underſtanding,
Fra. I ſhall have a time to curry you for this:
But, my Lord, to anſwer you, the Days have been
I muſt have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a fire,
And let the Stones grind empty: But thoſe Dancings
Are done with me; I have good will to it ſtill,
And that's the beſt I can do,
Otr. Come, come, you ſhall be hors'd;
Your Company deſerves him, though you kill him,
Run him blind, I care not.

Buſt.

Buſt. He'll do't o'th' purpoſe, my Lord, to bring him up to the Mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my Lord. (now:

Otr. There's a foot i'th' Stirrop; I'll not leave you You ſhall ſee the Game fall once again. (you,

Fra. Well, my Lord, I'll make ready my Legs for And try 'em once a Horſeback. Sirrah, my Charge, keep it. [*Exit.*

Buſt. Yes, when you pare down your diſh for Conſcience When your Thumb's coin'd into *bone & legalis*, (ſake, When you are a true Man-Miller.

Otr. What's the matter *Buſtopha?* (has the Staggers,

Buſt. My Lord; if you have e'er a drunken Jade that That will fall twice the height of our Mill with him, ſet him (out o'the O'th' back on him, a galled *Jennet* that will winch him Saddle, and break one on's Necks, or a ſhank of him; (there was A Fool going that way, but the Aſs had better luck;) Or one of your brave *Barbaries*, that would paſs the Straits, and run (would Into his own Country with him; the firſt *Moor* he met, Cut his Throat for Complexions ſake, there's as deadly feud between A *Moor* and a Miller, as between Black and White.

Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnatural, *Buſtopha*, Unleſs on ſome ſtrong cauſe.

Buſt. Be Judge, my Lord, (Country I am ſtudied in my Part; the *Julian* Feaſt is to Day, the Expects me, I ſpeak all the dumb ſhews; my Siſter choſen for (mercy, A Nimph. The gentle Whale whoſe feet ſo fell: Cry That was ſome of my part; but his Charge is to keep And diſappoint the Revels. (the Mill,

Otr. Indeed, there it ſpeaks ſhrewdly for thee, the Coun-

Buſt. I, and for mine own Grace too. (try expecting.

Otr. Yes, and being ſtudied too, and the main Speaker too.

Buſt. The main? Why all my Speech lies in the Main, And the dry Ground together: The thundering Seas, whoſe, &c.

Otr. Nay

Otr. Nay, then thou muſt go, thou'lt be much con-
But then o'th' other ſide, Obedience. (demn'd elſe:
Buſt. Obedience?
But ſpeak you Conſcience now, my Lord,
Am not I paſt asking Bleſſing at theſe Years?
Speak as you're a Lord, if you had a Miller to your Father.

Otr. I muſt yield to you, *Buſtopha*; your Reaſons
Are ſo ſtrong, I cannot contradict: This I think,
If you go, your Siſter ought to go along with you.
Buſt. There I ſtumble now: She is not at Age.
Otr. Why, ſhe's fifteen, and upwards.
Buſt. Thereabouts.
Otr. That's Woman's ripe Age; as full as thou art
At one and twenty: She's manable, is ſhe not?
Buſt. I think not; poor Heart, ſhe was never try'd, in my Conſcience.
'Tis a coy thing; ſhe will not kiſs you a Clown, not if he
Would kiſs her.
Otr. What, Man?
Buſt. Not if he would kiſs her, I ſay.
Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier than I expected; well, Sir,
I'll leave you to your own; but Opinion is,
You may take her along: This is half way:
The reſt, *Geraſto*, and I hunt my Prey.—— [*Exit.*
Buſt. Away with the old Miller, my Lord, and the Mill
Strikes ſail preſently.

Enter Pedro, *with* Geraſto *blind, ſinging.*

S O N G.

Ger. *Come follow me, you Country Laſſes,*
And you ſhall ſee ſuch Sport as paſſes:
You ſhall dance, and I will ſing;
Pedro, *he ſhall rub the String:*
Each ſhall have a looſe-bodied Gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lye down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Buſt. O ſweet *Diego*, the ſweeteſt *Diego*; ſtay, Siſter *Florimel.*
Flo. What's that, Brother?

Buſt. Didſt not hear *Diego*? Hear him, and thou'lt be raviſh'd.

Flo. I have heard him ſing, yet unraviſh'd, Brother.

Buſt. You had the better Luck, Siſter. I was raviſh'd By my own Conſent; come away, for the Sports.

Flo. I have the Fear of a Father on me, Brother.

Buſt. Out; the Thief is as ſafe as in his Mill; he's hunting with our Great Landlord, the Don *Otrante.* Strike up, *Diego.*

Flo. But ſay he return before us, where's our Excuſe?

Buſt. Strike up, *Diego.* Haſt no Strings to thy Apron?

Flo. Well, the Fault lye upon your Head, Brother.

Buſt. My Faults never mount ſo high, Girl, they riſe but to My Middle at moſt. Strike up, *Diego.*

Ger. Follow me by the Ear, I'll lead thee on, *Buſtopha*, and Pretty *Florimel* thy Siſter; oh that I could ſee her.

Buſt. Oh *Diego*, there's two Pities upon thee; great Pity thou art blind; And as great a Pity, thou canſt not ſee.

S O N G.

Ger. *You ſhall have Crowns of Roſes, Daiſies,*
Buds, where the Hony-maker gazes;
You ſhall taſte the golden Thighs,
Such as in Wax-Chamber lyes.
What Fruit pleaſe you, taſte, freely pull,
'Till you have all your Bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

Buſt. Oh, *Diego*, the Don was not ſo ſweet when he perfum'd the Steeple. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio *and* Martine.

Mar. Why, how now, Friend, thou art not loſt again?

Ant. Not loſt? Why, all the World's a Wilderneſs; Some Places peopled more by braver Beaſts Than others are; but Faces, Faces, Man, May a Man be caught with Faces?

Mar. Without Wonder, 'Tis Odds againſt him: May not a good Face

Lead

Lead a Man about by th'Noſe? 'las,
The Noſe is but a part againſt the whole.
Ant. But is it poſſible that two Faces
Should be ſo twin'd in Form, Complexion,
Figure, Aſpect? that neither Wen, nor Mole,
The Table of the Brow, the Eyes Luſtre,
The Lips cherry; neither the Bluſh nor Smile
Should give the one Diſtinction from the other?
Does Nature work in Molds?
Mar. Altogether.
We are all one Mold, one Duſt.
Ant. Thy Reaſon's mouldy.
I ſpeak from the Form, thou the Matter.
Why? was't not ever one of Nature's Glories,
Nay, her great Piece of wonder, that amongſt
So many Millions Millions of her Works
She left the Eye Diſtinction, to cull out
The one from th'other; yet all one Name, the Face?
Mar. You muſt compare 'em by ſome other part
Of the Body, if the Face cannot do't.
Ant. Didſt ask her Name?
Mar. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promis'd more, beſides a Spoon,
And what Apoſtles Picture: She is chriſtened too,
In Token wherefore ſhe is called *Iſabella*,
The Daughter of a Country plow Swain by:
If this be not true, ſhe lyes.
Ant. She cannot;
It would be ſeen a Bliſter on her Lip,
Should Falſhood touch it, it is ſo tender:
Had her Name held, 'thad been *Iſmenia*,
And not another of her Name.
Mar. Shall I ſpeak? like?
Ant. Yes, if thou'lt ſpeak truth: Is ſhe not wondrous
Mar. As two Garments of the ſame Faſhion,
Cut from the ſame Piece; yet if any excel,
This has the firſt; and in my Judgment 'tis ſo.
Ant. 'Tis my Opinion.
Mar. Were it the Face

Where mine Eye ſhould dwell, I would pleaſe both
With this, as ſoon as one with the other.
Ant. And yet the other is the Caſe of this.
Had I not look'd upon *Iſmenia*,
I ne'er had ſtaid beyond good Morrow's time
In view of this.
Mar. Would I could leave him here,
'Twere a free Paſſage to *Iſmenia*:
I muſt now blow, as to put out the Fire,
Yet kindle't more. You not conſider, Sir,
The great Diſparity is in their Bloods,
Eſtates and Fortunes: There's the rich Beauty,
Which this poor Homelineſs is not endow'd with;
There's difference enough.
Ant. The leaſt of all.
Equality is no Rule in Love's Grammar:
That ſole Unhappineſs is left to Princes
To marry Blood: We are free Diſpoſers,
And have the Power to equalize their Bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due Debt from us.
Mar. Ay, Sir, had you
No Father nor Uncle, nor ſuch hinderers,
You might do with your ſelf at your Pleaſure;
But as it is.
Ant. As it is; 'tisnothing:
Their Powers will come too late, to give me back
The Yeſterday I loſt.
Mar. Indeed, to ſay ſooth,
Your Oppoſition from the other part
Is of more Force; there you run the hazard
Of every Hour a Life, had you Supply;
You meet your deareſt Enemy in Love
With all his Hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your *Iſmenia* to come home to you,
Than you to go to Country *Iſabel*.

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tuſh, 'tis not Fear removes me.
Mar. No more; your Uncle.
Jul. Oh, the good Hour upon you, Gentlemen:
Welcome Nephew; ſpeak it to your Friend, Sir, It

It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his Acceptance.
Ant. I made bold, Uncle,
To do it before; and I think he believes it.
Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.
Jul. Here are Sports, Dons,
That you muſt look on with a loving Eye,
And without Cenſure, 'leſs it be giving
My Country Neighbours Loves their yearly Offerings,
That muſt not be refus'd; though't be more Pain
To the Spectator, than the painful Actor;
'Twill abide no more Teſt than the Tinſel
We clad our Masks in for an Hour's wearing,
Or the Livery Lace ſometimes on the Cloaks
Of a great Don's Followers: I ſpeak no further
Than our own Country, Sir.
Mar. For my part, Sir,
The more abſurd, 't ſhall be the better welcome.
Jul. You'll find the Gueſt you look for: I heard, Couſin,
You were at *Toledo* th' other Day.
Ant. Not late, Sir.
Jul. Oh fie! Muſt I be plainer? You chang'd the Point
With *Tirſo* and *Liſauro*, two of the Stock
Of our Antagoniſts, the *Belides*.
Ant. A meer Proffer, Sir; the Prevention
Was quick with us: We had done ſomewhat elſe;
This Gentleman was engag'd in't.
Jul. I am
The Enemy to his Foe for it: That wild-fire
Will crave more than fair Water to quench it,
I ſuſpect: Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle Reconcilement,
But I do fear I ſhall go back again.
Jul. Come, come; the Sports are coming on us;
Nay, I have more Gueſts to grace it; Welcome
Don *Goſtanco*, *Giraldo*, *Philippo*; Seat, ſeat all. [*Muſick.*

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. Love is little, and therefore I preſent him;
Love is a Fire, therefore you may lament him.

Mar. Alas poor Love, who are they that can quench him?
Jul. He's not without those Members, fear him not.
Cup. Love shoots, therefore I bear his Bow about.
And Love is blind, therefore my Eyes are out. (before.
Mar. I never heard Love give Reason for what he did

Enter Bustopha, *for* Paris.

Cup. Let such as can see, see such as cannot: Behold,
Our Goddesses all three strive for the Ball of Gold:
And here fair *Paris* comes, the hopeful Youth of *Troy*,
Queen *Hecub*'s darling Son, King *Priam*'s only Joy. (ther.
Mar. Is this *Paris*? I should have taken him for *Hector* ra-
Bust. *Paris* at this time: Pray you hold your prating.
Ant. *Paris* can be angry.
Jul. Oh at this time
You must pardon him; he comes as a Judge.
Mar. ——Mercy on all that looks upon him, say I.
Bust. The thundring Seas whose watry Fire washes the
Whiting Mops. (tain Tops.
The gentle Whale, whose Feet so fell, flies o'er the Moun-
No Roars so fierce, no Throats so deep, no Howls can bring
such Fears,
As *Paris* can, if Garden from he call his Dogs and Bears.
Mar. Ay, those they were that I fear'd all this while.
Bust. Yes *Jack-an-Apes*.
Mar. I thank you, good *Paris*. (o'th' way then:
Bust. You may hold your Peace, and stand further out
The Lines will fall where they light, (Mirth,
Yes *Jack-an-Apes*, he hath to Sports, and Faces make like
Whilst bellowing Bulls, the horned Beasts, do toss from
Blind Bear there is, as *Cupid* blind. (Ground to Earth:
Ant. That Bear would be whip'd for losing of his Eyes.
Bust. Be-whipped Man may see,
But we present no such Content, but Nymphs such as they
Ant. These are long Lines. (be.
Mar. Ban you blame him, leading Bulls and Bears in 'em.

Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismenia, Aminta, Florimel, (*as* Juno, Pallas, Venus) *and three Nymphs attending.*

Bust. Go *Cupid* blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies must
not speak here. (sick break here.
Let Shepherds sing with dancing Feet, and Cords of Mu-

SONG.

SONG.

Now Ladies fight, with Heels so light, by Lot your Luck (must fall,
Where *Paris* please, to do you Ease, and give the golden Ball. [*Dance.*

Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now, *Antonio*, where would you (bestow it?

Ant. I prithee, Friend,
Take the full Freedom of Thought, but no Words.

Mar. 'Protest there's a third, which by her Habit
Should personate *Venus*, and by Consequence
Of the Story, receive the Honour's Prize:
And were I a *Paris*, there it should be.
Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine Eye is so fixed,
I cannot move it.

Cup. The Dance is ended; now to Judgment, *Paris*.

Bust. Here *Juno*, here; but stay, I do espy
A pretty Gleek coming from *Palla's* Eye:
Here *Pallas*, here; yet stay again, methinks
I see the Eye of lovely *Venus* winks:
Oh close them both; shut in those golden Eyn,
And I will kiss those sweet blind Cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry, yes and *Pallas* frowns,
Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida*'s Downs.
They both are fair, but *Venus* has the Mole,
The faireſt Hair, and sweeteſt dimple Hole:
To her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one Man please three Ladies altogether?
No; take it *Venus*, toss it at thy Pleasure,
Thou art the Lovers Friend beyond his Measure.

Jul. *Paris* has done what Man can do, pleas'd one,
Who can do more?

Mar. Stay, here's another Person.

Enter Geraſto, *as* Mars.

Ger. Come lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orb,
And mount with *Mars*, up to his glorious Sphere.

Bust. How now, what's he?

Flo. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy silver Yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou shalt fly thorough *Apollo*'s Beam:

I'll see thee seated in thy golden Throne,
And hold with *Mars* a sweet Conjunction. [*Exit.*
Bust. Ha! What Fellow's this? h'as carry'd away my
He never rehears'd his Part with me before. (Sister *Venus*:
Jul. What follows now, Prince *Paris*?
[Flo. *within*——*Help, help, help.*
Bust. Heu and Cry, I think Sir, this is *Venus*'s Voice,
Mine own Sister *Florimel*'s.
Mar. What, is there some Tragick-Act behind?
Bust. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus*
Are in the old Conjunction, it seems.
Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus*
Never cries out when she conjoins with *Mars.* (sure,
Bust. That's true indeed; they are out of their Parts
It may be 'tis the Book-holders Fault, I'll go see.---[*Ex.*
Jul. How like you our Country Revels, Gentlemen?
All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, Sir.
Ant. Methinks now
Juno and *Minerva* should take Revenge on *Paris*,
It cannot end without it.
Mar. I did expect,
Instead of *Mars*, the Storm-Goaler *Eolus*,
And *Juno* proffring her *Deiopeia*
As satisfaction to the blustring God,
To send his Tossers forth.
Jul. It may so follow,
Let's not prejudicate the History.
Enter Bustopha.
Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh.
Jul. So here's a Passion towards.
Bust. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Sister,
My *Venus*, she's stollen away.
Jul. The Story changes from our Expectation. (*Mars*
Bust. Help, my Father the Miller will hang me else, God
Is a bawdy Villain; he said she should ride upon Doves:
She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.
Mar. Sure I think he's serious. (horse in the Breech
Bust. She's hors'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-
Of her; the poor Wench cries help, and I cry help, and none
Of you will help.

Jul.

Jul. Speak, it is the Show, or doſt thou bawl?
Buſt. A pox on the Ball: My Siſter bawls, and I bawl;
Either bridle Horſe and follow, or give me a Halter
To hang my ſelf: I cannot run ſo faſt as a Hog.
Jul. Follow me, I'll fill the Country with purſuit,
But I will find the Thief; my Houſe thus abus'd?
Buſt. 'Tis my Houſe that's abus'd, the Siſter of my Fleſh and Blood; oh, oh. [*Exeunt.*
1 *Wench.* 'Tis time we all ſhift for our ſelves, if this be ſerious.
2 *Wench.* However I'll be gone.
3 *Wench.* And I. [*Exeunt.*
Ant. You need not fright your Beauties, pretty Souls,
With the leaſt pale Complexion of a Fear.
Mar. *Juno* has better Courage, and *Minerva*'s more diſcreet.
Iſm. Alas, my Courage was ſo counterfeit
It might have been ſtruck from me with a Feather.
Juno ne'er had ſo weak a Preſenter.
Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiſer for *Minerva*,
That I find yet about me.
Iſm. My Dwelling, Sir?
'Tis a poor Yeoman's Roof, ſcarce a League off,
That never ſham'd me yet.
Ant. Your gentle Pardon:
I vow my erring Eyes had almoſt caſt you
For one of the moſt mortal Enemies
That our Family has.
Iſm. I'm ſorry, Sir,
I am ſo like your Foe: 'Twere fit I haſted
From your offended Sight.
Ant. Oh, miſtake not,
It was my Error, and I do confeſs it:
You'll not believe you're Welcome; nor can I ſpeak it,
But there's my Friend can tell you, pray hear him.
Mar. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the Employment.
Ant. A Kinſwoman to that Beauty.
Amin. A Kin to her, Sir,
But nothing to her Beauty.
Ant. Do not wrong it, 'tis not far behind her.
Amin. Her hinder Parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.

Mar.

Mar. Let me but kiſs you with his Ardour now,
You ſhall feel how he loves you.
Iſm. Oh forbear;
'Tis not the Faſhion with us; but would you
Perſuade me that he loves me?
Mar. I'll warrant you
He dies in't, and that were Witneſs enough on't.
Iſm. Love me, Sir? Can you tell me for what Reaſon?
Mar. Fie, will you ask me that which you have about you?
Iſm. I know nothing, Sir.
Mar. Let him find it then;
He conſtantly believes you have the thing
That he muſt love you for; much is apparent,
A ſweet and lovely Beauty.
Iſm. So Sir; pray you
Show me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?
(I know you are his Boſome Counſellor.)
Nay then I ſee your Anſwer is not ready:
I'll not believe you, if you ſtudy farther.
Mar. Shall I ſpeak truth to you?
Iſm. Or ſpeak no more.
Mar. There was a Smile thrown at him, from a Lady
Whoſe Deſerts might buy him trebble, and lately
He receiv'd it, and I know where he loſt it,
In this Face of yours: I know his Heart's within you.
Iſm. May I know her Name?
Mar. In your Ear you may,
With vow of Silence.
Amin. He'll not give over, Sir.
If he ſpeak for you, he'll ſure ſpeed for you.
Ant. But that's not the Anſwer to my Queſtion.
Amin. You are the firſt in my Virgin-Conſcience
That e'er ſpoke Love to her: Oh, my Heart!
Ant. How do you?
Amin. Nothing, Sir; but would I had a better Face.
How well your Pulſe beats.
Ant. Healthfully, does it not?
Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.
Iſm. Alack, I hear it
With much Pity: How great is your Fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady?

Mar.

Mar. You forget
The difficult Paſſage he has to her,
A Hell of Feud's between the Families.
Iſm. And that has often Love wrought by Advantage
To peaceful Reconcilement.
Mar. There impoſſible.
Iſm. This way 'tis worſer; 't may Seed again in her
Unto another Generation:
For where, poor Lady, is her Satisfaction?
Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her,
I'll go no farther for Compariſon,
As dear as he loves you.
Iſm. How if ſhe love not?
Mar. Tuſh, be that my Pains: You know not what
I have thoſe ways. (Art
Iſm. Beſhrow you, you have practis'd upon me;
Well, ſpeed me here, and you with your *Iſmenia.*
Mar. Go, the Condition's drawn, ready dated,
There wants but your Hand to't.
Amin. Truly you have taken great Pains, Sir.
Mar. A friendly part, no more, ſweet Beauty.
Amin. They are happy, Sir, have ſuch Friends as you
But do you know you have done well in this? (are.
How will his Allies receive it? She, though I ſay't,
Is of no better Blood than I am.
Mar. There I leave it, I'm at fartheſt that way.
Iſm. You ſhall extend your Vows no larger now.
My Heart calls you mine own, and that's enough.
Reaſon, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I ſhall not leave you unſaluted long
Either by Pen or Perſon.
Ant. You may diſcourſe
With me, when you think y'are alone, I ſhall
Be preſent with you.
Iſm. Come, Couſin, will you walk?
Amin. Alas, I was ready long ſince: In Conſcience
You would with better will yet ſtay behind.
Iſm. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dſt been ſo blind.
Mar. You'll anſwer this, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Ant.

Ant. If e'er't be ſpoke on:
I purpoſe not to propound the Queſtion.

Enter Julio.

Jul. 'Tis true, the poor Knave ſaid; ſome Raviſher,
Some of Luſt's Blood-Hounds have ſeiz'd upon her:
The Girl is hurry'd, as the Devil were with 'em,
And help'd their Speed.

Mar. It may be not ſo ill, Sir.
A well-prepared Lover may do as much
In hot Blood as this, and perform'd honeſtly.

Jul. What? ſteal away a Virgin againſt her Will?

Mar. It may be any Man's Caſe; deſpiſe nothing:
And that's a Thief of a good Quality,
Moſt commonly he brings his Theft home again,
Though with a little Shame.

Jul. There's a Charge by't
Fall'n upon me: *Paris* (the Miller's Son)
Her Brother, dares not venture home again,
'Till better Tidings follow of his Siſter.

Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the Miſchance, Sir:
Had I gone a Boot-haling, I ſhould as ſoon
Have ſtoll'n him as his Siſter: Marry then,
To render him back in the ſame Plight he is
May be coſtly; his Fleſh is not maintain'd with litte.

Jul. I think the poor Knave will pine away,
He cries all to be pitied yonder.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, let's go ſee him: I ſhould laugh
To ſee him cry, ſure.

Jul. Well, you are merry, Sir.
Antonio, keep this Charge; I have Fears
Move me to lay it on you: Pray forbear
The ways of your Enemies, the *Belides*.
I have Reaſon for my Injunction, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Aminta *as a Page, with a Letter.*

Ant. To me, Sir? From whom?

Amin. A Friend, I dare vow, Sir.
Though on the Enemies part: The Lady *Iſmenia*.

Mar. Take heed, bluſh not too deep; let me adviſe
In your Anſwer, 't muſt be done heedfully. (you

Ant.

Ant. I ſhould not ſee a Maſculine in peace
Out of that Houſe.
Amin. Alas, I'm a Child, Sir,
Your Hates cannot laſt 'till I wear a Sword.
Ant. Await me for your Anſwer.
Mar. He muſt ſee her,
To manifeſt his Shame; 'tis my Advantage;
While our Blood's under us, we keep above,
But then we fall, when we do fall in Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio *and* Franio.

Fra. MY Lord, my Lord, your Houſe hath injur'd me,
Rob'd of all the Joys I had on Earth.
Jul. Where wert thou brought up, Fellow?
Fra. In a Mill.
You may perceive it by my loud Exclaims,
Which muſt riſe higher yet.
Jul. Obſtreperous Carle,
If thy Throat's Tempeſt could o'er-turn my Houſe,
What Satisfaction were it for thy Child?
Turn thee the right way to thy Journeys end.
Wilt have her where ſhe is not?
Fra. Here was ſhe loſt,
And here muſt I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a Pow'r to puniſh,
I will not reſt: You are not quick to Grief.
Your hearing's a dead Senſe. Were yours the Loſs,
Had you a Daughter, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end ſhould come the Thief?)
You'd play the Miller then, be loud and high.
But being not a Sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.
Jul. Oh, thou haſt op'd a Sluce was long ſhut up,
And let a Flood of Grief in; a buried Grief
Thy Voice hath wak'd again, a Grief as old

As likely 'tis thy Child is; Friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a Daughter.
Fra. Did you, Sir?
Beseech you then, how did you bear her Loss?
Jul. With thy Grief trebled.
Fra. But was she stolen from you?
Jul. Yes, by devouring Thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a Satisfaction:
The wild Beasts had her in her swathing Cloaths.
Fra. Oh much good do 'em with her.
Jul. Away tough Churl.
Fra. Why, she was better eaten than my Child,
Better by Beasts, than beastly Men devoured:
They took away a Life, no Honour from her:
Those Beasts might make a Saint of her; but these
Will make my Child a Devil. But was she, Sir,
Your only Daughter?

Enter Gilian.

Jul. I ne'er had other, Friend.
Gil. Where are you, Man? Your Business lyes not (here,
Your Daughter's in the Pound, I have found where;
'Twill cost you dear, her Freedom.
Fra. I'll break it down,
And free her without pay:
Horse-Locks nor Chains shall hold her from me.
Jul. I'll take this Relief.
I now have time to speak alone with Grief. [*Exit.*
Fra. How? My Landlord? He's Lord of my Lands,
But not my Cattel: I'll have her again, *Gil.*
Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now.
Fra. No *Gil.* I have been mad these five Hours:
I'll sell my Mill, and buy a roaring.
I'll batter down his House, and make a Stews on't.
Gil. Will you gather up your Wits a little,
And hear me? The King's near by in Progress,
Here I have got our Supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.
Fra. Give it me, *Gil.*
I will not fear to give it to the King:
To his own Hands, God bless him, will I give it,

And

And he ſhall ſet the Law upon their Shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a Hand in it.
Gil. Where's your Son?
Fra. He ſhall be hang'd in Flitches:
The Dogs ſhall eat him in *Lent*, there's Cats Meat
And Dog's Meat enough about him. (time.
Gil. Sure the poor Girl is the Count's Whore by this
Fra. If ſhe be the Count's Whore, the Whore's Count
Shall pay for it. He ſhall pay for a new Maiden-Head.
Gil. You are ſo violous: This I'm reſolv'd,
If ſhe be a Whore once, I'll renounce her.
You know, if every Man had his Right,
She's none of our Child, but a meer Foundling,
(And I can gueſs the Owner for a need too)
We have but foſter'd her.
Fra. Gil. no more of that,
I'll cut your Tongue out, if you tell thoſe Tales.
Hark, hark, theſe *Toaters* tell us the King's coming:
Get you gone; I'll ſee if I can find him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Liſauro, Terſa, Pedro, *and* Moncado.

Liſ. Does the King remove to Day?
Ter. So ſays the Harbingers,
And keeps his way on to *Valentia*,
There ends the Progreſs.
Ped. He hunts this Moning, Gentlemen,
And dines i'th' Fields: The Court is all in Readineſs.
Liſ. Pedro, did you ſend for this Tailor?, or you *Mon.* (*cado?*
This light *French* Demi-Lance that follows us.
Ped. No, I aſſure ye on my Word, I am guiltleſs,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.
Mon. I am not quit I am ſure: There is a Reckoning
Of ſome four ſcarlet Cloaks, and two lac'd Suits
Hangs on the File ſtill, like a fearful Comet,
Makes me keep off.
Liſ. I am in too, Gentlemen,
I thank his Faith, for a Matter of three hundred.
Ter. And I for two: What a devil makes he this Way?
I do not love to ſee my Sins before me.
Ped. 'Tis the Vacation, and theſe things break out
To ſee the Court, and glory in their Debtors.

Ter.

Ter. What do you call him for? I never love
To remember their Names that I owe Mony to,
'Tis not gentile; I ſhun 'em like the Plague ever.
Liſ. His Name's *Vertigo*; hold your Heads, and wonder,
A *Frenchman*, and a Founder of new Faſhions:
The Revolutions of all Shapes and Habits
Run madding through his Brains.

Enter Vertigo.

Mon. He is very brave.
Liſ. The Shreds of what he ſteals from us, believe it,
Makes him a mighty Man: He comes, have at ye.
Ver. Save ye together, my ſweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking———
Ter. Not for Mony, Sir?
You know the hard time.
Ver. Pardon me, ſweet Signior, (Gentlemen,
Good Faith the leaſt Thought in my Heart; your Love,
Your Love's enough for me: Mony, hang Mony:
Let me preſerve your Love.
Liſ. Yes marry ſhall ye,
And we our Credit; you would ſee the Court?
Mon. He ſhall ſee every Place.
Ver. Shall I i'faith, Gentlemen?
Ped. The Cellar, and the Buttery, and the Kitchen,
The Paſtry, and the Pantry.
Ter. Ay, and taſte too
Of every Office, and be free of all too;
That he may ſay when he comes home in Glory.
Ver. And I will ſay, i'faith, and ſay it openly,
And ſay it home too: Shall I ſee the King alſo?
Liſ. Shalt ſee him every Day: Shalt ſee the Ladies
In their *French* Cloaths, ſhalt ride a hunting with him,
Shalt have a Miſtreſs too. We muſt fool handſomly,
To keep him in Belief we honour him,
He may call on us elſe.
Ped. A Pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's own Houſe for ſalt Butter.
Ver. And when the King puts on a new Suit.
Ter. Thou ſhall ſee it firſt,
And diſect his Doublets, that thou may'ſt be perfect,

Ver.

Ver. The Wardrobe I would fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to see the Wardrobe.
Lis. Thou shalt see it,
And see the Secret of it, dive into it:
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations
Of Fashions five Years hence.
Ver. Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me.
Ter. Any thing i'th'Court, Sir,
Or within the Compass of a Courtier.
Ver. My Wife shall give ye Thanks.
Ter. You shall see any thing.
The privatest place, the Stool, and where 'tis emptied.
Ver. Ye make me blush, ye pour your Bounties, Gentle-
In such abundance. (men,
Lis. I will shew thee presently
The order that the King keeps when he comes
To open View, that thou may'st tell thy Neighbours
Over a Shoulder of Mutton, thou hast seen something,
Nay, thou shalt present the King for this time.
Ver. Nay, I pray, Sir. (belong to it;
Lis. That thou may'st know what State there does
Stand there I say, and put on a sad Countenance,
Mingled with height: Be cover'd, and reserv'd;
Move like the Sun, by soft Degrees, and glorious.
Into your Order, Gentlemen, uncover'd,
The King appears; we'll sport with you a while, Sir,
I am sure you are merry with us all the Year long, Tailor,
Move softer still, keep in that fencing Leg, *Monsieur*,
Turn to no side.

Enter Franio *out of Breath.*

Ter. What's this that appears to him?
Lis. 'Has a Petition, and he looks most lamentably,
Mistake him, and we are made.
Fra. This is the King sure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay Clothes.
Lis. Now bear your self, that you may say hereafter.
Fra. I have recover'd Breath, I'll speak unto him present-
May it please your gracious Majesty to consider (ly.
A poor Man's Case?

Ver. What's your Will, Sir?
Lif. You muſt accept, and read it.
Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my Life for't.
Ped. How he mumps and bridles: He will ne'er cut
Ver. And what's your Grief? (Clothes again.
Mon. He ſpeaks i'th' Noſe like his Gooſe. (Sir,
Fra. I pray you read there; I am abus'd and frumpt,
By a great Man that may do ill by Authority;
Poor honeſt Men are hang'd for doing leſs, Sir:
My Child is ſtoll'n, the Count *Otrante* ſtole her;
A pretty Child ſhe is, although I ſay it,
A handſome Mother, he means to make a Whore of her,
A ſilken Whore, his Knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd Knaves, that do him beaſtly Offices:
I kneel for Juſtice. Shall I have it, Sir;

Enter King Philippo, *and Lords.*

Phil. What Pageant's this?
Lif. The King:
Tailor, ſtand off, here ends your Apparition:
Miller, turn round, and there addreſs your Paper
There, there's the King indeed.
Fra. May it pleaſe your Majeſty.
Phil. Why didſt thou kneel to that Fellow?
Fra. In good Faith, Sir,
I thought he had been a King, he was ſo gallant,
There's none here wears ſuch Gold.
Phil. So fooliſhly,
You have golden Buſineſs ſure; becauſe I am homely;
Clad, in no glittering Suit, I am not look'd on.
Ye Fools that wear gay Cloaths, love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your End calls on you?
Will Gold preſerve ye from the Grave? Or Jewels?
Get golden Minds, and fling away your Trappings;
Unto your Bodies miniſter warm Raiments,
Wholſome and good; glitter within, and ſpare not.
Let my Court have rich Souls, their Suits I weigh not:
And what are you that took ſuch State upon ye?
Are ye a Prince?
Lif. The Prince of Tailors, Sir:
We owe ſome Mony to him, and't like your Majeſty.

Phil.

Phil. If it like him, would ye ow'd more; be modeſter,
And you leſs ſaucy, Sir; and leave this Place:
Your Preſſing-Iron will make no perfect Courtier.
Go ſtitch at home, and cozen your poor Neighbours;
Show ſuch another Pride, I'll have ye whipt for't;
And get worſe Clothes, theſe but proclaim your Fellony.
And what's your Paper?

Fra. I beſeech you read it.

Phil. What's here? the Count *Otrante* task'd for a baſe
For ſtealing of a Maid? (Villany,

Lord. The Count *Otrante*?
Is not the Fellow mad, Sir?

Fra. No, no, my Lord,
I am in my Wits, I am a labouring Man,
And we have ſeldom Leiſure to run mad;
We have other Buſineſs to employ our Heads in,
We have little Wit to loſe too: If we complain,
And if a heavy Load lye on our Shoulders,
Worſe than a Sack of Meal, and oppreſs our Poverties,
We are mad ſtraight, and whop'd, and ty'd in Fetters,
Able to make a Horſe mad, as you uſe us;
You are mad for nothing, and no Man dare proclaim it,
In you a Wildneſs is a noble Trick,
And cheriſh'd in ye, and all Men muſt love it:
Oppreſſions of all ſorts, ſit like new Cloaths,
Neatly and handſomely upon your Lordſhips;
And if we kick when your Honours ſpur us,
We are Knaves and Jades, and ready for the Juſtice;
I am a true Miller.

Phil. Then thou art a Wonder.

2 *Lord.* I know the Man reputed for a good Man,
An honeſt and ſubſtantial Fellow.

Phil. He ſpeaks Senſe,
And to the Point: Greatneſs begets much Rudeneſs.
How dare you, Sirrah, 'gainſt ſo main a Perſon,
A Man of ſo much noble Note and Honour,
Put up this baſe Complaint? Muſt every Peaſant
Upon a ſaucy Will affront great Lords!
All Fellows, Miller?

Fra. I have my Reward, Sir.
I was told one Greatneſs, would protect another,
As Beams ſupport their Fellows; now I find it:
If't pleaſe your Grace to have me hang'd, I am ready,
'Tis but a Miller, and a Thief diſpatch'd:
Though I ſteal Bread, I ſteal no Fleſh to tempt me.
I have a Wife, and't pleaſe him to have her too,
With all my Heart; 'twill make my Charge the leſs, Sir,
She'll hold him play awhile: I have a Boy too,
He's able to inſtruct his Honour's Hogs,
Or rub his Horſe-Heels; when it pleaſe his Lordſhip
He may have him his Slave too, or his Bawd:
The Boy is well bred, can exhort his Siſter:
For me, the Priſon, or the Pillory,
To loſe my Goods, and have mine Ears cropt off;
Whipt like a Top, and have a Paper ſtuck before me,
For abominable Honeſty to his own Daughter,
I can endure, Sir; the Miller has a ſtout Heart,
Tough as his Toal-Pin.
Phil. I ſuſpect this ſhrewdly,
Is it his Daughter that the People call
The Miller's fair Maid?
2 *Lord.* It ſhould ſeem ſo, Sir.
Phil. Be ſure you be i'th' right, Sirrah.
Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,
Be ſure you hang me, I will ask no Courteſie:
Your Grace may have a Daughter, think of that, Sir.
She may be fair, and ſhe may be abuſed too:
A King is not exempted from theſe Caſes,
Stolen from your loving Care.
Phil. I do much pity him.
Fra. But Heav'n forbid ſhe ſhould be in that Venture
That mine is in at this Hour: I'll aſſure your Grace
The Lord wants a Water-Mill, and means to grind with her:
Would I had his Stones to ſet, I would fit him for it.
Phil. Follow me, Miller, and let me talk with ye far-
And keep this private all upon your Loyalties: (ther,
To Morrow Morning, though I am now beyond him,
And the leſs lookt for, I'll break my Faſt with the good Count.
No more, away, all to our Sports, be ſilent. [*Exeunt.*

Ver.

Ver. What Grace ſhall I have now?
Liſ. Chuſe thine own Grace,
And go to Dinner when thou wilt, *Vertigo*,
We muſt needs follow the King.
Ter. You heard the Sentence.
Mon. If you ſtay here
I'll ſend thee a ſhoulder of Veniſon;
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt diſguiſe,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the Dogs.
Ped. Or thou ſhalt be ſpecial Tailor to the King's (Monkey,
'Tis a fine place; we cannot ſtay.
Ver. No Mony,
Nor no Grace, Gentlemen?
Ter. 'Tis too early Tailor,
The King has not broke his Faſt yet.
Ver. I ſhall look for ye
The next Term, Gentlemen.
Ped. Thou ſhalt not miſs us:
Prethee provide ſome Cloaths, and doſt thou hear *Vertigo*
Commend me to thy Wife: I want ſome Shirts too.
Ver. I have Chambers for ye all.
Liſ. They are too muſty,
When they are clear we'll come,
Ver. I muſt be patient
And provident, I ſhall never get home elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante *and* Florimel.

Otr. Prethee be wiſer Wench, thou canſt not ſcape me,
Let me with Love and Gentleneſs enjoy that
That may be ſtill preſerv'd with Love, and long'd for;
If violence lay rough hold, I ſhall hate thee,
And after I have enjoy'd thy Maiden-head,
Thou wilt appear ſo ſtale and ugly to me
I ſhall deſpiſe thee, caſt thee off.
Flor. I pray ye Sir,
Begin it now, and open your Doors to me,
I do confeſs I am ugly; let me go, Sir:
A Gipſey-girl: Why would your Lordſhip touch me?

Fie, 'tis not noble: I am homely bred,
Courſe, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me?
There be young Ladies, many that will love ye,
That will dote on ye: You a handſome Gentleman,
What will they ſay when once they know your Quality?
A Lord, a Miller? Take your Toal Diſh with ye,
You that can deal with Gudgeons, and courſe Flower,
'Tis pity you ſhould taſte what Manchet means;
Is this fit, Sir, for your Repute and Honour?

Otr. I'll love thee ſtill.

Flo. You cannot, there's no Sympathy
Between our Births, or Breeding, Arts, Conditions;
And where theſe are at Difference, there's no liking:
This Hour it may be I ſeem handſome to you,
And you are taken with Variety (enjoy'd me,
More than with Beauty; to Morrow when you have
Your Heat and Luſt aſſwag'd, and come to examine
Out of a cold and penitent Condition (with,
What you have done, whom you have ſhar'd you Love
Made Partner of your Bed, how it will vex ye,
How you will curſe the Devil that betray'd ye,
And what ſhall become of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flo. As haſty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this Beauty ſhew'd unto ye,
You'll kick me out of Doors, you will Whore, and ban me;
And if I prove with Child with your fair Iſſue,
Give me a Penſion of five Pound a Year
To breed your Heir withal, and ſo good ſpeed me.

Otr. I'll keep thee like a Woman.

Flo. I'll keep my ſelf, Sir,
Keep my ſelf honeſt, Sir, there's the brave keeping:
If you will marry me.

Otr. Alas, poor *Florimel.*

Flo. I do confeſs I am too courſe and baſe, Sir,
To be your Wife, and it is fit you ſcorn me,
Yet ſuch as I have crown'd the Lives of great ones:
To be your Whore I am ſure I am too worthy,
(For by my troth, Sir, I am truly honeſt)
And that's an Honour equal to your Greatneſs.

Otr.

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.
Flo. Tempt me no more then:
Give me that Peace, and then you give abundance.
I know you do but try me, ye are noble,
All theſe are but to try my Modeſty,
If you ſhould find me eaſie, and once coming,
I ſee your Eyes already how they would fright me;
I ſee your honeſt Heart how it would ſwell
And burſt it ſelf into a Grief againſt me.
Your Tongue in noble Anger, now, even now, Sir,
Ready to rip my looſe Thoughts to the Bottom,
And lay my Shame unto my ſelf, wide open:
You are a noble Lord, you pity poor Maids,
The People are miſtaken in your Courſes:
You, like a Father, try 'em to the uttermoſt,
As they do Gold, you purge the Droſs from them,
And make them ſhine.
Otr. This Cunning cannot help ye:
I love ye to enjoy: I have ſtollen ye
To enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with Circumſtance.
Yield willingly, or elſe——
Flo. What?
Otr. I will force ye.
I will not be delay'd; a poor baſe Wench
That I, in curteſie, make offer to,
Argue with me?
Flo. Do not, you will loſe your Labour,
Do not, my Lord, it will become ye poorly:
Your Courteſie may do much on my Nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender:
If you compel, I have my Strengths to flye to,
My honeſt Thoughts, and thoſe are Guards about me:
I can cry too, and Noiſe enough I dare make,
And I have Curſes, that will call down Thunder,
For all I am a poor Wench, Heav'n will hear me:
My Body you may force, but my Will never;
And be ſure I do not live if you do force me,
Or have no Tongue to tell your beaſtly Story,
For if I have, and if there be a Juſtice.

Otr. Pray ye go in here: I'll calm my ſelf for this time,
And be your Friend again.
Flor. I am commanded. [*Exit.*
Otr. You cannot ſcape me, yet I muſt enjoy ye,
I'll lye with thy Wit, though I miſs thy Honeſty;
Is this a Wench for a Boor's hungry Boſome?
A morſel for a Peaſant's baſe Embraces?
And muſt I ſtarve, and the Meat in my Mouth?
I'll none of that.

Enter Geraſto.

Ger. How now my Lord, how ſpeed ye?
Have ye done the Deed?
Otr. No, pox upon't, ſhe is honeſt.
Ger. Honeſt, what's that? You take her bare denial.
Was there ever Wench brought up in a Mill, and honeſt?
That were a wonder worth a Chronicle.
Is your Belief ſo large? What did ſhe ſay to ye?
Otr. She ſaid her Honeſty was all her Dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how diſhonourable it would ſeem in me
To act my Will, popt me i'th' Mouth with Modeſty.
Ger. What an impudent Quean was that? That's their trick ever.
Otr. And then diſcours'd to me very learnedly,
What Fame and loud Opinion would tell of me:
A Wife ſhe touch'd at
Ger. Out upon her Varlet.
Was ſhe ſo bold? Theſe home-ſpun things are Evils,
They'll tell ye a thouſand Lies, if you'll believe 'em;
And ſtand upon their Honours like great Ladies,
They'll ſpeak unhappily too: Good words to cozen ye,
And outwardly ſeem Saints, they'll cry down-right alſo,
But 'tis for Anger that you do not cruſh 'em.
Did ſhe not talk of being with Child?
Otr. She touch'd at it,
Ger. The trick of an arrant Whore to milk your Lord-ſhip;
And then a Penſion nam'd?
Otr. No, no, ſhe ſcorn'd it:
I offer'd any thing, but ſhe refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident Hate.

Ger. You thought ſo,
You ſhould have taken her then, turn'd her, and tew'd her
I'th' ſtrength of all her Reſolution, flatter'd her,
And ſhak'd her ſtubborn Will; ſhe would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely: They muſt ſeem mo-
It is their Parts; if you had plaid your part, Sir, (deſt,
And handl'd her as Men do unman'd Hawks,
Caſt her, and malde her up in good clean Linnen,
And there have coyed her, you had caught her heart-ſtrings.
Theſe tough Virginities they blow like white Thorns,
In Storms and Tempeſts.

Otr. She is beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Cryſtal.

Ger. Oh force her, force her, Sir, ſhe longs to be ra-
Some have no pleaſure but in Violence; (viſh'd;
To be torn in pieces is their Paradiſe:
'Tis ordinary in our Country, Sir, to raviſh all;
They will not give a penny for their Sport
Unleſs they be put to it, and terribly,
And then they ſwear they'll hang the Man comes near 'em,
And ſwear it on his Lips too.

Otr. No, no forcing,
I have another Courſe, and I will follow it.
I command you, and do you command your Fellows,
That when you ſee her next, diſgrace and ſcorn her;
I'll ſeem to put her out o'th' Doors o'th' ſudden,
And leave her to Conjecture, then ſeize on her.
Away, be ready ſtraight.

Ger. We ſhall not fail, Sir. [*Exit.*

Otr. Florimel.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. My Lord.

Otr. I am ſure you have now conſider'd,
And like a wiſe Wench weigh'd a Friend's diſpleaſure,
Repented your proud Thoughts, and caſt your Scorn off.

Flor. My Lord, I am not proud, I was never beautiful.
Nor ſcorn I any thing that's juſt and honeſt.

Otr. Come, to be ſhort, can ye love yet? You told me
Kindneſs would far compel ye: I am kind to ye,
And mean to exceed that way.

Flor.

Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with Modesty,
With Honour, and with Honesty I would yield to ye:
Good my Lord, take some other Theme; for Love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the sudden, Sir, to run through Volumes
Of his most mystick Art, 'tis most impossible;
Nay, to begin with Lust, which is an Heresie,
A foul one too; to learn that in my Childhood:
O good my Lord.

Otr. You will not out of this Song,
Your Modesty, and Honesty, is that all?
I will not force ye.

Flo. Ye are too noble, Sir.

Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
It may be you expect.

Flo. I expect your Pardon,
And a Discharge, my Lord, that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall sick for Love.

Flo. 'Tis a healthful Year, Sir.

Otr. Look ye, I'll turn ye out o'doors, and scorn ye.

Flo. Thank ye, my Lord.

Otr. A proud slight Peat I found ye,
A Fool, it may be too.

Flo. An honest Woman,
Good my Lord think me.

Otr. And a base I leave ye,
So fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Enter Gerasto *and Servants.*

Ger. What dost thou stay for? dost thou not know the way,
Thou base unprovident Whore?

Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.

1 *Ser.* Has my Lord smoak'd ye over, good-wife Miller?
Is your Mill broken, that you stand so useless? some,

2 *Ser.* An impudent Quean, upon my life she is unwhole-
Some base discarded thing my Lord has found her,
He would not have turn'd her off o'th' sudden else.

Ger. Now against every Sack, my honest Sweet-heart,
With every *Smig* and *Smug*.

Flo. I must be patient.

Ger.

Ger. And every greaſie Gueſt, and ſweaty Raſcal
For his Royal hire between his Fingers, Gentlewoman.
1 *Ser.* I fear thou haſt given my Lord the——thou damn'd thing.
2 *Ser.* I have ſeen her in the Stews.
Ger. The Knave her Father
Was Bawd to her there, and kept a Tipling Houſe,
You muſt even to it again: a modeſt Function.
Flo. If ye had Honeſty, ye would not uſe me
Thus baſely, wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye;
But he that knows.
Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You Meat for every Man: A little Meal
Flung in your Face, makes ye appear ſo proud.
Flo. This is inhuman. Let theſe Tears perſuade you,
If ye be Men, to uſe a poor Girl better;
I wrong not you, I am ſure I call you Gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What buſineſs is here? away, are not you gone yet?
Flo. My Lord, this is not well: altho' you hate me,
For what I know not, to let your People wrong me,
Wrong me maliciouſly, and call me——
Otr. Peace,
And mark me what we ſay adviſedly;
Mark, as you love that that you call your Credit?
Yield now, or you are undone; your good Name's periſh'd,
Not all the World can buy your Reputation; (ye,
'Tis ſunk for ever elſe, theſe Peoples Tongues will poiſon
Though you be white as Innocence they'll taint ye,
They will ſpeak terrible and hideous things,
And People in this Age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a Woman;
Conſider this, and then be wiſe and tremble,
Yield yet, and yet I'll ſave ye.
Flo. How?
Otr. I'll ſhow ye;
Their Mouths I'll ſeal up, they ſhall ſpeak no more
But what is honourable and honeſt of ye,
And Saintlike they ſhall worſhip ye: They are mine,
And what I charge them, *Florimel.*

Flo.

Flor. I am ruin'd,
Heav'n will regard me yet, they are barbarous Wretches:
Let me not fall, my Lord.
Otr. You ſhall not, *Florimel:*
Mark how I'll work your Peace, and how I honour ye.
Who waits there? come all in.

Enter Geraſto *and Servants.*

Ger. Your pleaſure, Sir.
Otr. Who dare ſay this ſweet Beauty is not heav'nly?
This Virgin, the moſt pure, the moſt untainted,
The holieſt thing?
Ger. We know it, my dear Lord,
We are her Slaves; and that proud Impudence
That dares diſparage her, this Sword, my Lord. (men,
1 *Ser.* They are Raſcals, baſe, the Sons of common Wo-
That wrong this Virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her; when we ſlight her,
Hang us, or cut's in Pieces; let's tug i'th' Gallies.
2 *Ser.* Brand us for Villains.
Flor. Why ſure I dream; theſe are all Saints.
Otr. Go, and live all her Slaves.
Ger. We are proud to do it. [*Exeunt.*
Otr. What think ye now? Am not I able, *Florimel,*
Yet to preſerve ye?
Flor. I am bound to your Lordſhip,
Ye are all Honour, and good my Lord but grant me,
Until to Morrow, leave to weigh my Fortunes,
I'll give you a free anſwer, perhaps a pleaſing,
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to ſatisfie ye.
Otr. Take your good time; this Kiſs, till then farewel,
Sweet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Martine, *and* Buſtopha.

Mar. BY all means diſcharge your Follower.
Ant. If we can get him off; Sirrah, *Buſtopha*, Thou muſt needs run back.
Buſt. But I muſt not, unleſs you ſend A Bier, or a Lictor at my Back, I do not uſe to run From my Friends.
Ant. Well, go will ſerve turn; I have forgot.
Buſt. What, Sir?
Ant. See if I can think on't now.
Buſt. I know what 'tis now.
Ant. A Piſtolet of that.
Buſt. Done, you have forgot a Device to ſend me away, You are going a ſmocking perhaps.
Mar. His own, due, due i'faith *Antonio*, The Piſtolet's his own.
Ant. I confeſs it, There 'tis; now if you could afford out of it A reaſonable Excuſe to mine Uncle.
Buſt. Yes, I can, But an Excuſe will not ſerve your turn: it muſt be a Lye, A full Lye, 'twill do no good elſe; if you'll go to The price of that?
Ant. Is a Lye dearer than an Excuſe?
Buſt. Oh, treble; this is the price of an Excuſe; but a Lye is two more; Look how many Foils go to a fair Fall, ſo many Excuſes to A full Lye, and leſs cannot ſerve your turn, let any Tailor i'th' Town make it.
Mar. Why 'tis reaſonable, give him his Price: Let it be large enough now.
Buſt. I'll warrant you, cover him all over.
Ant. I would have proof of one now. (Pardon
Buſt. What? ſcale my Invention before hand? you ſhall

Me

Me for that; well, I'll commend you to your Uncle, and
Tell him you'll be at home at Supper with him.
Ant. By no means, I cannot come to Night, Man.
Buſt. I know that too, you do not know a Lye when you (ſee it.
Mar. Remember it muſt ſtretch for all Night.
Buſt. I ſhall want ſtuff, I doubt 'twill come to the other *Piſtolet.*
Ant. Well, lay out, you ſhall be no loſer, Sir.
Buſt. It muſt be faced, you know, there will be a yard of Diſſimulation (lined
At leaſt, City-meaſure, and cut upon an Untroth or two:
With Fables, that muſt needs be, cold Weather's coming; if it had
A Gallon of Hypocriſie, 'twould do well; and hooked
Together with a Couple of Conceits,
That's neceſſity; well, I'll bring in my (done
Bill: I'll warrant you as fair a Lye by that time I have
With it, as any Gentleman i'th' Town can ſwear to, if he
Would betray his Lord and Maſter. [*Exit.*
Ant. So, ſo, this neceſſary trouble's over.
Mar. I would you had bought an Excuſe of him
Before he went; you'll want one for *Iſmenia.*
Ant. Tuſh, there needs none, there's no Suſpicion yet,
And I'll be arm'd before the next Encounter,
In a faſt tye with my fair *Iſabel.*

Enter Buſtopha.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your Errand is before you now.
Buſt. Oh Gentlemen, look to your ſelves, ye are
Men of another World elſe; your Enemies are upon you;
The old Houſe of the *Bellides* will fall upon your Heads:
Signior *Liſauro.*
Ant. Liſauro?
Buſt. And *Don* what call you him? he's a Gentleman:
Yet he has but a Yeoman's Name,
Don *Tarſo*, *Tarſo*, and a dozen at their Heels.
Ant. Liſauro, *Tarſo*, nor a dozen more
Shall fright me from my Ground, nor ſhun my Path,
Let 'em come on in their ableſt fury.
Mar. 'Tis worthily reſolved; I'll ſtand by you, Sir,
This way, I am thy true Friend. (become of you.
Buſt. I'll be gone, Sir, that one may live to tell what's

Put

Put up, put up; will you never learn to know a Lye
From an *Eſop*'s Fables?
There's a Taſte for you now. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta.

Mar. Look, Sir, what time of Day is it? (now;
Ant. I know not, my Eyes go falſe, I dare not truſt 'em
I prethee tell me, *Martin*, if thou can'ſt,
Is that *Iſmenia* or *Iſabella*?
Mar. This is the Lady, forget not *Iſabella*.
Ant. If this Face may be borrowed and lent out,
If it can ſhift Shoulders, and take other Tyres,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it.
Iſm. Be ſudden. [*Exit* Aminta.
I cannot hold out long.
Mar. Believe't, ſhe frowns.
Ant. Let it come, ſhe cannot frown me off on't;
How prettily it wooes me to come nearer?
How do you do, Lady, ſince yeſterday's Pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith———
Iſm. I think you were.
Ant. What, Lady?
Iſm. Weary of your Faith; 'tis a burthen
That Men faint under, though they bear little of it.
Mar. So, this is to the purpoſe.
Ant. You came home
In a fair hour, I hope?

Enter Aminta.

Iſm. From whence, Sir?
Am. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without deſires to
ſpeak with you. (ſence
Ant. They were pretty homely Toys; but your Pre-
Made them illuſtrious.
Iſm. My Couſin ſpeaks to you.
Am. A Gentlewoman, Sir, *Iſabella*
She names her ſelf.
Mar. So, ſo, it hits finely now.
Ant. Name your ſelf how you pleaſe; ſpeak what
I'll hear you cheerfully (you pleaſe,
Iſm. You are not well,
Requeſt her in, ſhe may have more acquaintance
With his Paſſions, and better cure for 'em. *Am.*

Ant. She's nice in that, Madam; poor Soul, it ſeems
She's fearful of your Diſpleaſure.
Iſm. I'll quit her
From that preſently, and bring her in my ſelf. [*Exit.*
Mar. How careleſly do you behave your ſelf,
When you ſhould call all your beſt Faculties
To counſel in you? how will you anſwer
The breach you made with fair *Iſmenia?*
Have you forgot the retrograde Vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?
You'll die upon your ſhame, you need no more
Enemies of the Houſe, but the Lady now:
You ſhall have your diſpatch.
Enter Iſmenia *like* Juno.
Ant. Give me that Face,
And I am ſatisfied, upon whoſe Shoulders
So e'er it grows; *Juno*, deliver us
Out of this amazement; Beſeech you Goddeſs
Tell us of our Friends, how does *Iſmenia?*
And how does *Iſabella?* both in good Health
I hope, as you your ſelf are.
Iſm. I am at fartheſt
In my counterfeit; my *Antonio*,
I have matter againſt you may need Pardon,
As I muſt crave of you.
Ant. Obſerve you, Sir,
What Evidence is come againſt me? What think you
The *Hydra*-headed Jury will ſay to't?
Mar. 'Tis I am fool'd,
My Hopes are pour'd into the bottomleſs tubs.
'Tis labour for the Houſe of *Bellides*;
I muſt not ſeem ſo yet; but in ſooth, Lady,
Did you imagine your changeable Face
Hid you from me? By this Hand I knew you.
Ant. I went by the Face: and by theſe Eyes I
Might have been deceived.
Iſm. You might indeed, *Antonio*,
For this Gentleman did vow to *Iſabella*,
That he it was that lov'd *Iſmenia*,
And not *Antonio?*

Mar.

Mar. Good, was not that
A manifeſt Confeſſion that I knew you?
I elſe had been unjuſt unto my Friend:
'Twas well remembred, there I found you out,
And ſpeak your Conſcience now.
Ant. But did he ſo proteſt?
Iſm. Yes, I vow to you, had *Antonio*
Wedded *Iſabella*, *Iſmenia*
Had not been loſt, there had been her Lover.
Ant. Why much good do you Friend; take her to you;
I crave but one, here have I my Wiſh full,
I am glad we ſhall be ſo near Neighbours.
Mar. Take both Sir, *Juno* to boot; three Parts in one,
St. *Hilarie* bleſs you, now Opportunity
Beware to meet with Falſhood, if thou canſt
Shun it, my Friends Faith's turning from him.
Iſm. Might I not juſtly accuſe *Antonio*
For a Love-wanderer? You know no other
But me, for another, and confeſs Troth now?
Ant. Here was my Guide, where-e'er I find this Face,
I am a Lover, marry, I muſt not miſs
This Freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this Dimple, nor a Silk from this Brow,
I carry the full Idea ever with me:
If Nature can ſo punctually parallel,
I may be cozened.
Iſm. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our Love muſt now
Come to our Enemies Hands, where neither Part
Will ever give Conſent to't.
Ant. Moſt certain:
For which Reaſon it muſt not be put to 'em:
Have we not Prevention in our own Hands?
Shall I walk by the Tree, deſire the Fruit,
Yet be ſo nice to pull 'till I ask Leave
Of the churliſh Gard'ner, that will deny me?
Iſm. O *Antonio*!
Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When Grace is ſaid.
Iſm. That holy Act's to come.

Mar. You may open an Oyſter or two before Grace.
Ant. Are there not double Vows, as valuable
And as well ſpoke as any Friar utters?
Heav'n has heard all.
Iſm. Yes; but ſtays the Bleſſing,
'Till all dues be done; Heav'n is not ſerv'd by halfs.
We ſhall have ne'er a Father's Bleſſing here,
Let us not loſe the better from above.
Ant. You take up Weapons of unequal Force,
It ſhows you cowardly; hark in your Ear.
Amin. Have I loſt all Employment? Would this Proffer
Had been to me, though I had paid it
With a reaſonable Penance.
Mar. Have I paſt
All thy Fore-Lock, Time? I'll ſtretch a long Arm
But I'll catch hold again; do but look back
Over thy Shoulder, and have a pull at thee.
Iſm. I hear you, Sir, nor can I hear too much
While you ſpeak well: You know th' accuſtom'd Place
Of our Night-parley; if you can aſcend,
The Window ſhall receive you; you may find there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.
Ant. I would meet no other Man.
Iſm. Aminta, you hear this.
Amin. With Joy, Madam, 'cauſe it pleaſes you.
It may be mine own Caſe another time:
Now you go the right way, ask the Banes out,
Put it paſt Father, or Friends, to forbid it,
And then you're ſure. Sir, your *Hymen* Taper
I'll light up for you; the Window ſhall ſhow you
The way to *Seſtos*.
Ant. I'll venture drowning.
Mar. The Simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You muſt aſcend your Caſtle by a Ladder;
To the Foot I'll bring you.
Ant. Leave me to climb it.
Mar. If I do turn you off?
Ant. 'Till Night farewel:
Then better.

Iſm.

Ism. Best it should be;
But peevish Hatred keeps back that Degree. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:
And then beware: Knave is at worst of Knave
When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My Mind's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my Heart is not at home,
Only my Fears stay with me; bad Company,
But I cannot shift 'em off. This Hatred
Betwixt the House of *Belides* and us,
Is not fair War; 'tis civil, but uncivil.
We are near Neighbours, were of Love as near,
'Till a cross Misconstruction ('twas no more
In conscience) put us so far asunder:
I would 'twere reconcil'd; it has lasted
Too many Sun-sets, if Grace might moderate:
Man should not lose so many Days of Peace,
To satisfie the Anger of one Minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The Knave to attend my *Antonio* too,
Yet he returns no Comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. No, I must not.
Jul. Ha, he's come.
Bust. I must not, 'twill break his Heart to hear it.
Jul. How? there's bad Tidings: I must obscure and hear it;
He will not tell me for breaking of my Heart,
'Tis half split already.
Bust. I have spy'd him: Now to knock down a Don with a Lie, a silly harmless Lie; 'twill be valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.
Jul. I cannot hear him now.
Bust. O the bloody Days that we live in; the envious, malicious, deadly Days that we draw Breath in!
Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Buſt. The Children that ever ſhall be born may rue it; for Men that are ſlain now, might have liv'd to have got Children, that might have curs'd their Fathers.

Jul. Oh, my Poſterity is ruin'd.

Buſt. Oh ſweet *Antonio.*

Jul. O dear *Antonio.*

Buſt. Yet it was nobly done of both Parts: When he and *Liſauro* met.

Jul. Oh, Death has parted 'em.

Buſt. Welcome my mortal Foe, ſays one; Welcome my deadly Enemy, ſays the other; off go their Doublets, they in their Shirts, and their Swords ſtark naked; here lyes *Antonio*, here lyes *Liſauro*; he comes upon him with an *Enbroccado*, that he puts by with a *punɛta reverſa*; *Liſauro* recoils me two Paces and ſome ſix Inches back, takes his Carrere, and then on.

Jul. Oh.

Buſt. Runs *Antonio* quite through.

Jul. Oh Villain,

Buſt. Quite through between the Arm and the Body, ſo yet he had no Hurt at that Bout.

Jul. Goodneſs be prais'd.

Buſt. But then, at next Encounter, he fetches me up *Liſauro*; *Liſauro* makes out a long at him, which he thinking to be a *Paſſado*, *Antonio*'s Foot ſlipping, down, oh down.

Jul. O now thou art loſt.

Buſt. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both Gentlemen, both *Spaniſh* Chriſtians, yet one Man to ſhed.

Jul. Say his Enemies Blood.

Buſt. His Hair, may come by divers Caſualties, though he never go into the Field with his Foe; but a Man to loſe nine Ounces and two Drams of Blood at one Wound, thirteen and a Scruple at another, and to live 'till he die in cold Blood; yet the Surgeon, that cur'd him, ſaid if *Pia-mater* had not been periſh'd, he had been a live Man 'till this Day.

Jul. There he concludes he is gone.

Buſt. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the Point.

Jul. Ay, the Point, that's deadly; the ancient Blow Over the Buckler, ne'er went half ſo deep.

Buſt.

Buſt. Yet Pity bids me keeps in my Charity; for me to pull an old Man's Ears from his Head with telling of a Tale: Oh foul Tale! No, be ſilent Tale. Farthermore, there is the Charge of Burial; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the leaſt Finger dipt in his Blood, though ten Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-Plums and Sweet-Breads; yet I ſay, the Man may recover again, and die in his Bed.

Jul. What motly Stuff is this? Sirrah, ſpeak truth,
What hath befallen my dear *Antonio*?
Reſtrain your Pity in concealing it:
Tell me the Danger full; take off your Care
Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
I'll forgive my Death; what thou keep'ſt back from Truth
Thou ſhalt ſpeak in Pain; do not look to find
A Limb in his right Place, a Bone unbroke,
Nor ſo much Fleſh unbroil'd of all that Mountain,
As a Worm might ſup on; diſpatch, or be diſpatch'd.

Buſt. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that *Antonio* is a Man of God's making to this Hour, 'tis not two ſince I left him ſo.

Jul. Where didſt thou leave him?

Buſt. In the ſame Cloaths he had on when he went (from you.

Jul. Does he live?

Buſt. I ſaw him drink.

Jul. Is he not wounded?

Buſt. He may have Cut i'th' Leg by this time; for a Don *Martin* and he were at whole ſlaſhes.

Jul. Met he not with *Liſauro*?

Buſt. I do not know her.

Jul. Her? *Liſauro* is a Man, as he is.

Buſt. I ſaw ne'er a Man like him.

Jul. Didſt thou not diſcourſe a Fight betwixt *Antonio* and *Liſander*?

Buſt. Ay, to my ſelf; I hope a Man may give himſelf the Lie if it pleaſe him.

Jul. Didſt thou lye then?

Buſt. As ſure as you live now.

Jul. I live the happier by it: When will he return?

Buſt. That he ſent me to tell you, within theſe ten Days at fartheſt.

Jul. Ten Days? he's not wont to be abſent two.

Buſt. Nor I think he will not, he ſaid he would be at home to Morrow, but I love to ſpeak within my Compaſs.

Jul. You ſhall ſpeak within mine, Sir, now. Within there.

Enter Servants.

Take this Fellow into Cuſtody, keep him ſafe,
I charge you.

Buſt. Safe? Do you hear? take notice what Plight you find me in, if there want but a Collop or a Stake o'me, look to't.

Jul. If my Nephew return not in his Health to Morrow,
Thou goeſt to th' Rack.

Buſt. Let me go to th' Manger firſt; I had rather eat Oats than Hay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellides *with a Letter.*

Bel. By your Leave, Sir.

Jul. For ought I know yet, you are welcome, Sir.

Bel. Read that, and tell me ſo; or if thy Spectacles be not
Keep thy Noſe unſadl'd, and ope thine Ears; (eaſie,
I can ſpeak thee the Contents, I made 'em;
'Tis a Challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I ſcorn to hire my Second to deliver't,
I bring't my ſelf: Doſt know me, *Julio*?

Jul. Bellides?

Bel. Yes; is not thy Hair on end now?

Jul. Somewhat amaz'd at thy raſh Hardineſs;
How durſt thou come ſo near thine Enemy?

Bel. Durſt?
I dare come nearer; thou'rt a Fool, *Julio.*

Jul. Take it home to thee, with a Knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy Teeth again; and all that's quit:
Give me not a Fool more than I give thee,
Or if thou doſt, look to hear on't again.

Jul. What an Encounter's this?

Bel. A noble one:
My Hand is to my Words, thou haſt it there,
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'ſt be
Good Friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Jul.

Jul. Be Friends with thee?
Bel. I'll ſhew thee reaſons for't:
A pair of old Coxcombs (now we go together)
Such as ſhould ſtand examples of Diſcretion,
The rules of Grammar to unwilling Youth
To take out Leſſons by; we that ſhould check
And quench the raging fire in others Bloods,
We ſtrike the Battel to Deſtruction?
Read 'em the black Art? and make 'em believe
It is Divinity? Heathens, are we not?
Speak thy Conſcience, how haſt thou ſlept this Month,
Since this Fiend haunted us?
Jul. Sure ſome good Angel
Was with us both laſt Night: ſpeak thou Truth now,
Was it not laſt Night's motion?
Bel. Doſt not think
I would not lay hold of it at firſt proffer?
Should I ne'er ſleep again?
Jul. Take not all from me;
I'll tell the Doctrine of my Viſion.
Say that *Liſauro*, beſt of thy Blood,
Or any one, the leaſt allyed to thee,
Should be the prey unto *Antonio*'s Sword,
Or any of the Houſe of *Bellides*?
Bel. Mine was the juſt inverſion; on, on. (row,
Jul. How would thine Eyes have emptied thee in Sor-
And left the Conduit of Nature dry?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the Balls,
And broke the Glaſſes, with thine own curſes
Have torn thy Soul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next Poſterity.
Bel. Yes, and thou cauſer: ſo it ſaid to me, (Friends,
They fight but your miſchiefs; the young Men were
As is the Life and Blood coagulate,
And curded in one Body; but this is yours,
An Inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A Legacy of Blood to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not ſo?
Jul. Word for word.
Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.

Jul. 'Tis far enough; let us attone it here;
And in a reconciled Circle fold
Our Friendſhip new again.
Bel. The Sign's in *Gemini*,
An auſpicious Houſe, 'thas join'd both ours again.
Jul. You cannot proclaim me Coward now, Don *Bellides*.
Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant Fellow, ſo am I:
I'll fight with thee at this Hug, to the laſt Leg
I have to ſtand on, or Breath or Life left.
Jul. This is the Salt unto Humanity,
And keeps it ſweet.
Bel. Love! oh Life ſtinks without it.
I can tell you News.
Jul. Good has long been wanting.
Bel. I do ſuſpect, and I have ſome Proof on't,
(So far as a Love-Epiſtle comes to)
That *Antonio* (your Nephew) and my Daughter
Iſmenia are very good Friends before us.
Jul. That were a double Wall about our Houſes,
Which I could wiſh were built.
Bel. I had it
From *Antonio*'s Intimate, Don *Martin*:
And yet, methought, it was no friendly Part
To ſhow it me.
Jul. Perhaps 'twas his Conſent:
Lovers have Policies as well as Stateſmen:
They look not always at the Mark they aim at.
Bel. We'll take up Cudgels, and have one bout with 'em,
They ſhall know nothing of this Union,
And 'till they find themſelves moſt deſperate,
Succour ſhall never ſee 'em.
Jul. I'll take your part, Sir.
Bel. It grows late; there's a happy Day paſt us.
Jul. The Example I hope to all behind it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Aminta *above, with a Taper.*

Amin. Stand fair, light of Love, which Epithete and
Adds to thee Honour, to me it would be Shame, (Place
We

We muſt be weight in Love, no Grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if Love be blind,
(As many that can ſee have ſo reported)
What benefit canſt thou be to his Darkneſs?
Love is a Jewel (ſome ſay) ineſtimable,
But hung at the Ear, deprives our own ſight,
And ſo it ſhines to others, not our ſelves.
I ſpeak my skill, I have only heard on't,
But I could wiſh a nearer Document;
Alas, the ignorant deſire to know:
Some ſay Love's but a Toy, and with a but.
Now methinks I ſhould love it ne'er the worſe,
A Toy is harmleſs ſure, and may be plaid with,
It ſeldome goes without his adjunct, Pretty,
A pretty Toy we ſay, 'tis meeter to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad Night yet for all this,
Here's a Prieſt ready, and a Lady ready;
A Chamber ready, and a Bed ready,
'Tis then but making unready, and that's ſoon done:
My Lady is my Couſin; I my ſelf;
Which is neareſt then? My Deſires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worſer cauſe,
I muſt go queſtion with my Conſcience:
I have the word; Centinel, do thou ſtand,
Thou ſhalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. [*Exit.*

Enter Antonio *and* Martin.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, think'ſt thou, Friend?
Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.
Ant. There are that bite
And bark not, Man; methought I ſpy'd two Fellows
That through two Streets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their Eyes ſuſpiciouſly upon us.
Mar. Your Jealouſie, nothing elſe; or ſuch perhaps
As are afraid as much of us, who knows
But about the like buſineſs? but for your fears ſake,
I'll adviſe and intreat one courteſie.
Ant. What's that, Friend?
Mar. I will not be denied, Sir,
Change your upper Garments with me.

Ant.

Ant. It needs not.
Mar. I think ſo too, but I will have it ſo,
If you dare truſt me with the better, Sir.
Ant. Nay then.
Mar. If there ſhould be danger towards,
There will be the main mark I'm ſure.
Ant. Here thou tak'ſt from me.
Mar. Tuſh, the General
Muſt be ſafe, how-e'er the Battel goes:
See you the Beacon yonder?
Ant. Yes, we are near ſhore.
Enter two Gentlemen with Weapons drawn, they ſet upon Martin: Antonio *purſues them out in reſcue of* Martin.
Mar. Come, land, land, you muſt clamber by the Cliff,
Here are no Stairs to riſe by.
Ant. Ay, are you there? [*Fight and Exeunt.*
Enter Aminta *above, and* Martin *return'd again aſcends.*
Amin. Antonio?
Mar. Yes, *Iſmenia.*
Amin. Thine own.
Mar. Quench the light, thine Eyes are guides illuſtrious.
Amin. 'Tis neceſſary. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio.

Mar. Your Legs have ſav'd your lives, whoe'er you are.
Friend? *Martin?* where art thou? not hurt I hope:
Sure I was fartheſt in the purſuit of 'em:
My Pleaſures are forgotten through my Fears.
The Light's extinct, it was diſcreetly done;
They could not but have notice of the Broil,
And fearing that might call up Company,
Have carefully prevented, and cloſed up:
I do commend the heed; oh, but my Friend,
I fear his hurt: Friend? Friend? it cannot be
So mortal, that I ſhould loſe thee quite, Friend?
A groan, any thing that may diſcover thee:
Thou art not ſunk ſo far, but I might hear thee:
I'll lay mine Ear as low as thou canſt fall:
Friend, Don *Martin*, I muſt anſwer for thee,
'Twas in my cauſe thou fell'ſt, if thou be'ſt down.
Such Dangers ſtand betwixt us and our Joys,

That

That ſhould we forethink e'er we undertake,
We'd ſit at home, and ſave. What a Night's here?
Purpos'd for ſo much Joy, and now diſpos'd
To ſo much Wretchedneſs? I ſhall not reſt in't:
If I had all my Pleaſures there within,
I ſhould not entertain 'em with a Smile.
Good night to you: Mine will be black and ſad,
A Friend cannot, a Woman may be bad. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta.

Iſm. O Thou falſe.
Amin. Do your daring'ſt, he's mine own,
Soul and Body mine, Church and Chamber mine,
Totally mine.
Iſm. Dar'ſt thou face thy Falſhood?
Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my Wiſhes
Come home ſo ſweetly? Farewel your Company
'Till you be calmer, Woman. [*Exit.*
Iſm. Oh what a heap
Of Miſery has one Night brought with it.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? do you turn your ſhame from me?
You're a blind Adultereſs, you know you are.
Iſm. How's that, *Antonio?*
Ant. 'Till I have Vengeance,
Your Sin's not pardonable: I'll have him,
If Hell hide him not; you've had your laſt of him. [*Ex.*
Iſm. What did he ſpeak? I underſtood him not,
He call'd me a foul Name, it was not mine,
He took me for another ſure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha? are you there?
Where's your Sweetheart? I have found you Traytor
To my Houſe: wilt league with mine Enemy?
You'll ſhed his Blood, you'll ſay: hah? will you ſo?

And

And fight with your Heels upwards? No, Minion,
I have a Husband for you, ſince you're ſo rank,
And ſuch a Husband as thou ſhalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: *Antonio?*

Iſm. It Thunders with the Storm now.

Bel. And to Night
I'll have it diſpatch'd; I'll make it ſure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an Out-cry: Go, I'll ha'ye before me:
Shough, ſhough, up to your Coop, Pea-hen.

Iſm. Then I'll try my Wings. [*Exit.*

Bel. Ay, are you good at that? ſtop, ſtop Thief, ſtop there. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante, *and* Florimel *ſinging.*

Firſt SONG.

Flo. *Now having Leiſure, and a happy Wind,*
Thou mayſt at Pleaſure cauſe the Stones to grind,
Sails ſpread, and Griſt here ready to be ground,
Fie, ſtand not idly, but let the Mill go round.

Otr. Why doſt thou ſing and dance thus? why ſo merry?
Why doſt thou look ſo wantonly upon me?
And kiſs my Hands?

Flo. If I were high enough,
I would kiſs your Lips too.

Otr. Do, this is ſome kindneſs,
This taſtes of willingneſs; nay, you may kiſs
Still, but why o'th' ſudden now does the fit take ye,
Unoffer'd, or uncompel'd? why theſe ſweet Curteſies?
Even now you would have bluſh'd to death to kiſs thus:
Prithee let me be prepar'd to meet thy Kindneſs,
I ſhall be unfurniſh'd elſe to hold thee play, Wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your Bleſſings;
If this be Love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your Strictneſs to me,
It is ſo ſudden, it wants Circumſtance.

Flo. Fye, how dull?

Second

Second S O N G.

How long ſhall I pine for Love?
How long ſhall I ſue in vain?
How long, like the Turtle-Dove,
Shall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my Love ſtand ſtill?
Shall the Griſts of my Hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

Otr. Prithee be calm a little,
Thou mak'ſt me wonder; thou that wert ſo ſtrange,
And read ſuch pious Rules to my Behaviour
But yeſternight, thou that wert made of Modeſty,
Shouldſt in a few ſhort Minutes turn thus deſperate.
Flo. You are too cold.
Otr. I do confeſs I freeze now,
I am another thing all over me:
It is my part to woo, not to be courted:
Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o'th' inſtant e'er I can expect,
E'er I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A ſeparation of your honeſt Carriage
From the deſires of Youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation.
Flo. I will tell ye,
And tell ye ſeriouſly, why I appear thus,
To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded.
I have no Modeſty, I am truly wanton:
I am that you look for, Sir; now come up roundly;
If my ſtrict Face and counterfeited Statelineſs
Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way, (ye.
And you ſhould never have come to have known who hurt
Prithee, ſweet Count, be more familiar with me.
However we are open in our Natures,
And apt to more deſires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloſs of good on't:
I ſaw you touch not at the bait of Chaſtity,
And that it grew diſtaſteful to your Palate
To appear ſo holy, therefore I take my true ſhape:
Is your Bed ready, Sir? you ſhall quickly find me.

Third

Third S O N G.

On the Bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid, ſhall we be afraid
To try the Rights that belong to Love?
No, no, there I'll woo thee with a Crown,
Crown our Deſires, kindle the fires,
When Love requires we ſhould wanton prove,
We'll kiſs, we'll ſport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
If thou com'ſt ſhort, for thee I'll ſtay:
If thou unskilful art on the Ground,
I'll kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.

Otr. Are ye no Maid?
Flo. Alas, my Lord, no certain;
I am ſorry you are ſo innocent to think ſo.
Is this an Age for ſilly Maids to thrive in?
It is ſo long too ſince I loſt it, Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What ſhould you do with Maiden-heads? you hate 'em,
They are peeviſh petty things, that hold no Game up,
No Pleaſure neither, they are ſport for Surgeons;
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:
A fair and eaſie way Men travel right in,
And with Delight, diſcourſe, and twenty Pleaſures,
They enjoy their Journey; mad Men creep thro' Hedges.
Otr. I am metamorphos'd; why do you appear,
I conjure ye, beyond Belief thus wanton?
Flo. Becauſe I would give ye Pleaſure beyond belief.

Fourth S O N G.

Think me ſtill in my Father's Mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my Back, on a well-fill'd Sack,
While the Mill has ſtill gone round-a:
Prithee Sirrah try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round-a.

Otr. Then you have Traded?
Flo. Traded? how ſhould I know elſe how to live, Sir,
And how to ſatisfie ſuch Lords as you are,
Our beſt Gueſts and our richeſt?

Otr.

Otr. How I ſhake now? You take no baſe Men?
Flo. Any that will offer,
All manner of Men, and all Religions, Sir,
We touch at in our time; all States and Ages,
We exempt none.

Fifth S O N G.

The young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne'er ſo unſound,
The Jew or the Turk, have leave for to work,
The whilſt that the Mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then?
Flo. No matter, ſince you have your private Pleaſure,
And have it by an Artiſt excellent,
Whether I am thus, or thus, your Men can tell ye.
Otr. My Men? Defend me, how I freeze together,
And am on Ice? do I bite at ſuch an Orange
After my Men? I am preferr'd.
Flo. Why ſtay ye?
Why do we talk, my Lord, and loſe our time?
Pleaſure was made for Lips, and ſweet Embraces,
Let Lawyers uſe their Tongues. Pardon my Modeſty,
This deſperate way muſt help; or I am miſerable.
Otr. She turns, and wipes her Face, ſhe weeps for certain,
Some new way now, ſhe cannot be thus beaſtly,
She is too excellcent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the Elements of common looſeneſs,
The art of lewdneſs: That, that, that, how now, Sir?

Enrer a Servant.

Ser. The King, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip, is alighted
Cloſe at the Gate.
Otr. The King?
Ser. And calls for ye, Sir. Means to breakfaſt here too.
Flo. Then I am happy.
Otr. Stol'n ſo ſuddenly? Go lock her up.
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not ſee her,
Lock her up cloſely, Sirrah, in my Cloſet.
Ser. I will, my Lord; what, does ſhe yield yet? [*Ex.*
Otr. Peace: She is either a damn'd Devil, or an Angel.
No noiſe, upon your life, Dame, but all ſilence.

Enter

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Liſauro, *and* Terſo.

Otr. Your Majeſty heaps too much Honour on me,
With ſuch delight to view each ſeveral corner
Of a rude Pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handſome, and the Rooms along
Are neat, and well contriv'd; the Gallery
Stands pleaſantly and ſweet: What Rooms are theſe?

Otr. They are ſluttiſh ones.

Phil. Nay, I muſt ſee.

Otr. Pray ye do, Sir,
They are Lodging-chambers over a homely Garden.

Phil. Fit ſtill, and handſome; very well: and thoſe?

Otr. Thoſe lead to the other ſide o'th' Houſe, and't like (ye.

Phil. Let me ſee thoſe.

Otr. Ye may, the Doors are open.
What would this View mean? I am half ſuſpitious.

Phil. This little Room?

Otr. 'Tis mean; a Place for traſh, Sir,
For rubbiſh of the Houſe.

Phil. I would ſee this too?
I will ſee all.

Otr. I beſeech your Majeſty,
The Savour of it, and the coarſe Appearance. (with it,

Phil. 'Tis not ſo bad, you would not offend your Houſe
Come, let me ſee.

Otr. Faith, Sir.

Phil. I'faith I will ſee.

Otr. My Groom has the Key, Sir, and 'tis ten to one---

Phil. But I will ſee it: Force the Lock, my Lords,
There be Smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep ſome rare things here, you would not ſhow, Sir.

Florimel *diſcover'd.*

Ter. Here's a fair Maid indeed.

Phil. By my Faith is ſhe;
A handſome Girl: Come forward, do not fear, Wench.
Ay marry, here's a Treaſure worth concealing:
Call in the Miller.

Otr. Then I am diſcover'd.
I confeſs all before the Miller comes, Sir,
'Twas but Intention, from all Act I am clear yet.

Enter

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your Daughter?
Fra. Yes, and't pleaſe your Highneſs,
This is the Shape of her; for her Subſtance, Sir,
Whether ſhe be now honourable or diſhonourable,
Whether ſhe be a white Roſe, or a Canker, is the Queſtion.
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If ſhe be for your Pace, you had beſt preſerve her, Sir,
She is tender-mouth'd, let her be broken handſomely.
Phil. Maid, were you ſtollen?
Flo. I went not willingly,
And't pleaſe your Grace, I was never bred ſo boldly.
Phil. How has he us'd ye?
Flo. Yet, Sir, very nobly.
Phil. Be ſure ye tell Truth; and be ſure, my Lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if ye have, I tell ye
You have loſt me, and your ſelf too; ſpeak again, Wench.
Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I am yet a Maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir:
Only I ſuffer'd under ſtrong Temptations
The Heat of Youth; but Heav'n deliver'd me.
My Lord, I am no Whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made ye loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd elſe,
I had been miſerable, but I forgive ye.
Phil. What Recompence for this?
Otr. A great one, Sir,
Firſt a Repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, Sweet.
Flo. I do, my Lord.
Otr. I thank ye;
The next take this, and theſe; all I have, *Florimel.*
Flo. No, good my Lord, theſe often corrupt Maidens,
I dare not touch at theſe, they are Lime for Virgins;
But if you'll give me——
Otr. Any thing in my Power,
Or in my Purchaſe.
Flo. Take heed, noble Sir,
You'll make me a bold Asker.
Otr. Ask me freely.

Flo. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve ye,
I have kept ye from a crying Sin would damn ye
To Men and Time: I have preserv'd your Credit,
That would have dy'd to all Posterity:
Curses of Maids shall never now afflict ye,
Nor Parents bitter Tears make your Name barren:
If he deserves well that redeems his Country,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy
To be your Friend, that have preserv'd your Honour?
Otr. You are, and thus I take ye; thus I seal ye
Mine own, and only mine.
Phil. Count, she deserves ye,
And let it be my Happiness to give ye,
I have given a virtuous Maid, now I dare say it,
'Tis more than Blood; I'll pay her Portion, Sir,
And't shall be worthy you.
Fra. I'll sell my Mill,
I'll pay some too: I'll pay the Fidlers,
And we'll have all i'th' Country at this Wedding,
Pray let me give her too; here my Lord take her,
Take her with all my Heart, and kiss her freely;
Would I could give you all this Hand has stoll'n too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The Wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.
Ver. She must have new Cloaths.
Tir. Yes.
Ver. Yes marry must she.
If't please ye, Madam, let me see the State of your Body,
I'll fit you instantly.
Phil. Art not thou gone yet? (now,
Ver. And't please your Grace, a Gown, a handsome Gown
An ancient Gown.
Phil. Nay, take thy Pleasure of her.
Ver. Of Cloth of Tissew I can fit ye, Madam:
My Lords, stand out o'th' Light, a curious Body,
The neatest Body in *Spain* this Day; with embroider'd
Quinquant Petticoat of some rich Stuff, (Flowers,
To catch the Eye: I have a thousand Fashions.
O Sleeve: O Sleeve: I'll study all Night, Madam,
To magnifie your Sleeve. *Otr.*

Otr. Do, superstitious Tailor,
When ye have more time.
Flo. Make me no more than Woman,
And I am thine.
Otr. Sir, haply my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her instantly; will you try her?
Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot.
But if the Fashion be not there, you marr her.

Enter Antonio, *Constable and Officers.*

Ant. Is my Offence so great, e'er I be convict,
To be torn with Rascals? If it be Law,
Let 'em be wild Horses rather than these.
Phil. What's that? (Grace.
Con. This is a Man suspected of Murther, if it please your
Phil. It pleases me not, Friend; but who suspects him?
Con. We that are your Highness extraordinary Officers,
We that have taken our Oaths to maintain you in Peace.
Phil. 'Twill be a great Charge to you.
Con. 'Tis a great Charge indeed; but then we call our Neighbours to help us. This Gentleman and another were fallen out (yet that's more than I am able to say, for I heard no Words between 'em, but what their Weapons spoke, clash, and clatter) which we seeing, came with our Bills of Government, and first knock down their Weapons, and then the Men.
Phil. And this you did to keep the Peace?
Con. Yes, and't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down to keep the Peace: This we laid hold on, the other we set in the Stocks. That I could do by mine own Power, without your Majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, Sir?
Con. I am a Shooemaker by my Trade.
Ant. Oh my Husband!
Why stands my Husband as a Man endanger'd?
Restore him me, as you are merciful.
I'll answer for him.
Ant. What Woman's this? what Husband? hold thy
I know thee for no Wife. (bawling,
Amin. You married me last Night.

Ant. Thou lyeſt: I neither was in Church nor Houſe
Laſt Night, nor ſaw I thee; a thing that was my Friend,
I ſcorn to name now, was with *Iſmenia*,
Like a Thief, and there he violated
A ſacred Truſt. This thou may'ſt know, *Aminta.*
Amin. Are not you he?
Ant. No, nor a Friend of his:
Would I had kill'd him; I hope I have.
Amin. That was my Husband, Royal Sir, that Man,
That excellent Man.

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That Villain, that Thief.
Bel. Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken.
This is mine Enemy: Pardon, my Soveraign.
Phil. Good Charity, to crave Pardon for your Enemy.
Bel. Mine own Pardon, Sir, for my Joy's Rudeneſs.
In what Place better could I meet my Foe,
And both of us ſo well provided too?
He with ſome black blood-thirſty Crime upon him,
That (e'er the Horſe-Leech burſt) will ſuck him dry:
I with a ſecond Accuſation,
Enough to break his Neck, if need ſhould be,
And then to have even Juſtice it ſelf to right us:
How ſhould I make my Joys a little civil,
They might not keep this Noiſe?
Ant. Here is ſome Hope.
Should the Ax be dull, the Halter's preparing.
Phil. What's your Accuſation, Sir? We have heard the (former.

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine, my Lord? A ſtrong one.
Jul. A falſe one, Sir,
At leaſt malicious; an Evidence
Of hatred and deſpight: He would accuſe
My poor Kinſman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking ſaw, the ſtealing of his Daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak *Antonio*, didſt thou ever ſee her?
Ant. Yes, Sir, I have ſeen her.
Bel. Ah ha, Friend *Julio*,

Jul.

Jul. He might, but how? with an unheedful Eye,
An accidental View, as Men see Multitudes
That the next Day dare not precisely say
They saw that Face, or that, amongst 'em all.
Didst thou so look on her?
Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His Looks hang themselves.
Phil. Your Patience, Gentlemen.
I pray you tell me if I be in Error,
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some Show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it; pray you speak,
(It seems no more) Is't any thing but a Show?
Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can show you all,
So could my Daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough:
She's fled me, and I accuse this Thief for't.
Don *Martin*, his own Friend's my Testimony,
A practis'd Night-Work.
Phil. That *Martin*'s the other
In your Custody; he was forgotten;
Fetch him hither.
Con. We'll bring the Stocks and all else, and't please your Grace.

Enter Bustopha *and* Ismenia.

Amin. That Man's my Husband certain, instead of this:
Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.
Bust. Soh hoh, Miller, Miller, look out Miller; is there ne'er a Miller amongst you here, Gentlemen?
Fir. Yes, Sir, here is a Miller amongst Gentlemen,
A Gentleman Miller.
Bust. I should not be far off then; there went but a Pair of Sheers and a Bodkin between us. Will you to work, Miller? Here's a Maid has a Sack full of News for you: Shall your Stones walk? Will you grind, Miller?
Phil. This your Son, *Franio*?
Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my Rebel Son, my Lord.
Bust. Fie, your Hopper runs over, Miller.

Fra. This Villain (of my own Fleſh and Blood) was ac-
To the ſtealing of my Daughter. (ceſſary

Buſt. Oh Mountain,
Shalt thou call a Molehil a Scab upon the Face
Of the Earth? Though a Man be a Thief, ſhall a Miller
Him ſo? Oh egregious! (call

Jul. Remember, Sirrah, who you ſpeak before.

Buſt. I ſpeak before a Miller,
A Thief in Grain; for he ſteals Corn: He that ſteals
A Wench, is a true Man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another Cauſe that was in pleading.

Buſt. I'll prove it ſtrongly. (wealth;
He that ſteals Corn, ſteals the Bread of the Common-
He that ſteals a Wench, ſteals but the Fleſh (the Fleſh?

Phil. And how is the Bread ſtealing more criminal than

Buſt. He that ſteals Bread, ſteals that which is lawful every Day:
He that ſteals Fleſh, ſteals nothing from the faſting Day:
Ergo, to ſteal the Bread is the arranter Theft.

Phil. This is to ſome purpoſe. (full:

Buſt. Again, he that ſteals Fleſh ſteals for his own Belly
He that ſteals Bread, robs the Guts of others:
Ergo, The arranter Thief, the Bread ſtealer.

Again, he that ſteals Fleſh, ſteals once, and gives over; yes, and often pays for it; the other ſteals every Day, without Satisfaction: To conclude, Bread-ſtealing is the more capital Crime, for what he ſteals he puts in at the Head: he that ſteals Fleſh (as the *Dutch* Author ſays) puts it in at the Foot (the lower Member.) Will you go as you are now, Miller?

Phil. How has this ſatisfy'd you, Don *Bellides*?

Bel. Nothing, my Lord, my Cauſe is ſerious.
I claim a Daughter from that loving Thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.

Bel. Ah ha, *Julio*. (Daughter?

Jul. How ſaid you, *Antonio*? Wiſh you, you had his

Ant. With my Soul I wiſh her; and my Body
Shall periſh, but I'll enjoy my Souls Wiſh.

I

I would have ſlain my Friend for his Deceit,
But I do find his own Deceit hath paid him.
Jul. Will you vex my Soul forth? no other Choice
But where my Hate is rooted? Come hither, Girl,
Whoſe pretty Maid art thou?
Iſm. The Child of a poor Man, Sir.
Jul. The better for it. With my Soveraign's Leave,
I'll wed thee to this Man, will he, nill he.
Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love Enforcer,
I uſe no Power of mine unto thoſe Ends.
Jul. Wilt thou have him?
Iſm. Not unleſs he love me.
Ant. I do love thee: Farewel all other Beauties,
I ſettle here; You are *Iſmenia*.
Iſm. The ſame I was; better, nor worſe, *Antonio*.
Ant. I ſhall have your Conſent here, I'm ſure, Sir.
Bel. With all my Heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this Kindneſs to mine Enemy,
And give her as a Father.
Ant. She'll thank you as a Daughter.
Will you not, *Iſmenia*?
Bel. How? *Iſmenia*?
Iſm. Your Daughter, Sir.
Bel. Is't poſſible? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you had caught the old ones; you wade, you
In ſhallow Fords, we can ſwim, we; look here, (wade
We made the Match; we are all Friends, good Friends:
Thin, thin; why the Fool knew all this, this Fool.
Buſt. Keep that to your ſelf, Sir; what I knew I knew:
This Sack is a Witneſs. Miller, this is not for your thumming. Here's gold Lace; you may ſee her in her Holiday Cloaths if you will; I was her Wardrobe Man.

Enter Martin, Aminta, *Conſtable, and Officers.*

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.
Mar. Did you ſpeak to me, Sir?
Ant. It might ſeem to you, *Martin*, your Conſcience
Has quick Ears.
Mar. My Sight was a little dim i'th' Dark, indeed.
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better Underſtander now,

I know my Wife wants nothing of a Woman?
There you're my *Junior*.

Ant. You are not hurt? (ſee,

Mar. Not ſhrewdly hurt; I have good Fleſh to heal you
Good round Fleſh: theſe Cherries will be worth chopping,
Crack Stones and all; I ſhould not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You miſtake the Weapon: Are you not hurt?

Mar. A little ſcratch; but I ſhall claw it off well enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free Conſcience: My Liege, your Pardon.

Phil. For what? who knows this Woman?

Fra. I beſt, my Lord,
I have been acquainted with her theſe forty Summers,
And as many Winters, were it Spring again;
She's like the Gout, I can get no cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your Wife, *Franio?*

Fra. 'Tis oh my Wife indeed, my Lord,
A painful ſtitch to my ſide; would it were pick'd out.

Phil. Well, Sir, your ſilence.

Buſt. Will you be older and older every day than other? the longer you live the older ſtill? Muſt his Majeſty command your Silence, e'er you'll hold your Tongue?

Phil. Your reprehenſion runs into the ſame fault:
'Pray Sir, will you be ſilent?

Buſt. I have told him of this before now, my Liege, but Age will have his courſe, and his weakneſſes.

Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Buſt. And his frailties, and his follies, as I may ſay, that cannot hold his Tongue e'er he be bidden.

Phil. Why Sirrah?

Buſt. But I believe your Majeſty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that Woman has ſomething to confeſs will hang them both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your Deſtiny upon you,
If you ceaſe not the ſooner.

Buſt. Nay, I have done, my Liege, yet it grieves me that I ſhould call that Man Father, that ſhould be ſo ſhameleſs, that being commanded to hold his Tongue.

Phil.

Phil. To th' Porter's Lodge with him.
Buſt. I thank your Grace, I have a Friend there.
Phil. Speak Woman, if any interruption meet thee more, it ſhall be puniſh'd ſharply.
Gill. Good my Liege, I dare not,
Ask you the queſtion why that old Man weeps.
Phil. Who? Count *Julio?* I obſerv'd it not.
You hear the queſtion, Sir, will you give the cauſe?
Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get paſſage,
It is a Sorrow of that greatneſs grown,
'Leſs it diſſolve in Tears, and come by Parcels.
Gill. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy. You loſt a Daughter.
Jul. 'Twas that recounted Thought brought forth theſe Sorrows.
Gill. She's found again. Know you this Mantle, Sir?
Jul. Hah?
Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you.
This did enwrap your Child, whom ever ſince
I have call'd mine, when Nurſe *Amaranta*,
In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba*,
Was ſeiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear,
She was the Ravin's Prey, as Heav'n ſo would,
He with his booty fill'd, forſook the Babe;
All this was in my ſight; and ſo long I ſaw,
Until the cruel Creature left my ſight,
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To reſcue the ſweet Lamb: I did it, Sir,
And ever ſince I have kept back your Joy,
And made it mine: but Age hath wearied me,
And bids me back reſtore unto the Owner
What I unjuſtly kept theſe fourteen Years.
Jul. Oh, thou haſt ta'en ſo many Years from me,
And made me young as was her Birth-day to me.
Oh, good my Liege, give my Joys a pardon,
I muſt go pour a bleſſing on my Child,
Which here would be too rude and troubleſome. [*Ex.*
Phil. Franio, you knew this before.
Buſt. Oh, oh; *Item* for you, Miller.
Fra. I did, my Liege, I muſt confeſs I did,
And I confeſs, I ne'er would have confeſs'd, Had

Had not that Woman's Tongue begun to me:
We poor ones love, and would have Comforts, Sir,
As well as great; this is no ſtrange fault, Sir,
There's many Men keep other Men's Children,
As though they were their own.

Buſt. It may ſtretch farther yet, I beſeech you, my Liege, let this Woman be a little farther examin'd; let the words of her Conſcience be ſearch'd, I would know how ſhe came by me: I am a loſt Child, if I be theirs: though I have been brought up in a Mill, yet I had ever a mind, methought, to be a greater Man.

Phil. She will reſolve you ſure.

Gill. Ay, ay, Boy; thou art mine own Fleſh and Blood, born of mine own Body.

Buſt. 'Tis very unlikely that ſuch a Body ſhould bear me; There's no truſt in theſe Millers. Woman, tell the truth, my Father ſhall forgive thee, whatſoever he was, were he Knight, Squire, or Captain; leſs he ſhould not be.

Gill. Thou art mine own Child, Boy.

Buſt. And was the Miller my Father?

Gill. Wouldſt thou make thy Mother a Whore, Knave?

Buſt. Ay, if ſhe make me a Baſtard. The Rack muſt make her confeſs, my Lord, I ſhall never come to know who I am elſe. I have a worſhipful Mind in me ſure; methinks I do ſcorn poor Folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, *&c.*

Phil. Here comes the brighteſt glory of the day:
Love yoak'd with Love, the beſt Equality,
Without the level of Eſtate or Perſon.

Jul You both ſhall be rewarded bountifully,
We'll be a-kin too; Brother and Siſter
Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Buſt. Thank you, Unkle, my Siſter is my Couſin yet at the laſt caſt: Farewel, Siſter foſter. If I had known the Civil Law would have allowed it, thou hadſt had another manner of Husband than thou haſt, but much good do thee; I'll dance at thy Wedding, kiſs the Bride, and ſo.

Jul. Why, how now, Sirrah?

Buſt.

Buſt. 'Tis lawful now, ſhe's none of my Siſter.
It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a Scabbard and a Sword,
He put it up in the Country word,
The Miller and his Daughter.
She has a Face, and ſhe can ſing,
She has a Grace, and ſhe can ſpring,
She has a Place with another thing,
Tradoodle.

Fra. A knaviſh Brother of yours, my Lord.

Buſt. Would I were acquainted with your Taylor, noble Brother.

Otr. You may, there he is: mine, newly entertain'd.

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir, I fitted the Lady.

Buſt. My Siſter, Tailor? what fits her will hardly fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you, Sir, the Tailor can do both.

Buſt. You have a true Yard, Tailor.

Ver. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

Buſt. Then, Tailor, march with me away,
I ſcorn theſe Robes, I muſt be gay,
My noble Brother he ſhall pay
Tom Tailor. [*Exeunt.*

Phil. Your recovered Friendſhips are ſound, Gentlemen?

Bel. At Heart, at Heart, my Lord, the Worm ſhall not Beyond many Ages find a Breach to enter at.

Phil. Theſe Lovers Unities I will not doubt of:
How happy have you made our Progreſs then,
To be the witneſs of ſuch fair Accords?
Come, now we'll eat with you, my Lord *Otrante*,
'Tis a Charge ſav'd; you muſt not grudge your Gueſt,
'Tis both my Welcome, and your Wedding-Feaſt.
[*Exeunt omnes.*



K^t. of Malta

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THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

VAletta, *the grand Maſter of* Malta.
Miranda, *an* Italian *Gentleman, the Knight of* Malta.
Aſtorius, } *Two Knights of the Order.*
Caſtriott, }
Mountferrat, *a Knight of the Order, but a Villain.*
Gomera, *A deſerving* Spaniſh *Gentleman.*
Norandine, *a valiant merry* Dane, *Commander in chief of the Gallies of* Malta.
Collona, *alias* Angelo, *a Captive redeemed from the Gallies, and beloved of* Miranda.
Rocca, *Servant and Inſtrument to* Mountferrat.
Two Biſhops.
Soldiers.
Corporal.
Priſoners.
Two Marſhals.
Doctor.
One of the Eſguard.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Oriana, *Siſter to* Valetta, *and Wife of* Gomera.
Velleda, *Attendant on* Oriana.
Zanthia, *alias* Abdella, *a* Moor *Servant to* Oriana.
Luſcinda, *a beautiful* Turkiſh *Woman, contracted to* Angelo, *Priſoner to* Miranda.
Two Gentlewomen.

The SCENE *MALTA.*

THE

THE Knight of *MALTA.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat.

MOUNTFERRAT.



Dares she despise me thus? me that with Spoil
And hazardous Exploits, full sixteen Years
Have led (as Hand-maids) Fortune, Victo-
Whom the *Maltezi* call my Servitors? (ry,
Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm,
Out-lighten'd Lightning in my Chivalry;
Rid (tame as Patience) Billows that kick'd Heav'n,
Whistl'd enraged *Boreas* 'till his Gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
Because he could not show the Air my Keel,
And yet I cannot conquer her bright Eyes,
Which though they blaze both Comfort, and invite
Neither by Force, nor Fraud pass through her Ear
(Whose Guard is only blushing Innocence)
To take the least Possession of her Heart:
Did I attempt her with a Thread-bare Name, unapt with meritorious Actions,
She might with Colour disallow my Suit:
But by the Honour of this Christian Cross
(In Blood of Infidels so often dy'd)
Which mine own Soul and Sword hath fixed here,
And neither Favour, nor Birth's Privilege,

Oriana

Oriana ſhall confeſs, although ſhe be
Valetta's Siſter, our Grand-maſter here,
The Wages of ſcorn'd Love is baneful Hate,
And if I rule not her, I'll rule her Fate.
Rocca, my truſty Servant, welcome.

Enter Rocca.

Roc. Sir,
I wiſh my News deſerv'd it: hapleſs I
That being lov'd, and truſted, fail to bring
The loving Anſwer that you do expect. (ſend forth
Mount. Why ſpeak'ſt thou from me? thy pleas'd Eyes
Beams brighter than the Star that uſhers day,
Thy Smiles reſtore ſick expectation.
Roc. I bring you, Sir, her Smiles, not mine.
Mount. Her Smiles?
Why they are Preſents for Kings eldeſt Sons;
Great *Solyman*, that wearies his hot Eyes
But to peruſe his deck'd *Seraglio*,
When from the number of his Concubines,
He chuſeth one for that Night, in his Pride
Of them, Wives, Wealth, is not ſo rich as I
In this one Smile, from *Oriana* ſent.
Roc. Sir, fare ye well.
Mount. Oh *Rocca!* thou art wiſe,
And wou'dſt not have the torrent of my Joy
Ruin me headlong; aptly thou conceiv'ſt
If one reviving ſmile can raiſe me thus,
What trances will the ſweet words which thou bring'ſt
Caſt me into? I felt, my deareſt Friend,
No more my Servant, when I imployed thee
That knew'ſt to look, and ſpeak as Lovers ſhould,
And carry faithfully thy Maſter's ſighs,
That it muſt work ſome heat in her cold Heart,
And all my Labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold Prize.
Roc. Will you yet hear me?
Mount. Yes;
But take heed, gentle *Rocca*, that thou doſt
Tenderly by degrees aſſault mine Ears
With her conſent, now to embrace my love;

For

For thou well know'ſt I have been ſo plung'd, ſo torn
With her reſolv'd Reject, and Neglect:
That to report her ſoft Acceptance now,
Will ſtupifie Senſe in me, if not kill:
Why ſhew'ſt thou this Diſtemper?
Roc. Draw your Sword,
And when I with my Breath have blaſted you,
Kill me with it;
I bring you Smiles of Pity, not Affection,
For ſuch ſhe ſent.
Mount. Oh! can ſhe pity me?
Of all the Paths lead to a Woman's Love,
Pity's the ſtraighteſt.
Roc. Waken Sir, and know
That her Contempt (if you can name it ſo)
Continues ſtill; ſhe bids you throw your Pearl
Into ſtrong Streams, and hope to turn them ſo,
E'er her to foul Diſhonour; write your Plaints
In Rocks of Coral grown above the Sea,
Than hope to ſoften to Compaſſion,
Or change their modeſt Bluſh to love-ſick Pale,
E'er work her to your impious Requeſts;
All your looſe Thoughts ſhe chides you home again,
But with ſuch calm Behaviour, and mild Looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For juſt as others love, ſo doth ſhe hate:
She ſays, that by your Order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her and your own Faith,
That being the Virgin you ſhould now protect,
Hitherto ſhe profeſſes ſhe has conceal'd
Your luſtful Batteries, but the next ſhe vows,
In open Hall, before the honour'd Croſs,
And her great Brother, ſhe will quite diſcloſe,
Calling for Juſtice, to your utter Shame.
Mount. Hence, find the *Blackamoor* that waits upon (her,
Bring her unto me, ſhe doth love me yet,
And I muſt her now, at leaſt ſeem to do:
Cupid, thy Brands that glow thus in my Veins,
I will with Blood extinguiſh——Art not gone?

Shall my Desires, like Beggars, wait at Door,
Whilst any others revel in her Breast?
Sweat on my Spirits; know thou trick'd up Toy,
My Love's a violent Flood, where art thou fall'n,
Playing with which Tide thoud'st been gently toss'd,
But crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd, and lost.

Enter Astorius *and* Castriot.

Cast. Monsieur, good Day.

Asto. Good morrow, valiant Knight,
What, are you for this great Solemnity
This Morn intended?

Mount. What Solemnity?

Asto. The investing of the Martial *Spaniard*,
Peter Gomera, with our Christian Badge.

Cast. And young *Miranda* the *Italian*,
Both which with wondrous Prowess, and great Luck,
Have dar'd and done for *Malta* such high Feats,
That not one Fort in it, but rings their Names
As loud as any Man's.

Mount. As any Man's?
Why, we have fought for *Malta*.

Asto. Yes, *Mountferrat*.
No bold Knight ever past you, but we wear
The Dignity of Christians on our Breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our Conquests;
These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.

Mount. *Astorius*, you are a most indulgent Knight,
Detracting from your self, to add to others,
You know this Title is the Period
To all our Labours, the Extremity
Of that tall Pyramid, where Honour hangs.
Which we with Sweat and Agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a Wreath to every cheap Desert.

Cast. How is this *Frenchman* chang'd, *Astorius*?
Some sullen Discontent possesses him,
That makes him envy, what he heretofore
Did most ingeniously but emulate.

Mount. Oh furious Desire, how like a Whirl-wind
Thou hurriest me beyond mine Honour's Point?

Out

Out of my Heart, baſe Luſt, or Heart, I vow
Thoſe Flames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in.
Aſt. Do ye obſerve him?
Mount. What News of the *Dane*,
That valiant Captain *Norandine*?
Caſt. He fights ſtill,
In View o'th'Town; he plays the Devil with 'em,
And they the *Turks* with him.
Mount. They're well met then, 'twere Sin to ſever 'em,
Piſh——Woman.——Memory——
Would one of ye would leave me.
Aſto. Six freſh Gallies
I in St. *Angelo* from the Promontory
This Morn deſcry'd, making a Girdle for him,
But our great Maſter doth intend Relief
This preſent Meeting; will you walk along?
Mount. Hum---I have read, Ladies enjoy'd, have been
The Gulphs of worthieſt Men, buried their Names,
Their former Valour, Bounty, Beauty, Virtue,
And ſent 'em ſtinking to untimely Graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her Diſdain,
Am like to prove as wretched; Woman then
Checking or granting, is the Grave of Men.
Aſto. He's ſaying of his Prayers ſure.
Caſt. Will you go, Sir?
Mount. I cry you Mercy: I am ſo tranſported
(Your Pardon, noble Brothers) with a Buſineſs
That doth concern all *Malta*, that I am
(Anon you'll hear't) almoſt blind and deaf.
Luſt neither ſees nor hears ought but it ſelf,
But I will follow inſtantly: your Croſs.
Aſto. Not mine. [*Dropt.*
Caſt. Nor mine, 'tis yours.
Aſto. Caſt. Good morrow, Brother. [*Exeunt.*
Mount. White innocent Sign, thou doſt abhor to dwell
So near the dim Thoughts of this troubled Breaſt.
Enter Zanthia, *alias* Abdella, *with two Letters.*
Yet I muſt wear thee to protect my Crimes,
If not for Conſcience, for Hypocriſie,
Some Churchmen ſo wear Caſſocks: Oh my *Zanthia.*

My Pearl, that ſcorns a Stain! I muſt repent
All my Neglect; let me, *Ixion* like,
Embrace my black Cloud, ſince my *Juno* is
So wrathful, and averſe; thou art more ſoft
And full of Dalliance than the faireſt Fleſh,
And far more loving.

Zan. Ay, you ſay ſo now;
But like a Property, when I have ſerv'd
Your Turns, you'll caſt me off, or hang me up
For a ſign ſomewhere.

Mount. May my Life then forſake me,
Or from my expected Bliſs, be caſt to Hell.

Zan. My Tongue, Sir, cannot liſp to meet you ſo,
Nor my black Cheek put on a feigned Bluſh,
To make me ſeem more modeſt than I am.
This Ground-Work will not bear adulterate Red,
Nor artificial White, to cozen Love
Theſe dark Locks are not purchas'd, nor theſe Teeth,
For every Night, they are my Bedfellows;
No Bath, no blanching Water, ſmoothing Oils,
Doth mend me up; and yet *Mountferrat*, know,
I am as full of Pleaſure in the Touch
As e'er a white-fac'd Puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm; unfledge 'em of their Tires,
Their Wires, their Partlets, Pins, and Perriwigs,
And they appear like bald Cootes, in the Neſt;
I can as blithly work in my Love's Bed,
And deck thy fair Neck, with theſe jetty Chains,
Sing thee aſleep, being weary'd; and refreſh'd,
With the ſame Organ, ſteel Sleep off again.

Mount. Oh my black Swan, ſleeker than Cignets Pluſh,
Sweeter than is the Sweet of Pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd *Zephyrus*, cooling Lymon-Trees,
Strait as young Pines, or Cedars in the Grove,
Quickly deſcend Lover's beſt Canopy,
Still Night; for *Zanthia* doth enamour me
Beyond all Continence perpetrate, dear Wench,
What thou haſt promis'd, and I vow by Heav'n,
Malta, I'll leave in't my Honours here,

And

And in ſome other Country, *Zanthia* make
My Wife, and my beſt Fortune.
Zan. From this Hope,
Here is an Anſwer to that Letter, which
I lately ſhew'd you ſent from *Tripoly*,
By the great *Baſha*, which importunes her
Love unto him, and Treachery to the Iſland;
Which will ſhe undertake, by *Mahomet*
The *Turk* there vows, on his bleſt *Alchoran*,
Marriage unto her: This the Maſter knows,
But is reſolv'd of her Integrity,
As well as he may, ſweet Lady; yet for Love,
For love of thee *Mountferrat*, (Oh! what Chains
Of Deity, or Duty can hold Love?)
I have this Anſwer fram'd, ſo like her Hand
As if it had been moulded off; returning
The *Baſha*'s Letter ſafe into her Pocket;
What will you do with it, your ſelf beſt knows;
Farewel, keep my true Heart, keep true your Vows. [*Exit.*
Mount. 'Till I be Duſt, my *Zanthia*, be confirm'd;
Sparrows, and Doves, ſit coupling 'twixt thy Lips.
It is not Love, but ſtrong Libidinous Will
That triumphs o'er me, and to ſatiate that,
What Difference 'twixt this *Moor*, and her fair Dame?
Night makes their Hues alike, their Uſe is ſo;
Whoſe Hand is ſo ſubtle, he can Colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em? Luſt being blind,
Never in Women did Diſtinction find. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* But i'faith doſt thou think my Lady was never in (Love?
2 *Gent.* I rather think ſhe was ever in Love, in perfect (Charity.
1 *Gent.* I mean, with all the World.
2 *Gent.* A moſt chriſtian Anſwer, I promiſe you.
2 *Gent.* But I mean in Love with a Man.
2 *Gent.* With a Man? What elſe? would'ſt have her in Love with a Beaſt?
1 *Gent.* You are ſomewhat quick; but if ſhe were, it were no Preſident; did you never read of *Europa*, the fair, that leapt

A Bull, that leapt the Sea, that ſwum to Land, and then (leapt her?

2 *Gent.* Oh Heav'ns, a Bull?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white Bull. (hold?

2 *Gent.* Lord, how could ſhe ſit him? Where did ſhe

1 *Gent.* Why, by the Horn, ſince which time, no Woman, almoſt, is

Contented, 'till ſhe have a Horn of her own, to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou art very knaviſh. (thou marry?

1 *Gent.* And thou very fooliſh; but Sirrah, why doſt not

2 *Gent.* Becauſe I would be no Man's Loooking-Glaſs?

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus, there is no Wife, if ſhe be good and true, will honour, and obey, but muſt reflect the true Countenance of her Husband upon him; if he look ſad upon her, ſhe muſt not look merrily upon him: If he look merrily, ſhe muſt not ſorrowfully, elſe ſhe is a falſe Glaſs, and fit for nothing but breaking: His Anger muſt not be her Diſcontent; his Pleaſure her Delight: If he weep, ſhe muſt cry: If he laugh, ſhe muſt ſhow her Teeth; if he be ſick, ſhe muſt not be in Health; if he eat Caudles, ſhe muſt eat Pottage, ſhe muſt have no proper Paſſion of her own; and is not this a Tyranny?

1 *Gent.* Yes, i'faith, Marriage may well be called a Yoak; Wives then are but like ſuperficial Lines in Geometry, that have no proper Motion of their own, but as their Bodies their Husbands move; yet I know ſome Wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleaſed, but when they are fartheſt off their Husbands.

2 *Gent.* That's becauſe the Moon governs 'em, which hath moſt Light and ſhines brighteſt, the more remote it is from the Sun; and contrary, is more ſullen, dim, and ſhows leaſt Splendor, when it is neareſt.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate Fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Becauſe I would lead the blind whither I liſt.

2 *Gent.* And I the wiſeſt Man I could get for Mony, becauſe I had rather follow the clear-ſighted; bleſs me from a Husband that ſails by his Wife's Compaſs.

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but she breaks his Head in her Youth, and when she is old she'll never leave 'till she has broke his Back too———
But what scurvy Knight have you here in *Malta*, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hist, Wenches, my Lady calls, she's entring The Tarrase, to see the Show.

1 *Gent.* Oh black Pudding.

2 *Gent.* My little Labour in vain.

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy Knights have we here in *Malta*, that when they are dub'd take their Oath of Allegiance to live poor, and chastly, ever after?

2 *Gent.* 'Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poor as ours; marry where one of 'em has taken the Oath of Chastity, we want a new *Columbus* to find out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, *and two Gentlewomen*; *beneath*, Valetta, Mountferrat, Astorius, Castriot, Gomera, Miranda, *Attendants of Knights*, &c.

Mount. Are you there, Lady?

Ori. Thou art a naughty Man,
Heav'n mend thee.

Val. Our great Meeting, princely Brothers,
Ye holy Soldiers of the *Christian-Cross*,
Is to relieve our Captain *Norandine*,
Now fighting for *Valetta* with the *Turk*,
A valiant Gentleman, a noble *Dane*
As e'er the Country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh Supply of head-bound Infidels.
Much means, much Blood this warlike *Dane* hath spent
To advance our Flag, above their horned Moons;
And oft hath brought in profitable Conquest:
We must not see him perish in our View.
How far off fight they?

Mir. Sir, within a League.

Val. 'Tis well; our next Occasion of conventing
Are these two Gentlemen, standing in your Sight.
Ye are noble Props of *Malta*, royally

Deſcended are they both, valiant as War,
Miranda, and *Gomera*, full ten Years
They have ſerv'd this Iſland, perfected Exploits
Matchleſs and infinite, they are honeſt, wiſe,
Not empty of one Ornament of Man:
Moſt eminent Agents were they in that ſlaughter,
That great marvellous ſlaughter of the *Turks*,
Before St. *Elme*, where five and twenty thouſand
Fell, for five thouſand of our Chriſtians:
Theſe ripe Conſiderations moving us,
Having had your allowance on their Worths,
Here we would call 'em to our Brotherhood;
If any therefore can their Manners tax,
Their Faith, their Chaſtity, any part of Life,
Let 'em ſpeak now.

Aſto. None does.

All. None can, great Maſter.

Val. The Dignity then dignifie, by them,
As their Reward: Tender *Miranda* firſt,
Becauſe he is to ſuccour *Norandine*,
Our ſacred Robe of Knighthood, our white Croſs,
The holy Cognizance of him we ſerve,
The Sword, the Spurs.

Mir. Grave, and moſt honour'd Maſter,
With humble Duty, and my Soul's beſt Thanks
To you, and all this famous Conventicle,
Let me with Modeſty refuſe acceptance
Of this high Order: I, alas, am yet
Unworthy, and uncapable of ſuch Honour;
That Merit, which with favour you enlarge
Is far, far ſhort, of this propos'd Reward.
Who takes upon him ſuch a charge as this,
Muſt come with pure Thoughts, and a gathered Mind,
That time nor all occaſions ever may
After diſperſe, or ſtain; did this Title here
Of Knighthood, ask no other Ornaments
Than other Countries glitt'ring ſhow, poor Pride,
A gingling Spur, a Feather, a white Hand,
A frizled Hair, powder'd Perfumes, and Luſt,
Drinking ſweet Wines, Surfeits, and Ignorance,

Raſhly

Raſhly and eaſily ſhould I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of Man.
Mount. A ſtaid and mature Judgment; ſpeak on, Sir.
Mir. May it pleaſe you then to allow me ſome ſmall time
To rectifie my ſelf, for that high Seat,
Or give my Reaſons to the contrary.
I'th' mean ſpace, to diſmiſs me to the aid
Of *Norandine:* My Ships ride in the Bay
Ready to diſembogue, tack'led, and mann'd
Even to my wiſhes.
Mount. His Requeſt
Is fair and honeſt.
Val. At your pleaſure go.
Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: Of you
My noble Friend *Mountferrat*; gracious Miſtreſs,
Oh that auſpicious Smile doth arm your Soldier,
Who fights for thoſe Eyes, and this ſacred Croſs,
Can neither meet ſad accident, nor loſs. [*Exit.*
Ori. The mighty Maſter of that Livery,
Conduct thee ſafely to theſe Eyes again.
Mount. Blows the Wind that way?
Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, *Gomera*, you
Without Excuſe receive that Dignity,
Which our Provincial Chapter hath decreed you.
Gom. Great Maſter of *Jeruſalem*'s Hoſpital,
From whence to *Rhodes* this bleſt Fraternity
Was driven, but now among the *Maltois* ſtands,
Long may it flouriſh, whilſt *Gomera* ſerves it,
But dares not enter farther.
All. This is ſtrange.
Val. What do ye object?
Gom. Nothing againſt it, but my ſelf, fair Knights,
I may not wear this Robe.
Val. Expreſs your Reaſons;
Doth any hid Sin goar your Conſcience?
Aſto. Are you unſtedfaſt in Religion?
Caſt. Or do ye intend to forſake *Malta* now,
And viſit your own Country, fruitful *Spain*?
Gom. Never, good Sir.

Val.

Val. Then explicate your Thoughts.
Gom. This then: I ſhould be perjur'd to receive it.
Once in *Melita*, your next City here,
When I was younger, read I the Decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once; none but a Gentleman
Can be admitted.
Val. That's no Obſtacle
In you.
Gom. I ſhould be ſorry that were it;
No married Man.
Mount. You never felt that Yoak.
Gom. None, that hath been contracted.
Caſt. Were you ever?
Gom. Nor married, nor contracted; none that ever
Hath vowed his Love to any Womankind,
Or finds that ſecret fire within his Thoughts:
Here I am caſt, this Article my Heart
Objects againſt the Title of my Fame,
I am in Love; laugh not, though time hath ſet
Some wrinkles in this Face, and theſe curl'd Locks
Will ſhortly dye into another hew,
Yet, yet I am in Love: (i'faith you ſmile)
What Age, what Sex, or what Profeſſion
Divine, or Human, from the Man that cries
For Alms the high way, to him that ſings
At the high Altar, and doth Sacrifice,
Can truly ſay he knows not what is Love?
Val. 'Tis honeſtly profeſs'd; with whom, *Gomera?*
Name the Lady, that with all the advantage
We may advance your ſuit.
Gom. But will you, Sir?
Val. Now by our holy Rock, were it our Siſter:
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy, freely name her.
Gom. Be Maſter of your word; it is ſhe, Sir,
The matchleſs *Oriana*.
Val. Come down, Lady;
You have made her bluſh, let her conſent, I will
Make good my Oath.

Mount.

Mount. Is't ſo? ſtay; I do love
So tenderly, *Gomera*, your bright Flame,
As not to ſuffer your Perdition.
Gom. What means *Mountferrat?*
Enter Guard.
Mount. This whole *Auberge* hath,
(A Guard upon this Lady) wonder not,
Ta'en publick notice of the *Baſſa's* Love
Of *Tripoli* unto her, and conſented
She ſhould return this anſwer, as he writ
For her Converſion, and betraying *Malta*,
She ſhould adviſe him betray *Tripoly*,
And turning Chriſtian, he ſhould marry her.
All. All this was ſo.
Mount. How weakly does this Court then
Send Veſſels forth to Sea, to guard the Land,
Taking ſuch ſpecial care to ſave one Bark,
Or ſtrive to add fam'd Men unto our Cloak,
When they lurk in our Boſoms would ſubvert
This State and us, preſuming on their Blood,
And partial Indulgence to their Sex?
Val. Who can this be?
Mount. Your Siſter, great *Valetta*,
Which thus I prove: demand the *Baſſa*'s Letter.
Ori. 'Tis here, nor from this Pocket hath been mov'd,
Nor anſwer'd, nor perus'd by———
Mount. Do not ſwear,
Caſt not away your fair Soul, to your Treaſon
Add not foul Perjury: Is this your Hand?
Ori. 'Tis very like it.
Mount. May it pleaſe the Maſter,
Confer theſe Letters, and then read her Anſwer,
Which I have intercepted; pardon me,
Reverend *Valetta*, that am made the means
To puniſh this moſt beauteous Treachery,
Even in your Siſter, ſince in it I ſave
Malta from Ruin: I am bolder in't,
Becauſe it is ſo palpable, and withal
Know our great Maſter to this Country firm,
As was the *Roman Marcus*, who ſpar'd not

As

As dear a Sister in the publick cause.
Val. I am amaz'd; attend me.
Reads the Letter
Let your Forces by the next Even be ready, my Brother feasts then; put in at St. Michaels, *the Ascent at that Port is easiest; the Keys of the Castle you shall receive at my Hands: That possess'd, you are Lord of* Malta, *and may soon destroy all by fire, than which I am hotter, 'till I embrace you. Farewel,*
Your Wife
ORIANA.
From this time let me never read again.
Gent. 'Tis certain her Hand.
Val. This Letter too
So close kept by her self, could not be answered
To every Period thus, but by her self.
Ori. Sir, hear me.
Val. Peace, thou fair sweet bank of Flowers,
Under whose Beauty Scorpions lie, and kill;
Wert thou akin to me, in some new Name
Dearer than Sister, Mother, or all Blood,
I would not hear thee speak: Bear her to Prison,
So gross is this, it needs no formal course,
Prepare thy self, to Morrow thou shalt dye.
Ori. I dye a Martyr then, and a poor Maid,
Almost i'faith as innocent as born, [*Ex.* (thee.
Thou know'st thou'rt wicked, *Frenchman*, Heav'n forgive
All. This Scene is strangely turn'd.
Val. Yet can Nature be
So dead in me? I would my charge were off,
Mountferrat should perceive my Sister had
A Brother would not live to see her dye
Unfought for, since the Statutes of our State
Allow, in case of Accusations,
A Champion to defend a Lady's Truth.
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy Wife,
Death pleads a Precontract.
Gom. I have lost my Tongue,
My Sense, my Heart, and every Faculty:
Mountferrat, go not up; with Reverence

To

To our great Maſter, and this Conſiſtory
(I have conſidered it, it cannot be)
Thou art a Villain, and a Forger,
A Blood-ſucker of Innocence, an Hypocrite,
A moſt unworthy Wearer of our Croſs;
To make which good, take, if thou dar'ſt, that Gage,
And arm'd at all points like a Gentleman,
Meet me to Morrow Morning, where the Maſter
And this Fraternity ſhall deſign, where I
Will cram this Slander back into thy Throat,
And with my Sword's point thruſt it to thy Heart,
The very Neſt where Luſt and Slander breeds.
Pardon my Paſſion; I will tear thoſe Spurs
Off from thy Heels, and ſtick 'em in thy Front,
As a mark'd Villain.

Mount. This I look'd not for:
Ten times more Villain, I return my Gage,
And crave the Law of Arms.

Gom. 'Tis that I crave.

All. It cannot be deny'd.

Gom. Do not I know,
With thouſand Gifts and Importunacies,
Thou often haſt ſollicited this Lady,
Contrary to thy Oath of Chaſtity,
Who ne'er diſcloſing this thy hot-reign'd Luſt,
Yet tender to prevent a publick Scandal,
That Chriſtendom might juſtly have impos'd
Upon this holy Inſtitution,
Thou now haſt drawn this Practice 'gainſt her Life,
To quit her Charity.

Mount. Spaniard, thou lieſt.

Aſto. No more, *Gomera,* thou art granted Combat,
And you *Mountferrat* muſt prepare againſt
To Morrow Morning in the Valley here
Adjoining to *St. George*'s Port: A Lady
In caſe of Life, 'gainſt whom one Witneſs comes,
May have her Champion.

Val. And who hath moſt right
With, or againſt our Siſter, ſpeed in fight. [*Flouriſh. Ex.*

Enter

Enter Rocca.

Mount. Rocca, the first News of *Miranda*'s Service
Let me have notice of.
Roc. You shall: The *Moor*
Waits you without.
Mount. Admit her; ha, ha, ha.
Oh, how my Fancies run at tilt! *Gomera*
Loves *Oriana*; she, as I should guess,
Affects *Miranda*; these are two dear Friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as Steel and Flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other.

Enter Zanthia.

Stay, let me like it better, *Zanthia*;
First tell me this, did *Don Gomera* use
To give his Visits to your Mistress?
Zan. Yes, and *Miranda* too, but severally.
Mount. Which did she most apply to?
Zan. Faith to neither:
Yet infinitely I have heard her praise 'em both,
And in that manner, that were both one Man,
I think she was in love with't.
Mount. Zanthia,
Another Letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your Lady's Character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee strait,
Go in, and stay me: Go my Tinder-box,
Cross lines I'll cross; so, so, my after-game
I must play better: Woman, I will spread
My Vengeance over *Malta*, for thy sake:
Spaniard, *Italian*, like my Steel and Stone,
I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink to save the sparkles from mine Eyes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-fight within, Alarm.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, *Soldiers, and Gentlemen.*

Mir. HOW is it, Sir?
Nor. Pray ſet me down; I cool,
And my Wounds ſmart.
Mir. I hope yet,
Though there be many, there's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much, I got 'em
Like a too forward Fool; but I hope the Surgeons
Will take an order I ſhall not leave 'em ſo,
I make the Rogues more work than all the Iſland,
And yet they give me the hardeſt words for my Mony.
Mir. I am glad ye are ſo ſprightly; ye fought bravely:
Go call the Surgeons, Soldiers; wondrous nobly,
Upon my Life, I have not ſeen ſuch Valour,
Maintained ſo long, and to ſo large a ruin,
The odds ſo ſtrong againſt ye.
Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely Succour:
By th' Maſs it came i'th' nick, Sir, and well handled;
Stoutly, and ſtrongly handled; we had duck'd elſe,
My *Turk* had *Turk'd* me elſe; but he has well paid for't.
Why what a ſign for an Almanack h'as made me?

Enter Aſtorius.

Aſto. I am glad to find ye here, Sir, of neceſſity
I muſt have come Aboard elſe; and brave Captain
We all joy much in your fair Victory,
And all the Iſland ſpeaks your Valour nobly.
Have ye brought the *Turk* in that ye took?
Mir. He rides there.
Nor. If he were out again, the Devil ſhould bring him.
H'as truly Circumcis'd me.
Aſto. I have a buſineſs
Which much concerns ye, preſently concerns ye;

But

But not this Place nor People : Pray ye draw off, Sir,
For 'tis of that weight to ye.
Mir. I'll wait on ye.
I muſt crave leave a while; my Care dwells with ye,
And I muſt wait my ſelf.
Nor. Your Servant, Sir.
Mir. Believe I ſhall, and what my Love can miniſter;
Keep your ſtout Heart ſtill.
Nor. That's my beſt Phyſician.
Mir. And I ſhall keep your Fame fair. [*Exit.*
Nor. Ye are too noble.
A brave young Fellow of a matchleſs Spirit;
He brought me off like Thunder, charg'd and boarded,
As if he had been ſhot to ſave mine Honour:
And when my fainting Men, tyr'd with their labour,
And lack of Blood, gave to the *Turk* aſſurance
The Day was his; when I was cut in ſhreds thus,
And not a corn of Powder left to bleſs us;
Then flew his Sword in, then his Cannon roar'd,
And let fly Blood, and Death, and Storms amongſt 'em.
Then might I hear their ſleepy Prophet howl too,
And all their ſilver Creſcents then I ſaw
Like falling Meteors ſpent, and ſet for ever
Under the Croſs of *Malta*; Death ſo wanton
I never look'd upon, ſo full of revel.
Enter Surgeon.
I will not be dreſs'd yet: Methought that Fellow
Was fit for no Converſation, nor no Chriſtian
That had not half his Brains knockt out, no Soldier.
Oh valiant young Man, how I love thy Virtue.
1 *Sol.* Pray ye Sir be dreſs'd, alas ye bleed apace yet.
Nor. 'Tis but the ſweat of Honour, alas, thou Milkſop,
Thou Man of *March*-pane, canſt thou fear to ſee
A few light Hurts, that bluſh they are no bigger,
A few ſmall Scratches? Get ye a Cawdle, Sirrah,
Your Finger akes, and let the old Wives watch thee:
Bring in the Booty, and the Priſoners;
By Heav'n I'll ſee 'em, and diſpoſe 'em firſt,
Before I have a drop of Blood wip'd from me; go.
[*Exeunt Soldiers*
Surg. You'll faint, Sir.
Nor

Nor. No, ye lye, Sir, like an Aſs, Sir;
I have no ſuch Pigs hurt in my Belly.
Surg. By my Life, Captain,
Theſe Hurts are not to be jeſted with.
Nor. If thou hadſt 'em;
They are my Companions, Fool, my Family:
I cannot eat nor ſleep without their Company.
Doſt take me for St. *Davy*, that fell dead
With ſeeing of his Noſe bleed?

Enter Soldiers with Booty.

Surg. Here they come, Sir;
But would you would be dreſs'd.
Nor. Pox, dreſs thy ſelf firſt.
Thou faint'ſt a great deal faſter: What's all this?
1 *Sold.* The Mony and the Merchandize ye took, Sir.
Nor. A goodly Purchaſe; is it for this we venture
Our Liberties and Lives? What can all this do?
Get me ſome dozen Surfeits, ſome ſeven freſh Whores,
And twenty Pot-Allies, and then I am virtuous.
Lay the Knight's Part by, and that to pay the Soldier:
This is mine own, I think I have deſerv'd it: (maid,
Come, now look to me, and grope me like a Chamber-
I'll neither ſtart nor ſqueak: What's that i'th' Truſs there?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis Cloth of Tiſſue, Sir, and this is Scarlet.
Nor. I ſhall look redder ſhortly then, I fear me,
And as a Captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that Crack, Surgeon?
Surg. Yes, when your Suit's at pawn, Sir.
Nor. There's for your Plaiſter.
A very learned Surgeon: What's in that Pack there?
1 *Sold.* 'Tis *Engliſh* Cloth.
Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both ſtrong, and rich; but it has a Virtue
A Twang of the own Country, that ſpoils all;
A Man ſhall ne'er be ſober in't. Where are the Gentlemen
That ventur'd with me, both their Lives and Fortunes?
Come forward my fair Spirits; *Norandine*
Forgets his Worth, when he forgets your Valours,
You have loſt an Eye, I ſaw ye face all Hazards:
You have one left yet, to chuſe your Miſtreſs.

You have your Leg broke with a Shot; yet ſitting.
I ſaw you make the Place good with your Pike ſtill.
And your Hand's gone; a good Heart wants no Inſtruments;
Share that amongſt ye, there's an Eye, an Arm,
And that will bear you up, when your Legs cannot.
Oh, where's the honeſt Sailor? That poor Fellow,
Indeed that bold brave Fellow, that with his Musket
Taught them new Ways how to put their Caps off,
That ſtood the fire of all the Fight, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd; welcome aſhore Knave;
Give me thy Hand, if they be not both loſt; faith thou art welcome, (waſhing,
My tough Knave welcome; thou wilt not ſhrink i'th'
Hold, there's a Peace of Scarlet, get thee handſome,
And this to buy thee Buttons.

Sail. Thank ye Captain.
Command my Life at all Hours.

Nor. Thou durſt give it.
You have deſerv'd too.

3 *Sold.* We have ſeen the Fight, Sir.

Nor. Yes, coil'd up in a Cable, like ſalt Eels,
Or burried low i'th' Ballaſt, do you call that fighting?
Where be your Wounds? Your Knocks? your want of Limbs, Rogues?
Art not thou he that ask'd the Maſter-Gunner
Where thou might'ſt lye ſafeſt? and he ſtrait anſwer'd,
Put thy Head in that Hole, new bor'd with a Cannon,
For it was an hundred to one, another Shot would not hit there:
Your Wages you ſhall have, but for Rewards (there:
Take your own ways, and get ye to the Taverns;
There, when ye are hot with Wine, 'mongſt your Admirers.
Take Ships, and Towns, and Caſtles at your Pleaſures,
And make the great *Turk* ſhake at your Valours.
Bring in the Priſoners now, my brave Muſſlemen.

Enter Priſoners, and Luſcinda.

You that are Lords o'th' Sea, and ſcorn us Chriſtians,
Which of your mangy Lives is worth this Hurt here?
Away to Priſon with 'em, ſee 'em ſafe;
You ſhall find we have Gallies too, and Slaves too.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* What ſhall be done with this Woman, Sir?
Nor. Pox take her,
'Twas ſhe that ſet me on to fight with theſe Rogues,
That Ring-Worm, rot it; what can you do now
With all your Paintings, and your Pouncings, Lady,
To reſtore my Blood again? You, and your *Cupid*
That have made a Carbinado of me, Plague take ye,
Ye are too deep ye Rogue, this is thy Work, Woman,
Thou lowſie Woman; 'death, you go too deep ſtill.
The ſeeing of your ſimpering Sweetneſs:——ye Filly,
Ye Tit, ye Tomboy, what can one Night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, Sweet-heart, and oh my dear Chicken,
Scratching my Head, or fumbling with my Fore-maſt,
Do me good now? Ye have powder'd me for one Year.
I am in ſouce I thank ye; thank your Beauty,
Your moſt ſweet Beauty; pox upon thoſe Goggles.
We cannot fight like honeſt Men, for Honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in ſteps one of you; the Devil's Holineſs
And you muſt have a Dance; away with her,
She ſtinks to me now.
1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, Captain?
2 *Sold.* Or I?
3 *Sold.* I'll marry her.
4 *Sold.* Good Captain, I.
3 *Sold.* And make her a good Chriſtian; lay Hands off her;
I know ſhe's mine.
2 *Sold.* I'll give my full Share for her; have ye no Manners,
To thruſt the Woman ſo?
Nor. Share her among ye;
And may ſhe give ye as many Hurts as I have,
And twice as many Aches.
Luſ. Noble Captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from theſe Soldiers Wildneſs,
'Till I but ſpeak two Words.
Nor. Now for your Maidenhead,
You have your Book, proceed.
Luſ. Victorious Sir,
'Tis ſeldom ſeen in Men ſo valiant,
Minds ſo devoid of Virtue; he that can conquer,

Should ever know how to preſerve his Conqueſt,
'Tis but a baſe Theft elſe. Valour's a Virtue,
Crown of Mens Actions here; yours, as you make it.
And can you put ſo rough a Foil as Violence,
As wronging of weak Woman, to your Triumph?
Nor. Let her alone.
Luſ. I have loſt my Husband, Sir;
You feel not that: Him that I love; you care not:
When Fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too:
My Liberty I kneel not for; mine Honour
(If ever virtuous Honour touch'd your Heart yet)
Make dear and precious, Sir; you had a Mother.
Nor. The roguy thing ſpeaks finely, neat, who took ye?
For he muſt be your Guard.
Luſ. I wiſh no better:
A noble Gentleman, and nobly us'd me,
They call'd his Name *Miranda.*
Nor. You are his then?
Ye have light upon a young Man worth your Service,
I free ye from all the reſt, and from all Violence;
He that doth offer't, by my Head he hangs for't:
Go ſee her ſafe kept, 'till the noble Gentleman
Be ready to diſpoſe her; thank your Tongue,
You have a good one, and preſerve it good ſtill.
Soldiers, come wait on me, I'll ſee ye paid all. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda *and* Aſtorius.

Aſto. I knew ye lov'd her, virtuouſly ye lov'd her,
Which made me make that haſte: I knew ye priz'd her
As all fair Minds do Goodneſs.
Mir. Good *Aſtorius,*
I muſt confeſs I do much honour her,
And worthily I hope ſtill.
Aſto. 'Tis no doubt, Sir,
For on my Life ſhe is much wrong'd.
Mir. Very likely,
And I as much tormented I was abſent.
Aſto. You need not fear, *Peter Gomera*'s Noble,
Of a try'd Faith and Valour.

Mi

Mir. This I know too:
But whilſt I was not there, and whilſt ſhe ſuffer'd,
Whilſt Virtue ſuffer'd, Friend, oh how it loads me!
Whilſt Innocence and Sweetneſs ſunk together,
How cold it ſits here? If my Arm had fought her,
My Truth, though naked, ſtood againſt all Treaſons,
My Sword here graſped, Love on the Edge and Honour,
And but a Signal from her Eye to ſeal it;
If then ſhe had been loſt; I brag too late,
And too much I decline the noble *Peter*.
Yet ſome poor Service I would do her Sweetneſs,
Alas ſhe needs it, my *Aſtorius*,
The gentle Lady needs it.

Aſto. Noble Spirit.

Mir. And what can; prethee bear with this Weakneſs.
Often I do not uſe theſe Womens Weapons,
But where true Pity is. I am much troubled,
And ſomething have to do, I cannot form yet.

Aſto. I'll take my Leave, Sir, I ſhall but diſturb ye.

Mir. And pleaſe you for a while; and pray to Fortune
To ſmile upon this Lady.

Aſto. All my Help, Sir. [*Exit.*

Mir. Gomera's old and ſtiff, and he may loſe her,
The Winter of his Years and Wounds upon him,
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's Fury, in his Heat of Summer,
The whiſtling of his Sword like angry Storms,
Renting up Life by th' Roots; I have ſeen him ſcale
As if a Falcon had run up a Train,
Claſhing his warlike Pinions, his ſteel'd Curaſs,
And at his Pitch inmew the Town below him.
I muſt do ſomething.

Enter Collona.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heav'n ſake
Take Pity of a poor afflicted Chriſtian,
Redeem'd from one Affliction to another.

Mir. Boldly you ask that, we are bound to give it.
From what Affliction, Sir?

Col. From Cold and Hunger,
From Nakedneſs and Stripes.

Mir. A Priſoner?

Col. A Slave, Sir, in the *Turkiſh* Prize, new taken;
That in the Heat of Fight, when your brave Hand
Brought the *Dane* Succour, got my Irons off,
And put my ſelf to mercy of the Ocean.

Mir. And ſwum to Land?

Col. I did, Sir, Heav'n was gracious;
But now a Stranger, and my Wants upon me,
Though willingly I would preſerve this Life, Sir,
With Honeſty and Truth, I am not look'd on;
The Hand of Pity that ſhould give for Heav'ns ſake,
And charitable Hearts, are grown ſo cold, Sir,
Never remembring what their Fortunes may be.

Mir. Thou ſay'ſt too true; of what Profeſſion art thou?

Col. I have been better train'd, and can ſerve truly,
Where Truſt is laid upon me.

Mir. A handſome Fellow;
Haſt thou e'er bore Arms?

Col. I have trod full many a March, Sir,
And ſome Hurts have to ſhew; before me too, Sir.

Mir. Pity this thing ſhould ſtarve, or, forc'd for Want,
Come to a worſe End. I know not what thou may'ſt be,
But if thou think'ſt it fit to be a Servant,
I'll be a Maſter, and a good one to thee,
If ye deſerve, Sir.

Col. Elſe I ask no Favour.

Mir. Then, Sir, to try your Truſt, becauſe I like you,
Go to the *Dane*, of him receive a Woman,
A *Turkiſh* Priſoner, for me receive her,
I hear ſhe is my Prize, look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, tho' now my Priſoner,
The Chriſtians need no Schoolmaſters for Honour.
Take this to buy thee Cloaths, this Ring, to help thee
Into the Fellowſhip of my Houſe; ye are a Stranger,
And my Servants will not know ye elſe; there keep her,
And with all Modeſty preſerve your Service.

Col. A foul Example find me elſe; Heav'n thank ye.
Of Captain *Norandine*?

Mir. The ſame.

Col. 'Tis done, Sir:

And

And may Heav'ns Goodneſs ever dwell about ye.
Mir. Wait there 'till I come home.
Col. I ſhall not fail, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mountferrat *with a Letter, and* Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully; moſt unmannly.
Mount. Let me alone.
Abd. Thus leadenly?
Mount.——Take ye.
Abd. At every childiſh Fear? At every Shadow?
Are you *Mountferrat*, that have done ſuch Deeds?
Wrought through ſuch bloody Fields, Men ſhake to ſpeak of?
Can ye go back? Is there a Safety left yet
But fore-right? Is not Ruin round about ye?
Have ye not ſtill theſe Arms, that Sword, that Heart
Is't not a Man ye fight with, and an old Man, whole?
A Man half kill'd already? Am not I here?
As lovely in my Black to entertain thee,
As high and full of Heat to meet thy Pleaſures?
Mount. I will be alone.
Abd. Ye ſhall; farewel, Sir,
And do it bravely, never think of Conſcience;
There is none to a Man reſolv'd; be happy. [*Exit.*

Enter Miranda.

Mount. No, moſt unhappy Wretch as thou haſt made me
More Devil than thy ſelf, I am.
Mir. Alone,
And troubled too, I take it; how he ſtarts?
All is not handſome in thy Heart, *Mountferrat.*
God ſpeed ye, Sir, I have been ſeeking of ye?
They ſay you are to fight to Day.
Mount. What then?
Mir. Nay, nothing but good Fortune to your Sword,
Ye have a Cauſe requires it, the Iſland's Safety, Sir.
The Order's, and your Honour's.
Mount. And do you make a Queſtion
I will not fight it nobly?
Mir. Ye dare fight,

Ye have, and with as great a Confidence as Juſtice,
I have ſeen ye ſtrike as home, and hit as deadly.
Mount. Why are theſe Queſtions then?
Mir. I'll tell ye quickly.
Ye have a Lady in your Cauſe, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on Ground, a nobler.
Mount. Do ye come on ſo faſt? I have it for ye.
Mir. The Sun ne'er ſaw a ſweeter.
Mount. Theſe I grant ye;
Nor dare I againſt Beauty heave my Hand up,
It were unmanly, Sir; too much unmanly:
But when theſe Excellencies turn to Ruin,
To Ruin of themſelves, and thoſe protect 'em;
When Virtue's loſt, Luſt and Diſhonour enter'd,
Loſs of our ſelves and Souls baſely projected——
Mir. Do you think 'tis ſo?
Mount. Too ſure.
Mir. And can it be?
Can it be thought, *Mountferrat*, ſo much Sweetneſs,
So great a Magazine of all things precious,
A Mind ſo heav'nly made; prithee obſerve me.
Mount. I thought ſo too; now by my holy Order,
He that had told me, ('till Experience found it
Too bold a Proof) this Lady had been vicious——
I wear no dull Sword, Sir, nor hate I Virtue.
Mir. Againſt her Brother? To the Man has bred her?
Her Blood and Honour?
Mount. Where ambitious Luſt
Deſires to be above the Rule preſcrib'd her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chaſtity, cold Duty,
Like Faſhions old forgot, ſhe flings behind her,
And puts on Blood and Miſchief, Death and Ruin,
To raiſe her new-built Hopes, new Faith to faſten her:
Ma'foy, ſhe is as foul, as Heav'n is beauteous.
Mir. Thou ly'ſt, thou ly'ſt *Mountferrat*, thou ly'ſt baſely;
Stare not, nor ſwell not with thy Pride; thou ly'ſt,
And this ſhall make it good
Mount. Out with your Heat firſt,
Ye ſhall be fought withal.
Mir. By——that Lady,

The

The Virtue of that Woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy Families, bound in one Fagot,
From *Adam* to this hour, but with one ſparkle
Would fire that wiſp, and turn it to light Aſhes.
Mount. Oh pitiful young Man, ſtruck blind with Beauty!
Shot with a Woman's ſmile: poor, poor *Miranda*;
Thou hopeful young Man once, but now thou loſt Man;
Thou naked Man of all that we call Noble,
How art thou cozen'd? Didſt thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear Honour, (mark me Fool)
Which like a Father I have kept from blaſting,
Thy tender Honour is abus'd; but fight firſt,
And then too late, thou ſhalt know all.
Mir. Thou lieſt ſtill.
Mount. Stay, now I'll ſhew thee all, and then I'll kill thee.
I love thee ſo dear, Time ſhall not diſgrace thee.
Read that.
Mir. It is her Hand; it is moſt certain;
Good Angels keep me; that I ſhould be her Agent
To betray *Malta*, and bring her to the *Baſha*,
That on my tender love lay all her Project!
Eyes never ſee again, melt out for ſorrow;
Did the Devil do this?
Mount. No, but his Dam did it,
The virtuous Lady that you love ſo dearly;
Come, will ye fight again?
Mir. No, prithee kill me,
For Heav'n ſake, and for Goodneſs ſake diſpatch me,
For the diſgrace ſake that I gave thee, kill me.
Mount. Why, are ye guilty?
Mir. I have liv'd, *Mountferrat*,
To ſee Diſhonour ſwallow up all Virtue,
And now would die: By Heav'ns eternal Brightneſs,
I am as clear as Innocence.
Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this Letter from all Knowledge,
And this Sword from Anger, ye had died elſe.
And yet I lye, and baſely lye.
Mir. O Virtue!
Unſpotted Virtue, whither art thou vaniſh'd?

What

What haſt thou left to abuſe our Frailties,
In ſhape of Goodneſs?
Mount. Come, take Courage, Man,
I have forgiven and forgot your raſhneſs,
And hold you fair as light in all your Actions,
And by my troth I griev'd your Loves; take comfort,
There be more Women.
Mir. And more Miſchief in 'em.
Mount. The Juſtice I ſhall do, to right theſe Villanies,
Shall make ye Man again: I'll ſtrike it ſure, Sir.
Come, look up bravely, put this puling Paſſion
Out of your Mind; one knock for thee, *Miranda*,
And for the Boy, the grave *Gomera* gave thee,
When ſhe accepted thee her Champion;
And in thy abſence, like a valiant Gentleman,
I yet remember it: he is too young,
Too Boyiſh, and too tender, to adventure:
I'll give him one ſound rap for that: I love thee,
Thou art a brave young Spark.
Mir. Boy, did he call me?
Gomera call me Boy?
Mount. It pleas'd his Gravity,
To think ſo of ye then: they that do Service,
And honeſt Service, ſuch as thou and I do,
Are either Knaves or Boys.
Mir. Boy, by *Gomera*?
How look'd he when he ſaid it? for *Gomera*
Was ever wont to be a virtuous Gentleman,
Human and ſweet.
Mount. Yes when he will, he can be;
But let it go, I would not breed Diſſention,
'Tis an unfriendly Office; and had it been
To any of a higher ſtrain than you, Sir,
The well known, well approved, and lov'd *Miranda*,
I had not thought on't: 'twas hap'ly his haſte too,
And zeal to her.
Mir. A Traitor and a Boy too?
Shame take me if I ſuffer't; puff, farewel Love.
Mount. Ye know my buſineſs, I muſt leave ye, Sir,
My hour grows on apace.

Mir.

Mir. I muſt not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, 'till your Goodneſs
Have granted me one courteſie: ye ſay ye love me?
Mount. I do, and dearly: ask, and let that Courteſie
Nothing concern mine Honour.
Mir. You muſt do it,
Or you will never ſee me more.
Mount. What is it?
It ſhall be great that puts ye off; pray ſpeak it.
Mir. Pray let me fight to day, good dear *Mountferrat*,
Let me, and bold *Gomera*——
Mount. Fie, *Miranda*,
Do ye weigh my Worth ſo little?
Mir. On my Knees,
As ever thou hadſt true touch of a ſorrow
Thy Friend conceiv'd, as ever Honour lov'd thee.
Mount. Shall I turn Recreant now?
Mir. 'Tis not thy Cauſe,
Thou haſt no Reputation wounded in't,
Thine's but a general zeal: death, I am tainted,
The deareſt twyn to life, my Credit's murder'd,
Baffl'd and boy'd.
Mount. I am glad ye have ſwallow'd it.
I muſt confeſs I pity ye; and 'tis a juſtice,
A great one too, you ſhould revenge theſe Injuries:
I know it, and I know ye fit and bold to do it,
And Man, as much as Man may: but *Miranda*,
Why do ye kneel?
Mir. By——I'll grow to the Ground here,
And with my Sword dig up my Grave, and fall in't,
Unleſs thou grant me: Dear *Mountferrat*, Friend,
Is any thing in my power, to my life, Sir?
The Honour ſhall be yours.
Mount. I love ye dearly,
Yet ſo much I ſhould tender.
Mir. I'll preſerve all:
By——I will; or all the Sin fall with me,
Pray let me.
Mount. Ye have won; I'll once be Coward
To pleaſure you.

Mir.

Mir. I kiſs your Hands, and thank ye.
Mount. Be tender of my Credit, and fight bravely.
Mir. Blow not the Fire that flames.
Mount. I'll ſend mine Armour,
My Man ſhall preſently attend ye with it,
For you muſt arm immediately, the hour calls,
I know 'twill fit ye right; be ſure, and ſecret,
And laſt be fortunate; farewel, ye are fitted:
I am glad the load's off me.
Mir. My beſt *Mountferrat.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Norandine *and Doctor.*

Nor. Doctor, I will ſee the Combat, that's the truth on't,
If I had never a Leg, I would crawl to ſee it.
Doct. You are moſt unfit, if I might counſel ye,
Your Wounds ſo many, and the Air———
Nor. The Halter;
The Air's as good an Air, as fine an Air;
Wouldſt thou have me live in an Oven?
Doct. Beſide the Noiſe, Sir,
Which to a tender Body.
Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My Body muſt be cur'd withal; if you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a Drum-head in my Broth; I never proſper,
With Knuckles o' Veal, and Birds in Sorrel Sops,
Cawdles, and Cullyſſes, they waſh me away
Like a Horſe had eaten Grains: if thou wilt cure me,
A pickled Herring, and a pottle of Sack, Doctor,
And half a dozen Trumpets.
Doct. You're a ſtrange Gentleman. (Gliſter,
Nor. As e'er thou knew'ſt; wilt thou give me another
That I may ſit cleanly there like a *French* Lady,
When ſhe goes to a Mask at Court: Where's thy Hoboy?
Doct. I am glad ye are grown ſo merry.
Nor. Welcome, Gentlemen.

Enter Aſtorius, *and* Caſtriot.

Aſto. We come to ſee you, Sir; and glad we are
To ſee you thus, thus forward to your Health,
Nor. I thank my Doctor here.

Doct.

Doct. Nay, thank your ſelf, Sir,
For by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd,
He ne'er obſerves any of our Preſcriptions.
Nor. Give me my Mony again then, good ſweet Doctor;
Wilt thou have twenty Shillings a day for vexing me?
Doct. That ſhall not ſerve ye, Sir.
Nor. Then forty ſhall, Sir,
And that will make ye ſpeak well: Hark, the Drums.
[*Drums afar off. A low March.*
Caſt. They begin to beat to th' Field: Oh noble *Dane*,
Never was ſuch a Stake, I hope, of Innocence,
Plaid for in *Malta*, and in Blood, before.
Aſto. It makes us hang our Heads all.
Nor. A bold Villain;
If there be Treaſon in it: Accuſe poor Ladies?
And yet they may do miſchief too: I'll be with ye:
If ſhe be innocent I ſhall find it quickly,
And ſomething then I'll ſay.
Aſto. Come, lean on us, Sir.
Nor. I thank ye, Gentlemen: and *Domine Doctor*,
Pray bring a little ſneezing Powder in your Pocket,
For fear I ſound when I ſee my Blood.
Doct. You are pleaſant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two Marſhals.

1 *Marſh.* Are the Combatants come in?
[*The Scaffold ſet out, and the Stairs.*
2 *Marſh.* Yes.
1 *Marſh.* Make the Field clear there.
2 *Marſh.* That's done too.
1 *Marſh.* Then to the Priſoner; the grand Maſter's coming,
Let's ſee that all be ready there.
2 *Marſh.* Too ready.
How ceremonious our very Ends are?
Alas, ſweet Lady,
If ſhe be innocent, [*Flouriſh.*
No doubt but Juſtice will direct her Champion.
Away, I hear 'em come.
1 *Marſh.* Pray Heav'n ſhe proſper.

Enter

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Aſtorias, Caſtriot, *&c.*

Val. Give Captain *Norandine* a Chair.

Nor. I thank your Lordſhip.

Val. Sit, Sir, and take your eaſe; your Hurts require it:
You come to ſee a Woman's Cauſe decided,
That's all the Knowledge now, or Name I have for her:
They ſay a falſe, and baſe, and treacherous Woman,
And partly prov'd too.

Nor. Pity it ſhould be ſo:
And if your Lordſhip durſt ask my Opinion,
Sure I ſhould anſwer No; ſo I much I honour her:
And anſwer't with my Life too: But *Gomera*
Is a brave Gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not good, Dogs gnaw his Fleſh off,
And one above 'em both will find the Truth out.
He never fails, Sir.

Val. That's the hope reſts with me.

Nor. How Nature and his Honour ſtruggle in him!
A ſweet, clear, noble Gentleman. [*Within, make room there.*

Guard. Make room there.

Val. Go up, and what you have to ſay, ſay there,

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, *and Guard.*

Ori. Thus I aſcend; nearer I hope to Heav'n,
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black Manſion,
The Image of my Grave, each foot we move
Goes to it ſtill; each hour we leave behind us,
Knowls ſadly toward it: My noble Brother,
For yet mine Innocence dares call ye ſo,
And you the Friends to Virtue, that come hither,
The Chorus to this Tragick Scene, behold me,
Behold me with your Juſtice, not with Pity,
(My Cauſe was ne'er ſo poor to ask Compaſſion,)
Behold me in this ſpotleſs White I wear,
The Emblem of my Life, of all my Actions,
So ye ſhall find my Story, though I periſh:
Behold me in my Sex, I am no Soldier,
Tender and full of fears our bluſhing Sex is,
Unhardned with relentleſs Thoughts; unhatcht
With Blood and bloody Practice: alas, we tremble,
But when an angry Dream afflicts our Fancies,

Die

Die with a Tale well told; had I been practis'd,
And known the way of Miſchief, travell'd in it,
And given my Blood and Honour up to reach it,
Forgot Religion, and the Line I ſprung on,
Oh Heav'n, I had been fit then for thy Juſtice,
And then in black, as dark as Hell, I had howl'd here.
Laſt, in your own Opinions weigh mine Innocence;
Amongſt ye I was planted from an Infant,
(Would then, if Heav'n had ſo been pleas'd, I had periſh'd)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear Fruit,
The honourable Fruit of Marriage:
And am I blaſted in my Bud with Treaſon?
Boldly and baſely of my fair Name raviſh'd,
And hither brought to find my Reſt in Ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all Wrongs,
And in his time reſtores, knows me: I have ſpoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, Heav'n will protect ye,
And ſo I leave ye to his Sword ſtrikes for ye,
Farewel.

Ori. Oh that went deep, farewel dear Brother,
And howſoe'er my Cauſe goes, ſee my Body
(Upon my Knees, I ask it) buried chaſtely;
For yet, by holy Truth, it never treſpaſs'd.

Aſto. Juſtice ſit on your Cauſe, and Heav'n fight for ye.

Nor. Two of ye, Gentlemen, do me but the Honour
To lead me to her; good my Lord, your Leave too:

Val. You have it, Sir.

Nor. Give me your fair Hands fearleſs,
As white as this I ſee your Innocence,
As ſpotleſs, and as pure; be not afraid, Lady,
You are but here brought to your nobler Fortune,
To add unto your Life immortal Story:
Virtue, through hardeſt things arrives at Happineſs,
Shame follow that blunt Sword that loſes you,
And he that ſtrikes againſt you: I ſhall ſtudy
A Curſe or two for him: Once more your fair Hands,
I never brought ill Luck yet; be fearleſs happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble Captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the Knights ſeverally.

Enter

Enter ſeverally Gomera *and* Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my Champion,
And then to Heav'n and him I give my Cauſe up.
Val. Speak quickly, and ſpeak ſhort.
Oria. I have not much, Sir.
Noble *Gomera*, from your own free Virtue,
You have undertaken here a poor Maid's Honour,
And with the hazard of your Life; and happily
You may ſuſpect the Cauſe, though in your true Worth
You will not ſhew it; therefore take this Teſtimony,
(And as I hope for Happineſs, a true one,)
And may it ſteel your Heart, and edge your good Sword:
Ye fight for her, as ſpotleſs of theſe Miſchiefs,
As Heav'n is of our Sins, or Truth of Errors,
And ſo defie that treacherous Man, and proſper.
Nor. Bleſſing o' thy Heart, Lady.
Val. Give the Signal to 'em. [*Low Alarms.*
Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, *Gomera*, follow that blow,
Well ſtruck again, Boy: look upon the Lady,
And gather Spirit: brave again, lye cloſe,
Lye cloſe, I ſay: he fights aloft, and ſtrongly;
Cloſe for thy life: a vengeance o' that fell Buffet:
Retire, and gather Breath, ye have Day enough, Knights;
Look lovely on him, Lady; to't again now.
Stand, ſtand, *Gomera*, ſtand; one blow for all now.
Gather thy ſtrength together; God bleſs the Woman:
Why, where's thy noble Heart? Heav'n bleſs the Lady.
All. Oh, oh!
Val. She is gone, ſhe is gone.
Nor. Now ſtrike it.
Hold, hold; he yields: hold thy brave Sword, he's con-(quer'd;
He's thine, *Gomera*; now be joyful, Lady:
What could this Thief have done, had his Cauſe been
He made my Heart-ſtrings tremble. (equal?
Val. Off with his Cask there;
And Executioner, take you his Head next.
Abdel. Oh curſed Fortune!
Gom. Stay, I beſeech ye, Sir, and this one Honour
Grant me, I have deſerv'd it; that this Villain
May live one day, to envy at my Juſtice,
That he may pine and dye, before the Sword fall.
Viewing the Glory I have won her Goodneſs. *Val.*

Val. He ſhall, and you the Harveſt of your Valour
Shall reap, brave Sir, abundantly.
Gom. I have ſav'd her,
Preſerv'd her ſpotleſs Worth from black Deſtruction,
Her white Name to Eternity deliver'd,
Her Youth, and Sweetneſs, from a timeleſs Ruin.
Now Lord *Valetta*, if this bloody Labour
May but deſerve her Favour.
Mir. Stay and hear me firſt.
Val. Off with his Cask, this is *Miranda*'s Voice.
Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or elſe mine Eyes abuſe me,
What makes he here thus?
Ori. The young *Miranda*?
Is he mine Enemy too?
Mir. None has deſerv'd her,
If Worth muſt carry it, and Service ſeek her,
But he that ſaved her Honour.
Gom. That's I, *Miranda*.
Mir. No, no, that's I, *Gomera*; be not ſo forward,
In bargain for my Love, ye cannot cozen me.
Gom. I fought it.
Mir. And I gave it; which is nobler?
Why every Gentleman would have done as much
As you did; fought it? that's a poor Deſert, Sir.
They are bound to that; but then to make that Fight
To do as I did, take all Danger from it, (ſure,
Suffer that Coldneſs, that muſt call me now
Into Diſgrace for ever, into Pity.
Gom. I undertook firſt, to preſerve from Hazard.
Mir. And I made ſure no Hazard ſhould come near (her.
Gom. 'Twas I defy'd *Mountferrat*.
Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
You had had a dark Day elſe; 'twas I defy'd
His Conſcience firſt, 'twas I that ſhook him there,
Which is the brave Defiance.
Gom. My Life and Honour
At ſtake I laid.
Mir. My Care, and Truth lay by it,
Leaſt that Stake might be loſt: I have deſerv'd her,
And none but I; the Lady might have periſh'd,

Had fell *Mountferrat* ſtruck it, from whoſe Malice
With Cunning and bold Confidence I catch'd it,
And 'twas high time, and ſuch a Service, Lady,
For you, and for your Innocence, for who knows not
The all-devouring Sword of fierce *Mountferrat?*
I ſhew'd ye what I could do, had I been ſpightful,
Or Maſter but of half the Poiſon he bears,
(Hell take his Heart for't) and beſhrew theſe Hands;
With all my Heart, I wiſh a Miſchief on 'em, (Madam,
They made ye once look ſad; ſuch another Fright
I would not put ye in, to owe the Iſland;
Yet pardon me, 'twas but to ſhew a Soldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poor Coward.
Val. Let ſome look out, for the baſe Knight, *Mountferrat.*
Abd. I hope he's far enough, if his Man be truſty;
This was a ſtrange Misfortune; I muſt not know it.
Val. That moſt debauch'd Knight; come down ſweet Siſter,
My ſpotleſs Siſter, now pray thank theſe Gentlemen,
They have deſerv'd both truly, nobly of ye.
Both excellently, dearly, both all the Honour,
All the Reſpect and Favour.
Ori. Both ſhall have it;
And as my Life, their Memories I'll nouriſh.
Val. Ye are both true Knights, and both moſt worthy
Here ſtands a Lady ripen'd with your Service, (Lovers,
Young, fair, and (now I dare ſay) truly honourable:
'Tis my Will ſhe ſhall marry; marry now,
And one of you (ſhe cannot take more nobly) your Deſerts
Begot this Will, and bred it; both her Beauty
Cannot enjoy; dare ye make me your Umpier?
Gom. Mir. With all our Souls.
Val. He muſt not then be angry
That loſes her.
Gom. Oh that were, Sir, unworthy.
Mir. A little Sorrow he may find.
Val. 'Tis manly.
Gomera, you are a brave accompliſh'd Gentleman,
A braver no where lives than is *Miranda*;
In the white way of Virtue, and true Valour,
Ye have been a Pilgrim long; yet no Man farther

Has trod thoſe thorny Steps, than young *Miranda*:
You are gentle, he is Gentleneſs it ſelf; Experience
Calls you her Brother; this her hopeful Heir.
Nor. The young Man now, and't be thy Will.
Val. Your Hand, Sir;
You undertook firſt; nobly undertook
This Lady's Cauſe; you made it good, and fought it,
You muſt be ſerv'd firſt, take her and enjoy her,
I give her to you, kiſs her; are you pleas'd now?
Gom. My Joy's ſo much I cannot ſpeak.
Val. Nay faireſt Sir,
You muſt not be diſpleas'd, you break your Promiſe.
Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now, Sir,
Though ſomething ſeem ſtrange to me.
Val. I have provided
A better Match for you, more full of Beauty,
I'll wed ye to our Order: There's a Miſtreſs,
Whoſe Beauty ne'er decays, Time ſtands below her,
Whoſe Honour, *Ermin-like*, can never ſuffer
Spot, or black Soil, whoſe eternal Iſſue
Fame brings up at her Breaſts, and leaves 'em ſainted,
Her you ſhall marry.
Mir. I muſt humbly thank ye.
Val. Saint *Thomas Fort*, a Charge of no ſmall Value,
I give you too, in preſent, to keep waking
Your noble Spirits; and to breed ye pious,
I'll ſend ye a Probation Robe, wear that
Till ye ſhall pleaſe to be our Brother; how now?

Enter Aſtorius.

Aſto. Mountferrat's fled, Sir.
Val. Let him go a while
'Till we have done theſe Rites, and ſeen theſe coupled:
His Miſchief now lyes open: Come all Friends now,
And ſo let's march to th' Temple, ſound thoſe Inſtruments,
That were the Signal to a Day of Blood,
Evil beginning Hours may end in good. [*Flouriſh.*
Nor. Come, we'll have Wenches, Man, and all brave things;
——Let her go, we'll want no Miſtreſſes,
Good Swords, and good ſtrong Armours.
Mir. Thoſe are beſt, Captain.

Nor. And fight 'till Queens be in Love with us, and I'll see ye at the Fort within these two Days, (run after us. And let's be merry prithee.

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why that's well said; I like a good Heart truly.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Norandine *and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers above.*

Ser. THE Day's not yet broke, Sir.

Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding,
I must go see *Miranda*; bring my Horse
Round to the South Port: I'll out here at the Beach,
And meet ye at the end o'th' Sycamores:
'Tis a sweet Walk, and if the Wind be stirring
Serves like a Fan to cool.

[*Corporal and Watch above, singing.*

SONG.

1. *SIT Soldiers, sit and sing, the Round is clear,*
And Cock-a-loodle-looe tells us the Day is near.
Each toss his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
2. *To thee a full Pot, my little Lance-presado,*
And when thou hast done, a Pipe of Trinidado.
Our Glass of Life runs Wine, the Vintner slinks it,
Whilst with his Wife the frolick Soldier drinks it.
3. *The Drums beat, Ensigns wave, and Cannons thump it,*
Our Game is Ruffe, and the best Heart doth trump it:
Each toss his Can until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the Soldier has no Fellow.
4. *I'll pledge thee my Corporal, were it a Flagon*
After Watch fiercer, than George *did the Dragon,*
What Blood we loose i'th' Town, we gain i'th' Tuns,
Furr'd Gowns, and flat Caps, give the Wall to Guns.

Each

Each toſs his Cann, until his Throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and ſing, the Soldier has no Fellow.

Ser. Which Walk?
Nor. Why that, Sir,
Where the fine City Dames meet to make Matches.
Ser. I know it.
Nor. Speed ye then; what Mirth is this?
The Watches are not yet diſcharg'd, I take it:
Theſe are brave careleſs Rogues; I'll hear the Song out
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry Companions:
Here's notable Order, now for a Trick to tame ye——
Owgh, owgh.
1 *Watch.* Hark, hark, what's that below us, who goes (there?
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.
2 *Watch.* 'Tis a Bear broke looſe; pray call the Corporal.
1 *Watch.* The *Dutchman*'s huge fat Sow.
2 *Watch.* I ſee her now, and five fine Pigs.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Cor. Now, what's the Matter?
1 *Watch.* Here's the great fat Sow, Corporal,
The *Dutchman*'s Sow, and all the Pigs, brave fat Pigs,
You have been wiſhing long ſhe would break looſe.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Cor. 'Tis ſhe indeed, there's a white Pig now ſucking;
Look, look, do you ſee it, Sirs?
1 *Watch.* Yes, very well, Sir.
Cor. A notable fat whoreſon; come two of ye,
Go down with me, we'll have a tickling Breakfaſt.
2 *Watch.* Let's eat 'em at the *Croſs*.
Cor. There's the beſt Liquor.
Nor. I'll liquour ſome of ye, ye lazy Rogues,
Your Minds are of nothing but eating and ſwilling:
What a ſweet Beaſt they have made of me? A Sow?
Hog upon Hog, I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Cor. Go ſoftly, and fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.
1 *Watch.* Bleſs me.
Cor. Why what's the Matter?
1 *Watch.* Oh the Devil!
The Devil, as high as a Steeple.

2 *Watch.* There he goes, Corporal,
His Feet are cloven too.
Cor. Stand, ſtand, I ſay: Death, how I ſhake?
Where be your Muskets?
1 *Watch.* There's no good of them:
Where be our Prayers, Man?
2 *Watch.* Lord, how he ſtalks: ſpeak to him Corporal.
Cor. Why, what a Devil art thou.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Cor. A dumb Devil,
The worſt Devil that could come, a dumb Devil.
Give me a Musket; he gathers in to me,
I'th' Name of----ſpeak, what art thou?---ſpeak Devil,
Or I'll put a Plumb in your Belly.
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.
Cor. Fie, fie, in what a Sweat am I! Lord bleſs me,
My Musket's gone too, I am not able to ſtir it.
Nor. Who goes there? Stand, ſpeak.
Cor. Sure I am inchanted.
Yet here's my Halbert ſtill; nay, who goes there, Sir?
What, have I loſt my ſelf? What are ye?
Nor. The Guard.
Cor. Why, what are we then; he's not half ſo long now,
Nor he has no Tail at all; I ſhake ſtill damnably.
Nor. The Word.
Cor. Have Mercy on me, what Word does he mean?
Prethee Devil, if thou be'ſt the Devil,
Do not make an Aſs of me, for I remember yet
As well as I am here, I am the Corporal,
I'll lay my Life on't, Devil.
Nor. Thou art damn'd.
Cor. That's all one; but am not I the Corporal?
I would give a thouſand Pound to be reſolv'd now;
Had not I Soldiers here?
Nor. No, not a Man,
Thou art debauch'd, and cozen'd.
Cor. That may be,
It may be I am drunk; Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my Halbert in my Hand?
Nor. No, 'tis a *May-pole.*

Cor.

Cor. Why then I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.
Nor. Ye are an arrant Rascal;
You Corporal of a Watch?
Cor. 'Tis the *Dane*'s Voice; you are no Devil then.
Nor. No, nor no Sow, Sir.
Cor. Of that I am right glad, Sir,
I was ne'er so frighted in my Life, as I am a Soldier.
Nor. Tall Watchmen,
A Guard for a Goose, you fling away your Centries.
A careful Company; let me out o'th' Port here,
I was a little merry with your Worships;
And keep your Guards strong, tho' the Devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your Wits again.
Go off no more to hunt Pigs; such another Trick,
And you will hunt the Gallows.
Cor. Pray Sir, pardon us:
And let the Devil come next, I'll make him stand
Or make him stink.
Nor. Do, do your Duty truly:
Come let me out, and come away; no more Rage.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Abdella *with a Letter, and* Rocca.

Abd. Write thus to me? he hath fearfully and basely
Betray'd his own Cause; yet to free himself,
He now ascribes the Fault to me.
Roc. I know not
What he hath done; but what he now desires,
His Letters have inform'd you.
Abd. Yes, he is
Too well acquainted with the Power he holds
Over my mad Affections: I want time
To write; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong Resolutions,
Than he hath shown himself in his; or thought
There was a Hell hereafter, or a Heav'n
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further; bid him yet take Comfort;

For ſomething I would do, the Devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this Nuptial Knot of Love,
And make way for his Wiſhes; in the mean time
Let him lye cloſe, for he is ſtrictly ſought for,
And practice to love her, that for his Ends
Scorns Fear and Danger.

Enter Oriana *and* Velleda.

Roc. All this I will tell him. [*Exit* Rocca.

Abd. Do ſo; farewel. My Lady, with my Fellow,
So earneſt in Diſcourſe! What-e'er it be,
I'll ſecond it.

Vel. He is ſuch a noble Husband,
In every Circumſtance ſo truly loving,
That I might ſay, and without Flattery, Madam,
The Sun ſees not a Lady but your ſelf
That can deſerve him.

Abd. Of all Men I ſay
That dare (for 'tis a deſperate Adventure)
Wear on their free Necks the ſweet Yoak of Woman,
(For they that do repine, are no true Husbands)
Give me a Soldier.

Ori. Why, are they more loving
Than other Men?

Abd. And love too with more Judgment;
For, but obſerve, your Courtier is more curious
To ſet himſelf forth richly, than his Lady:
His Baths, Perfumes, nay Paintings too, more coſtly,
Than his Frugality will allow to her;
His Cloaths as chargeable, and grant him but
A thing without a Beard, and he may paſs
At all times for a Woman, and with ſome
Have better Welcome: Now, your Man of Lands
For the moſt part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his Lady fallow; your great Merchant
Breaks oftner for the Debt he owes his Wife,
Than with his Creditors, and that's the Reaſon
She looks elſewhere for Payment: Now your Soldier---

Vel. Ay marry, do him right.

Abd. Firſt, who has one,
Has a perpetual Guard upon her Honour;

For

For while he wears a Sword, Slander her ſelf
Dares not bark at it; next, ſhe ſits at home
Like a great Queen, and ſends him forth to fetch in
Her Tribute from all parts; which being brought home,
He lays it at her Feet, and ſeeks no further
For his Reward, than what ſhe may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own Exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modeſt.

Abd. Why, we may ſpeak of that we are glad to taſte of,
Among our ſelves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing, Madam? You have found it ſomething;
Or with the raiſing up this pretty Mount here,
My Lord hath dealt with Spirits.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours abſent?

Gom. Thy Pardon, Sweet: I have been looking on
The Prize that was brought in by the brave *Dane*,
The valiant *Norandine*, and have brought ſomething,
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiſs,
And then poſſeſs my Purchaſe: There's a piece
Of Cloth of Tiſſue, this of purple Velvet,
And as they ſwear, of the right *Tyrian* dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy uſe, wear them; if not,
Beſtow them on thy Women.

Abd. Here's the Husband.

Gom. While there is any trading on the Sea,
Thou ſhalt want nothing; 'tis a Soldier's glory,
However he neglect himſelf, to keep
His Miſtreſs in full Luſtre.

Ori. You exceed, Sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the Prize diſpos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miſs'd of,
Being almoſt aſſured, it would have been
A welcome Preſent.

Ori. Pray you ſay, what was it?

Gom. A *Turkiſh* Captive of incomparable Beauty,
And without queſtion, in her Country noble;

Which,

Which, as Companion to thy faithful *Moor*,
I would have given thee for thy Slave.
Ori. But was she of such an exquisite form?
Gom. Most exquisite.
Ori. And well descended?
Gom. So the Habit promis'd,
In which she was taken.
Ori. Of what Years?
Gom. 'Tis said
A Virgin of fourteen.
Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might have the means
T' entertain her gently.
Gom. She's now *Miranda*'s,
And as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.
Ori. *Miranda*'s? then her Fate deserves not Pity,
But Envy rather.
Gom. Envy, *Oriana?*
Ori. Yes, and their Envy that live free.
Gom. How's this?
Ori. Why, she's faln into the hands of one,
So full of that, which in Men we stile Goodness,
That in her being his Slave, she is happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the *Sultan*s Mistress.
Gom. *Miranda* is indeed a Gentleman
Of fair desert, and better hopes, but yet
He hath his Equals.
Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for Travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the Scale, or parallell'd,
In any thing that's Noble, with *Miranda*;
His Knowledge in all Services of War,
And ready Courage to put into act
That knowing Judgment, as you are a Soldier
You best may speak of. Nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.
And Heav'n did well, in such a lovely Feature
To place so chaste a Mind; for he is of
So sweet a Carriage, such a winning Nature,

And

And such a bold, yet well-dispos'd Behaviour;
And to all these, h'as such a charming Tongue,
That if he would serve under Love's fresh colours,
What monumental Trophies might he raise,
Of his free Conquests, made in Ladies favours?
Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was
An earnest Suitor to you.
Ori. Yes I did;
And if I were again sought to, I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the Fate
That did appoint me yours, than any Power
Which I can call mine own.
Gom. Even so?
Abd. Thanks Fortune,
The Plot I had to raise in him, Doubts of her,
Thou hast effected.
Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him, with what reason.
In thankfulness, he may expect from me
All due observance; but I pass that, as
A benefit, for which, in my behalf,
You are his Debtor.
Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks.
Ori. He is not in the City,
Is he, my Lord?
Gom. Who, Lady?
Ori. Why *Miranda*,
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?
Gom. This is somewhat more
Than Love to Virtue.
Ori. Faith when he comes hither,
As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him,
Invite him home.
Gom. To what end?
Ori. To Dine with us,
Or Sup.
Gom. And then to take a hard Bed with you;
Mean you not so?

Ori.

Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better; for his Entertainment,
Leave that to me, he ſhall find noble Uſage,
And from me a free welcome.
Gom. Have you never
Heard of a *Roman* Lady, *Oriana*,
Remembred as a Precedent for Matrons,
(Chaſt ones, I pray you underſtand) whoſe Husband,
Tax'd for his ſower Breath by his Enemy,
Condemn'd his Wife, for not acquainting him
With his Infirmity?
Ori. 'Tis a common one;
Her Anſwer was, having kiſs'd none but him,
She thought it was a general Diſeaſe
All Men were ſubject to; but what infer you
From that, my Lord?
Gom. Why, that this virtuous Lady
Had all her Thoughts ſo fix'd upon her Lord,
That ſhe could find no ſpare time to ſing Praiſes
Of any other; nor would ſhe imploy
Her Husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an Inſtrument
To bring home younger Men that might delight her
With their Diſcourſe, or———
Ori. What, my Lord?
Gom. Their Perſons,
Or if I ſhould ſpeak plainer———
Ori. No it needs not,
You have ſaid enough to make my Innocence know
It is ſuſpected.
Gom. You betray your ſelf
To more than a ſuſpicion; could you elſe,
To me that live in nothing but love to you,
Make ſuch a groſs diſcovery, that your Luſt
Had ſold that Heart I thought mine, to *Miranda?*
Or riſe to ſuch a height in Impudence,
As to preſume to work my yielding weakneſs
To play for your bad ends, to my diſgrace,
The Wittal, or the Pander?

Ori.

Ori. Do not ſtudy
To print more Wounds, (for that were Tyranny)
Upon a Heart that is pierc'd through already.
Gom. Thy Heart? thou haſt pierc'd thro' mine Honour,
The Honour of my Houſe, Fool that I was, (falſe one,
To give it up to the deceiving truſt
Of wicked Woman: For thy ſake, vile Creature,
For all I have done well, in my Life,
I have dig'd a Grave, all buried in a Wife;
For thee I have defy'd my conſtant Miſtreſs,
That never fail'd her Servant, glorious War;
For thee, refus'd the Fellowſhip of an Order
Which Princes, through all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from *Jeruſalem:*
And am I thus rewarded?
Vel. By all Goodneſs
You wrong my Lady, and deſerve her not,
When you are at your beſt: Repent your Raſhneſs,
'Twill ſhow well in you.
Abd. Do, and ask her Pardon.
Ori. No, I have liv'd too long, to have my Faith,
My try'd Faith, call'd in queſtion, and by him
That ſhould know true Affection is too tender
To ſuffer an unkind touch, without ruin;
Study Ingratitude, all, from my Example;
For to be thankful now, is to be falſe.
But be it ſo, let me dye, I ſee you wiſh it;
Yet dead for truth, and pities ſake, report
What Weapon you made choice of, when you kill'd me.
Vel. She faints.
Abd. What have ye done?
Ori. My laſt Breath cannot
Be better ſpent, than to ſay I forgive you;
Nor is my Death untimely, ſince with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In ſcorn delivered for the doubtful Iſſue
Of a ſuſpected Mother.
Vel. Oh, ſhe's gone.
Abd. For ever gone. Are you a Man?
Gom. I grow here.

Abd.

Abd. Open her Mouth, and pour this Cordial in it;
If any ſpark of Life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.
Vel. 'Tis all in vain,
She's ſtiff already: Live I, and ſhe dead?
Gom. How like a Murtherer I ſtand? look up,
And hear me curſe my ſelf, or but behold
The Vengeance I will take for't, *Oriana*,
And then in peace forſake me: Jealouſie,
Thou loathſome Vomit of the Fiends below,
What deſperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my Heart, and Soul? I'll let thee forth,
And ſo in Death find eaſe; and does my fault then
Deſerve no greater Puniſhment? No, I'll live
To keep thee for a Fury to torment me,
And make me know what Hell is on the Earth:
All Joys and Hopes forſake me; all Mens Malice,
And all the Plagues they can inflict, I wiſh it,
Fall thick upon me: let my Tears be laught at,
And may mine Enemies ſmile to hear me groan;
And dead, may I be pitied of none. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Collona *and* Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you, Sir, why was the Ordnance of the Fort
Diſcharg'd ſo ſuddenly?
Col. 'Twas the Governor's pleaſure,
In honour of the *Dane*, a Cuſtom us'd,
To ſpeak a Soldier's welcome.
Luc. 'Tis a fit one:
But is my Maſter here too?
Col. Three days ſince.
Luc. Might I demand without offence ſo much,
Is't Pride in him (however now a Slave)
That I am not admitted to his Preſence?
Col. His courteſie to you, and to Mankind,
May eaſily reſolve you, he is free
From that poor Vice which only empty Men
Eſteem a Virtue.

Luc.

Luc. What's the Reaſon then,
As you imagine, Sir?
Col. Why I tell you;
You are a Woman of a tempting Beauty,
And he, however virtuous, is a Man
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, ſhould he ſee you,
He is not ignorant; and therefore chuſes
With care t'avoid the cauſe that may produce
Some ſtrange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare Temperance, which is admired
In his life hitherto.
Luc. This much increaſes
My ſtrong Deſire to ſee him.
Col. It ſhould rather
Teach you to thank the Prophet that you worſhip,
That you are ſuch a Man's, who though he may
Do any thing which Youth and heat of Blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them:
Your Entertainment's noble, and not like
Your preſent Fortune; and if all thoſe Tears
Which made Grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the ſad Story, that forc'd me to weep too,
Your Husband's hard Fate, were not counterfeit;
You ſhould rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaſt Life to his Memory, and bring to him
Thoſe ſweets, which while he liv'd, he could not taſt of;
But if you wantonly beſtow them on
Another Man, you offer violence
To him, though dead; and his griev'd Spirit will ſuffer
For your immodeſt Looſeneſs.
Luc. Why, I hope, Sir,
My willingneſs to look on him, to whom
I owe my Life and Service, is no proof
Of any unchaſt purpoſe.
Col. So I wiſh too,
And in the Confidence it is not, Lady,
I dare the better tell you he will ſee you
This Night, in which by him I am commanded,
To bring you to his Chamber, to what end

I eaſily ſhould gueſs, were I *Miranda*;
And therefore, though I can yield little reaſon,
(But in a general love to Womens goodneſs)
Why I ſhould be ſo tender of your Honour,
I willingly would beſtow ſome Counſel of you,
And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me firſt hear it,
And then I can reſolve you.

Col. My Advice then
Is, that you would not, (as moſt Ladies uſe
When they prepare themſelves for ſuch Encounters)
Study to add, by artificial Dreſſings,
To native Excellence; yours, without help,
But ſeen as it is now, would make a Hermit
Leave his Deaths Head, and change his after hopes
Of endleſs Comforts, for a few ſhort Minutes
Of preſent Pleaſures; to prevent which, Lady,
Practice to take away from your Perfections,
And to preſerve your Chaſtity unſtain'd;
The moſt deform'd Shape that you can put on
To cloud your Body's fair gifts, or your Mind's,
(It being laboured to ſo chaſt an end)
Will prove the faireſt Ornament.

Luc. To take from
The Workmanſhip of Heav'n is an Offence
As great, as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which, I'll not be guilty: Chaſtity
That lodges in Deformity, appears rather
A Mulct impos'd by Nature, than a Bleſſing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Though ne'er ſo oft aſſaulted, in reſiſtance:
For me, I'll therefore ſo diſpoſe my ſelf,
That if I hold out, it ſhall be with Honour;
Or if I yield, *Miranda* ſhall find ſomething
To make him love his Victory. [*Exit.*

Col. With what cunning
This Woman argues for her own Damnation?
Nor ſhould I hold it for a Miracle,
Since they are all born *Sophiſters* to maintain
That Luſt is lawful, and the end and uſe

Of

Of their Creation; would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe,
Though ſeen the Ruin, I muſt ever grieve. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *Servants with Lights.*

Mir. I'll ſee you in your Chamber.
Nor. Pray ye no farther:
It is a Ceremony I expect not,
I am no Stranger here, I know my Lodging,
And have ſlept ſoundly there, when the *Turks* Cannon
Play'd thick upon't: O 'twas Royal Muſick,
And to procure a ſound Sleep for a Soldier,
Worth forty of our Fiddles. As you love me,
Preſs it no farther.
Mir. You will overcome.
Wait on him carefully.
Nor. I have took, ſince Supper,
A Rouſe or two too much, and by——
It warms my Blood.
Mir. You'll ſleep the better for't.
Nor.——On't, I ſhould, had but I a kind Wench
To pull my Boot-hoſe off, and warm my Night-Cap,
There's no Charm like it: I love old *Adam*'s way;
Give me a diligent *Eve*, to wait towards bed-time,
Hang up your ſmooth Chin Page; and now I think on't,
Where is your *Turkiſh* Priſoner?
Mir. In the Caſtle,
But yet I never ſaw her.
Nor. Fie upon you:
See her for Shame; or hark ye, if you would
Perform the Friend's part to me, the Friend's part,
It being a Faſhion of the laſt Edition,
Far from Panderiſm, now ſend her to me;
You look ſtrange on't, no Entertainment's perfect
Without it on my Word, no Livery like it;
There's no Suit got without it,
Gold is an Aſs to't.
Mir. Go to bed, to bed.

Nor. Well, if ſhe come, I doubt not to convert her,
If not, the Sin lye on your Head.
Good night. [*Exit* Nor. *and Servants.*

Enter Collona *and* Lucinda.

Col. There you ſhall find him, Lady; you know what (I have ſaid,
And if you pleaſe you may make uſe.

Luc. No doubt, Sir.

Col. From hence I ſhall hear all.

Mir. Come hither young one.
Beſhrew my Heart, a handſome Wench; come nearer,
A very handſome one; do not you grieve, Sweet,
You are a Priſoner?

Luc. The loſs of Liberty,
No doubt, Sir, is a heavy and a ſharp Burden
To them that feel it truly: But your Servant,
Your humble Handmaid, never felt that Rigour,
Thanks to that noble Will; no Want, no Hunger,
(Companions ſtill to Slaves) no Violence,
Nor any unbeſeeming Act, we ſtart at,
Have I met with; all Content and Goodneſs,
Civility, and Sweetneſs of Behaviour
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy Maſter,
I cannot ſay I grieve my Liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a Soldier,
Too obſtinate an Enemy to Youth,
That had ſo fair a Jewel in my Cabinet,
And in ſo long a time would ne'er look on it?

Col. What can ſhe ſay now?

Luc. Sure I deſir'd to ſee ye,
And with a longing Wiſh.

Col. There's all her Virtue.

Luc. Purſu'd that full Deſire to give ye Thanks, Sir,
The only Sacrifice I have left, and Service,
For all the virtuous Care you have kept me ſafe with.

Col. She holds well yet.

Mir. The pretty Fool ſpeaks finely:
Come, ſit down here.

Luc. O Sir, 'tis moſt unſeemly.

Mir.

Mir. I'll have it ſo; ſit cloſe, now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet?
Luc. My Years will anſwer that, Sir.
Mir. And did you then love truly?
Luc. So I thought, Sir.
Mir. Can ye love me ſo?
Col. Now!
Luc. With all my Duty;
I were unworthy of thoſe Favours elſe,
You daily ſhower upon me.
Mir. What think'ſt thou of me?
Luc. I think ye are a truly worthy Gentleman,
A Pattern, and a Pride to the Age ye live in,
Sweet as the Commendations all Men give ye.
Mir. A pretty flattering Rogue, dare ye kiſs that ſweet
Ye ſpeak ſo ſweetly of? Come. (Man
Col. Farewel Virtue.
Mir. What haſt thou got between thy Lips? kiſs once
Sure thou haſt a Spell there. (more.
Luc. More than e'er I knew, Sir.
Col. All Hopes go now. (hear me,
Mir. I muſt tell you a thing in your Ear, and you muſt
And hear me willingly, and grant me ſo too,
'Twill not be worth my asking elſe.
Luc. It muſt be
A very hard thing, Sir, and from my Power,
I ſhall deny your Goodneſs.
Mir. 'Tis a good Wench; I muſt lye with ye, Lady.
Luc. 'Tis ſomething ſtrange:
For yet in all my Life I knew no Bedfellow.
Mir. You will quickly find that Knowledge.
Luc. To what end, Sir?
Mir. Art thou ſo innocent, thou canſt not gueſs at it?
Did thy Dreams never direct thee?
Luc. 'Faith none yet, Sir. (Pleaſure;
Mir. I'll tell thee then; I would meet thy Youth, and
Give thee my Youth for that; by Heav'n ſhe fires me;
And teach thy fair white Arms, like wanton Ivies,
A thouſand new Embraces.

Luc. Is that all, Sir?
And say I should try, may not we lye quietly?
Upon my Conscience I could.
Mir. That's as we make it.
Luc. Grant that, that likes ye best, what would ye do then?
Mir. What would I do? certainly I am no Baby,
Nor brought up for a Nun; hark in thine Ear.
Luc. Fie, fie, Sir.
Mir. I would get a brave Boy on thee,
A warlike Boy.
Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.
Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.
Luc. Sweet Master.
Col. Never belief in Woman come near me more.
Luc. My best and noblest Sir, if a poor Virgin,
(For yet by————I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your Excellence, and able Sweetness)
To forget her self, and slip into your Bosome,
Or to your Bed, out of a doating on ye,
Take it the best way; have you that cruel Heart,
That murd'ring Mind too?
Mir. Yes, by my troth, Sweet, have I,
To lye with her.
Luc. And do you think it well done? (Wench,
Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done; come to bed,
For thou art so pretty, and so witty a Companion,
We must not part to Night.
Luc. Faith let me go, Sir,
And think better on't.
Mir. I'faith thou shalt not;
I warrant thee I'll think on't.
Luc. I have heard 'em say here,
You are a Maid too.
Mir. I am sure I am, Wench,
If that will please thee.
Luc. I have seen a Wonder,
And would you lose that for a little Wantonness,
(Consider my sweet Master, like a Man, now)
For a few hony'd Kisses, slight Embraces,
That Glory of your Youth, that Crown of Sweetness?

Can

Can ye deliver that unvalued Treasure?
Would ye forsake, to seek your own Dishonour,
What gone, no Age recovers, nor Repentance,
To a poor Stranger?
Col. Hold there again, thou art perfect.
Luc. I know you do but try me.
Mir. And I know
I'll try you a great deal farther; prithee to bed:
I love thee, and so well: Come kiss me once more;
Is a Maiden-head ill bestow'd o'me?
Luc. What's this, Sir?
Mir. Why, 'tis the Badge, my Sweet, of that holy Order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of *Malta*.
Luc. What Virtue has it?
Mir. All that we call virtuous.
Luc. Who gave it first?
Mir. He that gave all, to save us.
Luc. Why then 'tis holy too?
Mir. True Sign of Holiness,
The Badge of all his Soldiers that profess him.
Luc. The Badge of all his Soldiers that profess him,
Can't save in Dangers?
Mir. Yes.
Luc. In Troubles, comfort?
Mir. You say true, Sweet.
Luc. In Sickness, restore Health?
Mir. All this it can do.
Luc. Preserve from Evils that afflict our Frailties?
Mir. I hope she will be Christian; all these truly.
Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to Death with Lust?
In danger to be lost? No holy Thought,
In all that Heart, nothing but wandring Frailties
Wild as the Wind, and blind as Death or Ignorance,
Inhabit there.
Mir. Forgive me Heav'n, she says true.
Luc. Dare ye profess that badge, prophane that Goodness?
Col. Thou shalt redeem'd thy self again, most rarely.
Luc. That Holiness and Truth ye make me wonder at?
Blast all the Bounty Heav'n gives, that Remembrance.
Col. O excellent Woman.

Luc. Fling it from ye quickly,
If ye be thus resolv'd, I see a Virtue
Appear in't like a Sword, both Edges flaming
That will consume ye, and your Thoughts, to Ashes:
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of Thought, that build the Cross,
Not those that break it; by——if ye touch me,
Even in the Act, I'll make that Cross, and curse ye.
Mir. You shall not, Fair; I did dissemble with ye,
And but to try your Faith, I fashion'd all this;
Yet something you provok'd me: This fair Cross,
By me (if he but please to help, first gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a Heart corrupted;
Go to your Rest, my modest, honest Servant,
My fair and virtuous Maid, and sleep secure there,
For when you suffer, I forget this Sign here.
Col. A Man of Men too: O most perfect Gentleman!
Luc. All sweet Rest to you, Sir; I am half a Christian,
The other half I'll pray for; then for you, Sir.
Mir. This is the foulest Play I'll shew; good night, Sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat *and* Rocca.

Mount. THE Sun's not set yet?
Roc. No, Sir.
Mount. Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the World.
And yet, to what vain Purpose do I wish it,
Since though I were inviron'd with thick Mists,
Black as *Cymerian* Darkness, or my Crimes,
There is that here, upon which as an Anvil
Ten thousand Hammers strike, and every Spark
They force from it, to me's another Sun
To light me to my Shame?
Roc. Take Hope and Comfort.

Mount.

Mount. They are Aids indeed, but yet as far from me,
As I from being innocent: This Cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature, in this solid Rock
To be a Den for Beasts, alone receives me,
And having prov'd an Enemy to Mankind,
All human helps forsake me.
Roc. I'll ne'er leave you,
And wish you would call back that noble Courage,
That old invincible Fortitude of yours
That us'd to shrink at nothing.
Mount. Then it did not,
But 'twas when I was honest; then in the height
Of all my Happiness, of all my Glories,
Of all Delights, that made Life precious to me,
I durst die, *Rocca*; Death it self then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The Fame of a good Knight would ever live
Fresh on my Memory; but since I fell
From my Integrity, and dismiss'd those Guards,
Those strong Assurances of Innocence,
That Constancy fled from me, and what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to my self, and Life
A Burthen to me, rack'd with sad Remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present Horrors
Unsufferable to me, tortur'd with Despair
That I shall ne'er find Mercy: Hell about me,
Behind me, and before me, yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched Being.

Enter Abdella.

Roc. To see this would deter a doubtful Man
From mischievous Events, much more the Practice
Of what is wicked: Here's the *Moor*, look up Sir,
Some Ease may come from her.
Mount. New Trouble rather,
And I expect it.
Abd. Who is this? *Mountferrat*?
Rise up for Shame, and like a River dry'd up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous Sea,
Receive those Tides of Comfort that flow to you;
If ever I look'd lovely, if Desert

Could ever challenge welcome; if Revenge,
And unexpected Wreak, were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the Giver of such Blessings,
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make Challenge of those so long wish'd Embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto deny'd me.
Mount. Why, what have you done for me?
Abd. Made *Gomera*
As truly miserable, as you thought him happy;
Could you wish more?
Mount. As if his Sickness could
Recover me; the Injuries I receiv'd
Were *Oriana*'s
Abd. She has paid dear for 'em,
She's dead.
Mount. How?
Abd. Dead; my Hate could reach no farther:
Taking Advantage of her in a Swoon,
Under Pretence to give a Cordial to her
I poison'd her: What stupid Dulness is this?
What you should entertain with Sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?
Mount. Bloody Deeds
Are grateful Offerings, pleasing to the Devil,
And thou, in thy black Shape, and blacker Actions,
Being Hell's perfect Character, art delighted
To do what I thought infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear; thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All Means to make amends with Penitence,
To her wrong'd Virtues, and dispoil'd me of
The poor Remainder of that Hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.
Abd. I did it for the best.
Mir. For thy worst Ends,
And be assur'd but that, I think, to kill thee
Would but prevent, what thy Despair must force thee
To do unto thy self, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd Damnation, thou wert dead now.
But get thee from my Sight; and if Lust of me
Did ever fire thee (Love I cannot call it)

Leap

Leap down from thoſe ſteep Rocks, or take advantage
Of the next Tree to hang thy ſelf, and then
I may laugh at it.
Abd. In the mean time
I muſt be bold, to do ſo much for you; ha, ha.
Mount. Why grin'ſt thou, Devil?
Abd. That 'tis in my power
To puniſh thy Ingratitude; I made trial
But how you ſtood affected, and ſince I know
I'm us'd only for a Property,
I can, and will revenge it to the full.
For underſtand, in thy contempt of me,
Thoſe hopes of *Oriana*, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are loſt for ever.
Mount. Why, lives ſhe?
Abd. Yes, but never to *Mountferrat*,
Although it is in me, with as much eaſe
To give her freely up to thy Poſſeſſion,
As to remove this Ruſh; which yet deſpair of:
For by my much wrong'd Love, Flattery, nor Threats,
Tears, Prayers, nor Vows, ſhall ever win me to it:
So with my Curſe I leave thee.
Mount. Prithee ſtay,
Thou know'ſt I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peeviſh, and perverſe, ſo apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me.
Abd. To perſwade me
To break my Neck, to hang, then damn my ſelf,
With you are Trifles.
Mount. 'Twas my Melancholy
That made me ſpeak I know not what; forgive,
I will redeem my fault.
Roc. Believe him, Lady.
Mount. A thouſand times I will demand thy Pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy Lips with Kiſſes.
Abd. There's ſomething elſe, that would prevail more with me.
Mount. Thou ſhalt have all thy wiſhes, do but bleſs me
With means to ſatisfie my mad Deſires
For once in *Oriana*, and for ever

I am thine, only thine, my beſt *Abdella.*
Abd. Were I aſſur'd of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her ——
Mount. Any thing: make choice of
Thine own conditions.
Abd. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.
Mount. That our ſafety
Muſt of neceſſity urge us to.
Abd. Then know
It was not Poiſon, but a ſleeping Potion
Which ſhe receiv'd; yet of ſufficient ſtrength
So to bind up her Senſes, that no ſign
Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought dead,
In her beſt Habit as the Cuſtom is
You know in *Malta*, with all Ceremonies
She's buried in her Family's Monument,
In the Temple of St. *John*; I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are diſguis'd; ſome ſix hours hence
The Potion will leave working.
Roc. Let us haſte then.
Mount. Be my good Angel, guide me.
Abd. But remember
You keep your Oath.
Mount. As I deſire to proſper
In what I undertake.
Abd. I ask no more: [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Collona.

Col. Here, Sir, I have got the Key; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the Church, the Door is open.
Mir. Look to the Horſes then, and pleaſe the Fellow.
After a few Devotions, I'll retire.
Be not far off, there may be ſome uſe of ye,
Give me the Light: Come Friend, a few good Prayers
Were not beſtow'd in vain now, even from you, Sir.
Men that are bred in Blood, have no way left 'em,
No Bath, no Purge, no Time to wear it out

Or

Or wash it off, but Penitence, and Prayer:
I am to take the Order, and my Youth
Loaden I must confess with many Follies,
Circled and bound about with Sins as many
As in the House of Memory live Figures.
My Heart I'll open now, my Faults confess,
And raise a new Man, Heav'n, I hope, to a new life.
Nor. I have no great Devotion, at this instant,
But for a Prayer or two I will not out, Sir;
Hold up your Finger when you have pray'd enough.
Mir. Go you to that end.
Nor. I shall ne'er pray alone sure,
I have been so us'd to answer the Clerk: would I had a Cushion, for I shall ne'er make a good Hermit, and kneel 'till my Knees are Horn, these Stones are plaguy hard; where shall I begin now? for if I do not observe a method, I shall be out presently.
Ori. Oh, oh.
Nor. What's that, Sir? did ye hear?
Mir. Ha; to your Prayers.
Nor. 'Twas hereabouts, 'thas put me clean away now, I shall ne'er get in again, ha, By Land,
And Water, all Children and all Women,
Ay, there it was I left.
Ori. Oh, oh.
Nor. Never tell me, Sir,
Here's something got amongst us.
Mir. I heard a Groan,
A dismal one, —— *Ori.* Oh, oh.
Nor. Here, 'tis here, Sir, 'tis here, Sir;
A Devil in the Wall.
Mir. 'Tis some Illusion
To fright us from Devotion—— *Ori.* Oh, oh.
Nor. Why 'tis here,
The Spirit of a Huntsman choak'd with Butter:
Here's a new Tomb, new Trickments too.
Mir. For certain,
This has not been three days here.
Nor. And a Tablet
With Rhimes upon't.

Mir

Mir. I prethee read 'em, *Norandine.*

Nor. An Epi--and Epi--taff. I think 'tis, ay 'tis taff, an
Upon the moſt excell, excel--lent--and—— (Epitaff.

Mir. Thou canſt not read.

Nor. I have ſpoil'd mine Eyes with Gun-powder.

Mir. An Epitaph upon the moſt virtuous, and excellent
The Honour of Chaſtity, *Oriana.* (Lady,

Nor. The grand Maſter's Siſter? how a devil came ſhe here? (her,
When ſlipt ſhe out o'th' way? the Stone's but half upon

Mir. 'Tis a ſudden change: certain the miſchief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her Heart-ſtrings.

Nor. Would he were here, I would be the Clerk my ſelf,
And by this little light, I would bury him alive here:
Here's no lamenting now. *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. There 'tis. (for her.

Mir. Sure from the Monument, the very Stone groans
Oh, dear Lady, bleſſing of Women, virtue of thy Sex;
How art thou ſet for ever, how ſtol'n from us.
Babling and prating now converſe with Women.

Nor. Sir, it riſes, it looks up. [*She riſes up.*

Mir. Heav'n bleſs us.

Nor. It is in Womans Cloaths, it riſes higher.

Mir. It looks about, and wonders; ſure ſhe lives, Sir.
'Tis ſhe, 'tis *Oriana*, 'tis that Lady.

Nor. Shall I go to her? *Ori.* Where am I!

Mir. Stand ſtill.

Ori. What Place is this?

Nor. She is as live as I am. (Place?

Ori. What ſmell of Earth, and rotten Bones, what dark
Lord, whither am I carried?

Nor. How ſhe ſtares,
And ſets her Eyes upon him.

Mir. How is't, dear Lady?
Do you know me? how ſhe ſhakes?

Ori. You are a Man.

Mir. A Man that honours you.

Ori. A cruel Man,
Ye are all cruel; are you in your Grave too?
For there's no truſting cruel Man, above ground.

Nor. By'r Lady that goes hard.
Mir. To do you Service,
And to reſtore ye to the Joys you were in.
Ori. I was in Joys indeed, and hope———
Mir. She ſinks again,
Again ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone; gone as a Shadow,
She ſinks for ever, Friend.
Nor. She is cold now,
She is certainly departed, I muſt cry too.
Mir. The bleſſed Angels guide thee; put the Stone to,
Beauty thou art gone to Duſt, Goodneſs to Aſhes.
Nor. Pray take it well; we muſt all have our hours, Sir.
Mir. Ay, thus we are, and all our painted Glory,
A bubble that a Boy blows into th' Air,
And there it breaks.
Nor. I am glad ye ſav'd her Honour yet.
Mir. Would I had ſav'd her Life now too: Oh Heav'n,
For ſuch a Bleſſing, ſuch a timely Bleſſing,
O Friend, what dear content 'twould be, what Story
To keep my Name from Worms? *Ori.* Oh, oh.
Nor. She lives again.
'Twas but a Trance.
Mir. Pray ye call my Man in preſently,
Help with the Stone firſt, oh ſhe ſtirs again.
Oh call my Man away.
Nor. I fly, I fly, Sir. [*Exit.*
Mir. Upon my Knees, O Heav'n, O Heav'n, I thank thee.
Enter Collona, *and* Norandine.
The living heat ſteals into every Member;
Come help the Coffin out ſoftly, and ſuddenly;
Where is the Clerk?
Col. Drunk above; he is ſure, Sir.
Mir. Sirrah, you muſt be ſecret.
Col. As your Soul, Sir.
Mir. Softly good Friend, take her into your Arms.
Nor. Put in the cruſt again.
Mir. And bring her out there, when I am a Horſeback
My Man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the Fort; ſtay you, and watch what iſſue,

And

And what Enquiry's for the Body.
Nor. Well, Sir.
Mir. And when ye have done, come back to me.
Nor. I will.
Mir. Softly, oh ſoftly.
Nor. She grows warmer ſtill, Sir.
Col. What ſhall I do with the Key?
Mir. Thou canſt not ſtir now,
Leave it i'th' Door, go get the Horſes ready. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, *and* Abdella *with a dark Lanthorn.*
Roc. The Door's already open, the Key in it.
Mount. What were thoſe paſt by?
Roc. Some ſcout of Soldiers, I think.
Mount. It may well be ſo, for I ſaw their Horſes:
They ſaw not us, I hope.
Abd. No, no, we were cloſe, beſide they were far off.
Mount. What time of Night is't?
Abd. Much about twelve, I think.
Roc. Let me go in firſt,
For by the leaving open of the Door here,
There may be ſome Body in the Church; give me the
Abd. You'll love me now, I hope. (Lanthorne.
Mount. Make that good to me
Your Promiſe is engaged for.
Abd. Why ſhe is there
Ready prepar'd, and much about this time
Life will look up again.
Roc. Come in, all's ſure,
Not a Foot ſtirring, nor a Tongue.
Mount. Heav'n bleſs me,
I never enter'd with ſuch unholy Thoughts
This Place before.
Abd. Ye are a fearful Fool,
If Men have Appetites allow'd 'em,
And warm Deſires, are there not ends too for 'em?
Mount. Whither ſhall we carry her?
Roc. Why, to the Bark, Sir,
I have provided one already waits us;
The Wind ſtands wondrous fair too for our Paſſage.

Abd.

Abd. And there when ye have enjoy'd her, for ye have (that liberty,
Let me alone to send her to feed Fishes:
I'll no more sighs for her.

Mount. Where is the Monument?
Thou art sure she will awake about this time?

Abd. Most sure, if she be not knockt o'th' Head: give me (the Lanthorn,
Here 'tis; how is this, the Stone off?

Roc. Ay, and nothing
Within the Monument, that's worse; no Body
I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty Coffin.

Mount. No Lady?

Roc. No, nor Lord, Sir,
This Pye has been cut up before.

Abd. Either the Devil
Must do these tricks———

Mount. Or thou, damn'd one, worse;
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud of all my Afflictions;
Thou night Hag, gotten when the bright Moon suffer'd;
Thou Hell it self confin'd in Flesh; what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou hast remov'd her Body, or by this holy Place
This Sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strow thee o'er the Temple
A Sacrifice to thy black Sire, the Devil.

Roc. Tell him, you see he's angry.

Abd. Let him burst,
Neither his Sword nor Anger do I shake at,
Nor will yield to feed his poor Suspicions,
His idle Jealousies, and mad Dogs heats,
One thought against my self: Ye have done a brave deed,
A manly, and a valiant piece of Service:
When ye have kill'd me, reckon't amongst your Battels;
I am sorry ye are so poor, so weak a Gentleman,
Able to stand no Fortune: I dispose of her?
My Mischief make her away? a likely Project,
I must play booty against my self, if any thing cross ye;
I am the Devil, and the Devil's Heir,
All Plagues, all Mischiefs.

Mount.

Mount. Will ye leave and do yet?
Abd. I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for ſuch a thankleſs Fellow,
If I be Devil, you created me;
I never knew thoſe Arts, nor bloody Practices
(——o'your cunning Heart, that Mine of miſchief)
Before your Flatteries won 'em into me.
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this Hour to wake again.
Mount. Where is ſhe?
This is the laſt demand.
Abd. Did I now know it,
And were I ſure, this were my lateſt minute,
I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curſe thee.
Roc. I ſee a Light, ſtand cloſe, and leave your angers,
We all miſcarry elſe.

Enter Gomera, *and Page with a Torch.*

Abd. I am now careleſs.
Mount. Peace, prithee peace, Sweet, peace, all Friends.
Abd. Stand cloſe then.
Gom. Wait there, Boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee:
In darkneſs was my Soul and Senſes clouded
When my fair Jewel fell, the night of Jealouſie
In all her blackneſs drawn about my Judgment;
No light was let into me, to diſtinguiſh
Betwixt my ſudden Anger and her Honour,
A blind ſad Pilgrimage ſhall be my Penance,
No comfort of the day will I look up at:
Far darker than my jealous Ignorance,
Each place of my abode ſhall be, my Prayers
No ceremonious lights ſhall ſet off more:
Bright Arms, and all that carry Luſtre, Life,
Society, and Solace, I forſake ye.
And were it not once more to ſee her Beauties,
(For in her Bed of Death, ſhe muſt be ſweet ſtill,)
And on her cold ſad Lips ſeal my Repentance;
Thou Child of Heav'n, fair light I could not miſs thee.
Mount. I know the Tongue, would I were out again.
I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Abd.

Abd. There is no shifting now, Boldness and Confidence
Must carry it now away; he is but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a Strength far under.
Mount. But he has a Cause above me.
Abd. That's as you handle it.
Roc. Peace, he may go again, and never see us.
Gom. I feel I weep apace, but where's the Flood,
The torrent of my Tears, to drown my Fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden Cloud,
Begotten in the moist South, drop to nothing.
Give me the Torch, Boy.
Roc. Now he must discover us.
Abd. He has already, never hide your Head,
Be bold and brave, if we must die together.
Gom. Who's there? What Friend to Sorrow? the Tomb
The Stone off too? the Body gone? by—— (wide open,
Look to the Door Boy: Keep it fast, who are ye?
What sacrilegious Villains? False *Mountferrat*,
The Wolf to Honour, has thy hellish Hunger
Brought thee to tear the Body out o'th' Tomb too?
Has thy foul Mind so far wrought on thee? ha,
Are you there too? Nay, then I spy a Villany
I never dream'd of yet, thou sinful Usher,
Bred from that Rottenness, that Bawd to Mischief,
Do you blush through all your Blackness? Will not that
Abd. I cannot speak. (hide it?
Gom. You are well met, with your Dam, Sir,
Art thou a Knight? Did ever on that Sword,
The Christian Cause sit nobly? Could that Hand fight,
Guided by Fame and Fortune? That Heart inflame thee,
With virtuous Fires of Valour, to fall off,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such Foulness,
As the false Angels did, from all their Glory?
Thou art no Knight, Honour thou never heard'st of,
Nor brave Desires could ever build in that Breast.
Treason, and tainted Thoughts, are all the Gods
Thou worship'st, all the Strength thou hadst, and Fortune;
Thou didst things out of Fear, and false Heart, Villain,
Out of close Traps and Treacheries, they have raised thee.
Mount. Thou rav'st, old Man.

Gom. Before thou get'ſt off from me,
Hadſt thou the Glory of thy firſt Fights on thee,
Which thou haſt baſely loſt, thy nobleſt Fortunes,
And in their greateſt Luſtres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confeſs, nay kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for Mercy, crying:
Thou art the recreant'ſt Rogue time ever nouriſh'd,
Thou art a Dog, I will make thee ſwear, a Dog,
A mangy Cur Dog; do you creep behind the Altar?
Look how it ſweats, to ſhelter ſuch a Raſcal:
Firſt, with thy venemous Tooth infect her chaſte Life,
And then not dare to do; next, rob her Reſt,
Steal her dead Body out o'th' Grave.

Mount. I have not.

Gom. Prithee come out, this is no Place to quarrel in,
Valiant *Mountferrat*, come.

Mount. I will not ſtir.

Gom. Thou haſt thy Sword about thee,
That good Sword that never fail'd thee; prithee come;
We'll have but five Stroaks for it; on, on Boy,
Here's one would fain be acquainted with thee, (Sir.
Would wondrous fain cleave that Calves Head of yours,
Come, prithee let's diſpatch, the Moon ſhines finely:
Prithee be kill'd by me, thou wilt be hang'd elſe,
But it may be, thou long'ſt to be hang'd.

Roc. Out with him, Sir,
You ſhall have my Sword too; when he's diſpatch'd once,
We have the World before us.

Gom. Wilt thou walk Fellow,
I never knew a Rogue hang Arſe-ward ſo,
And ſuch a deſperate Knave too.

Abd. Pray go with him,
Something I'll promiſe too.

Mount. You would be kill'd then?
No Remedy, I ſee.

Gom. If thou dar'ſt do it?

Mount. Yes now I dare; lead out, I'll follow preſently,
Under the Mount I'll meet ye.

Gom. Go before me,
I have ye in a String too.

Mount.

Mount. As I am a Gentleman,
And by this holy Place I will not fail thee,
Fear not, thou ſhalt be kill'd, take my Word for it
I will not fail.
Gom. If thou ſcap'ſt thou haſt Cats Luck.
The Mount?
Mount. The ſame; make haſte, I am there before elſe.
Gom. Go get ye home; now if he ſcape I am a Coward.
Mount. Well, now I am reſolv'd, and he ſhall find it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, *and* Collona.

Mir. How is it with the Lady?
Luc. Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the Curſe the divine Juſtice laid
On the firſt ſinful Woman.
Mir. Is ſhe in Travel?
Luc. Yes, Sir, and yet the Troubles of her Mind
Afflict her more, than what her Body ſuffers,
For in the Extremity of her Pain, ſhe cries out,
Why am I here? Where is my Lord *Gomera*,
Then ſometimes names *Miranda*, and then ſighs,
As if to ſpeak what queſtionleſs ſhe loves well,
If heard, might do her Injury.
Col. Heav'ns ſweet Mercy
Look gently on her.
Mir. Prithee tell her, my Prayers
Are preſent with her, and good Wench provide
That ſhe want nothing: What's thy Name?
Luc. Lucinda.
Mir. Lucinda? There's a proſperous Omen in it,
Be a *Lucina* to her, and bring Word
That ſhe is ſafe deliver'd of her Burthen,
And thy Reward's thy Liberty: Come *Collona*
We will go ſee how th' Engineer has mounted
The Cannon the great Maſter ſent, be careful
To view the Works, and learn the Diſcipline.

That is us'd here: I am to leave the World,
And for your Service, which I have found faithful,
The Charge that's mine, if I have any Power,
Hereafter may concern you.
Col. I ſtill find
A noble Maſter in you.
Mir. 'Tis but Juſtice,
Thou doſt deſerve it in thy Care, and Duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, Abdella *with a Piſtol.*
Gom. Here's even Ground, I'll ſtir no Foot beyond it,
Before I have thy Head.
Mount. Draw, *Rocca.*
Gom. Coward,
Hath inward Guilt robb'd thee as well of Courage
As Honeſty? that without Odds thou dar'ſt not
Anſwer a ſingle Enemy?
Mount. All Advantage
That I can take, expect.
Roc. We know you are valiant;
Nor do we purpoſe to make farther Trial
Of what you can do now; but to diſpatch you.
Mount. And therefore fight, and pray together.
Gom. Villains,
Whoſe Baſeneſs, all diſgraceful Words made one,
Cannot expreſs; ſo ſtrong is the good Cauſe
That ſeconds me, that you ſhall feel, with Horror
To your proud Hopes, what Strength is that Arm,
Though old, that holds a Sword made ſharp by Juſtice.
Abd. You come then here, to prate? [*Fight.*
Mount. Help *Rocca*, now,
Or I am loſt for ever; how comes this?
Are Villany and Weakneſs Twins?
Roc. I am gone too.
Gom. You ſhall not ſcape me, Wretches.
Abd. I muſt do it,
All will go wrong elſe. [*Shoots him.*
Gom. Treacherous bloody Woman,
What haſt thou done?

Abd.

Abd. Done a poor Womans part,
And in an Inſtant, what theſe Men ſo long
Stood fooling for.
Mount. This Aid was unexpected,
I kiſs thee for't.
Roc. His right Arm's only ſhot,
And that compell'd him to forſake his Sword,
He's elſe unwounded.
Mount. Cut his Throat.
Abd. Forbear.
Yet do not hope 'tis with Intent to ſave thee,
But that thou may'ſt live to thy farther Torment,
To ſee who triumphs over thee; come *Mountferrat*,
Here join thy Foot to mine, and let our Hearts
Meet with our Hands, the Contract that is made
And cemented with Blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy Sanction, and much ſurer,
Than all the ſuperſtitious Ceremonies
You Chriſtians uſe.

Enter Norandine.

Roc. Who's this?
Mount. Betray'd again?
Nor. By the Report it made, and by the Wind,
The Piſtol was diſcharg'd here.
Gom. Norandine,
As ever thou lov'ſt Valour, or wearſt Arm's
To puniſh Baſeneſs, ſhew it.
Nor. O the Devil,
Gomera wounded, and my *Brache black Beauty*
An Actor in it?
Abd. If thou ſtrik'ſt, I'll ſhoot thee. (thou?
Nor. How! fright me with your Pot-Gun? What art
Good Heav'n, the Rogue, the Traitor Rogue, *Mountferrat*,
To ſwinge the Neſt of you, is a Sport unlook'd for,
Hells——conſume you.
Mount. As thou art a Man,
I am wounded, give me time to anſwer thee. (yet.
Gom. Durſt thou urge this? this Hand can hold a Sword
Nor. Well done; to ſee this Villain, makes my Hurts

Bleed freſh again, but had I not a Bone whole,
In ſuch a Cauſe I ſhould do thus, thus Raſcals.

Enter Corporal and Watch.

Cor. Diſarm them, and ſhoot any that reſiſts.
Gom. Hold Corporal, I am *Gomera.*
Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an Age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your Parties
For ſucking Pigs.
'Tis well.
As you will anſwer
The contrary with your Lives, ſee theſe forth coming.
Cor. That we ſhall do.
Nor. You bleed apace; good Soldiers,
Go help him to a Surgeon.
Roc. Dare the worſt,
And ſuffer like your ſelf.
Abd. From me learn Courage.
Nor. Now for *Miranda*, this News will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected: Corporal,
There's ſomething for thy Care to Night; my Horſe there.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Oriana *and* Lucinda.

Ori. HOW does my Boy?
Luc. Oh wondrous luſty, Madam,
A little Knight already: You ſhall live
To ſee him toſs a *Turk.*
Ori. Gentle *Lucinda*,
Much muſt I thank thee for thy Care and Service.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Collona.

And may I grow but ſtrong to ſee *Valetta*,
My Husband, and my Brother, thou ſhalt find
I will not barely thank thee.
Mir. Look Captain, we muſt ride away this Morning,
The Auberge ſits to Day, and the great Maſter

Writes

Writes plainly, I muſt or deliver in
(The Year expir'd) my Probation Weed,
Or take the Cloak; you likewiſe *Norandine*,
For your full Service, and your laſt Aſſiſtance
In falſe *Mountferrat*'s Apprehenſion (high Honour.
Are here commanded to aſſociate me; my I win in this

Nor. I'll none on't; do they think to bind me to live chaſte, ſober, and temperately, all Days of my Life? they may as ſoon tye an *Engliſhman* to live ſo; I ſhall be a ſweet *Dane*, a ſweet Captain, go up and down drinking ſmall Beer. and ſwearing *'ods neagues*, no, I'll live a Squire at Arms ſtill, and do thou ſo too, and thou be'ſt wiſe: I have found the Miſtery now, why the Gentlemen wear but three Bars of the Croſs, and the Knights the whole one.

Mir. Why Captain?

Nor. Marry, Sir, to put us in Remembrance, we are but three Quarters croſs'd in our Licence, and Pleaſures; but the poor Knights croſs'd altogether: the Brothers at Arms, may yet meet with their Siſters at Arms, now and then, in Brotherly Love; but the poor Knights cannot get a Lady for Love nor Mony; tis not ſo in other Countries I wis, pray haſte you, for I'll along, and ſee what will come on't. [*Exit.*

Mir. Collona, provide ſtrait all Neceſſaries
For this Remove, the Litter for the Lady,
And let *Lucinda* bear her Company,
You ſhall attend on me.

Col. With all my Duties. [*Exit.*

Mir. How fare you, gracious Miſtreſs?

Ori. O *Miranda*,
You pleas'd to honour me with that fair Title
When I was free, and could diſpoſe my ſelf;
But now, no Smile, no Word, no Look, no Touch
Can I impart to any, but as Theft
From my *Gomera*; and who dares accept,
Is an Uſurper.

Mir. Leave us; I have touch'd thee,
(Thou fairer Virtue, than thou'rt beautiful)
Hold but this Teſt, ſo rich an Ore was never

Tried by the Hand of Man, on the vaſt Earth:
Sit brighteſt *Oriana*, is it Sin
Still to profeſs I love you, ſtill to vow
I ſhall do ever? Heav'n my Witneſs be,
'Tis not your Eye, your Cheek, your Tongue, no part
That ſuperficially doth ſnare young Men,
Which has caught me; read over in your Thoughts
The Story that this Man hath made of you,
And think upon his Merit.
Ori. Only Thought
Can comprehend it.
Mir. And can you be ſo
Cruel, thankleſs, to deſtroy his Youth
That ſav'd your Honour, gave you double Life?
Your own, and your fair Infant's? that when Fortune
(The blind Foe to all Beauty, that is good)
Bandied you from one Hazard to another,
Was even Heav'ns Meſſenger, by Providence
Call'd to the Temple, to receive you there,
Into theſe Arms, to give Eaſe to your Throwes,
As if't had thunder'd; take thy due *Miranda*,
For ſhe was thine: *Gomera*'s Jealouſie
Struck Death unto thy Heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee ſecond Life:
Let me but now enjoy thee: Oh regard
The torturing Fires of my Affections.
Ori. Oh maſter them, *Miranda*, as I mine;
Who follows his Deſires, ſuch Tyrants ſerves
As will oppreſs him inſupportably.
My Flames, *Miranda*, riſe as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my Marriage,
Yet would I now conſent, or could I think
Thou wert in earneſt, (which by all the Souls
That have, for Chaſtity, been ſanctify'd,
I cannot) in a Moment I do know
Thoud'ſt call fair Temperance up to rule thy Blood,
Thy Eye was ever chaſte, thy Countenance too honeſt,
And all thy Wooings was like Maidens Talk;
Who yieldeth unto Pleaſures, and to Luſt,
Is a poor Captive, that in golden Fetters,

And

And precious, as he thinks, but holding Gives,
Frets out his Life.
Mir. Find ſuch another Woman,
And take her for his Labour, any Man.
Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my beſt,
Heav'n knew I was not, I had had thee elſe,
Much leſs now, gentle Sir; *Miranda*'s Deeds
Have been as white as *Oriana*'s Fame,
From the Beginning to this Point of time,
And ſhall we now begin to ſtain both thus?
Think on the Legend which we two ſhall breed
Continuing as we are, for chaſteſt Dames
And boldeſt Soldiers to peruſe and read,
Ay and read thorough, free from any Act
To cauſe the Modeſt caſt the Book away,
And the moſt honour'd Captain fold it up.
Mir. Faireſt, let go my Hand; my Pulſe beats thick,
And my mov'd Blood rides high in every Vein,
Lord of thy ſelf now, Soldier, and ever:
I would not for *Aleppo*, this frail Bark,
This Bark of Fleſh, no better Steers-man had
Than has *Mountferrat*'s; may you kiſs me, Lady?
Ori. No; though't be no eſſential Injury,
It is a Circumſtance due to my Lord,
To none elſe; and my deareſt Friend, if Hands
Playing together, kindle Heat in you,
What may the Game at Lips provoke unto?
Mir. Oh what a Tongue is here? whilſt ſhe doth teach
My Heart to hate my fond unlawful Love,
She talks me more in Love, with Love to her,
My Fires ſhe quencheth with her Arguments,
But as ſhe breaths 'em, they blow freſher Fires.
Sit further; now my Flame cools; Husband, Wife,
There is ſome holy Myſtery in thoſe Names
That ſure th' unmarried cannot underſtand.
Ori. Now thou art ſtrait, and doſt enamour me,
So far beyond a carnal earthly Love;
My very Soul doats on thee, and my Spirits
Do embrace thine, my Mind doth thy Mind kiſs,
And in this pure Conjunction we enjoy

A heav'nlier Pleaſure than if Bodies met:
This, this is perfect Love, the other ſhort,
Yet languiſhing fruition, every Swain
And ſweating Groom may claſp, but ours refin'd
Two in ten Ages cannot reach unto;
Nor is our ſpiritual Love, a barren Joy,
For mark what bleſſed Iſſue we'll beget,
Dearer than Children to Poſterity,
A great Example to Mens Continence,
And Womens Chaſtity, that is a Child
More fair and comfortable, than any Heir.

Mir. If all Wives were but ſuch, Luſt would not find
One corner to inhabit, Sin would be
So ſtrange, Remiſſion ſuperfluous:
But one Petition, I have done.

Ori. What, Sweet.

Mir. To call me Lord, if the hard Hand of Death
Seize on *Gomera* firſt.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy;
How much you undervalue your own Price,
To give your unbought ſelf, for a poor Woman,
That has been once ſold, us'd, and loſt her Show?
I am a Garment worn, a Veſſel crack'd,
A *Zone* unty'd, a Lilly trod upon,
A fragrant Flower cropt by another Hand;
My Colour ſully'd, and my Odour's chang'd.
If when I was new bloſſom'd, I did fear
My ſelf unworthy of *Miranda*'s Spring;
Thus over-blown, and ſeeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his Chimney, than his Bed.

Mir. Riſe, Miracle, ſave *Malta* with thy Virtue:
If words could make me proud, how has ſhe ſpoke,
Yet I will try her to the very Block.
Hard-hearted and uncivil *Oriana*,
Ingrateful Payer of my Induſtries,
That with a ſoft painted Hypocriſie
Cozen'ſt, and jeer'ſt my Perturbation,
Expect a witty and a fell Revenge:
My comfort is, all Men will think thee falſe,
Beſide thy Husband, having been thus long
(On this occaſion) in my Fort, and Power.

Enter

Enter Norandine, Collona, *and* Lucinda *with a Child.*
I'll hear no more words: Captain, let's away,
With all care see to her; and you, *Lucinda*,
Attend her diligently; she is a Wonder.
Nor. Have you found she was well deliver'd?
What, had she a good Midwife, is all well?
Mir. You are merry, *Norandine.*
Luc. Why weep you, Lady?
Ori. Take the poor Babe along.
Col. Madam, 'tis here.
Ori. Dissembling Death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve? [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet, *Knights, two Bishops*, Mountferrat *guarded by Corporal and Soldiers*, Abdella, *a Gentleman with a Cloak, Sword, and Spurs*; Gomera.

Val. A tender Husband hast thou shew'd thy self,
My dearest Brother, and thy Memory,
After my life, in brazen Characters
Shall monumentally be registe'rd
To Ages consequent, 'till Time's running Hand
Beats back the World to undistinguish'd *Chaos*,
And on the top of that thy Name shall stand
Fresh, and without decay.
Gom. Oh honour'd Sir!
If hope of this, or any Bliss to come,
Could lift my load of Grief off from my Soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my Wife,
That in one hours suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a Man again,
And fare like other Husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing Penitence;
But 'till old Nature can make such a Wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the Order
And Habits that to Men are necessary,
All Breath I'll spend in Sighs, all sound in Groans,
And know no Company but my wasting Moans.

Asto.

Aſto. This will be wilful Murder on your ſelf,
Nor like a Chriſtian do you bear the chance
Which th' inſcrutable Will of Heav'n admits.
Gom. What would you have my Weakneſs do, that
Suffer'd it ſelf thus to be practis'd on
By a damn'd Hell-hound, and his Agent Dam,
The impious Midwife to abortive Births,
And cruel Inſtrument to his Decrees?
By forgery they firſt aſſail'd her Life,
Heav'n playing with us yet, in that, he wrought
My deareſt Friend, the Servant to her Virtue,
To Combat me, againſt his Miſtreſs Truth.
That yet effectleſs, this Enchanting Witch
Bred baneful Jealouſie againſt my Lady,
My moſt immaculate Lady, which ſeiz'd on her
Almoſt to death: Oh yet! not yet content,
She in my Hand put (to reſtore her Life
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their deviliſh Malice; farther, great with Child
Was this poor Innocent, that too was loſt,
They doubled Death upon her; not ſtaying there,
They have done violence unto her Tomb,
Not granting Reſt unto her in the Grave:
I wiſh *Miranda* had enjoy'd my Prize;
For ſure I'm puniſh'd for uſurping her.
Oh what a Tyger is reſiſted Luſt?
How it doth forage all?
Mount. Part of this Tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not Poiſon given her?
Abd. I would it had, we had been far enough,
If we had been ſo wiſe, and had not now
Stood curteſing for your Mercies here.
Mount. Beſide,
What is become o'th' Body we know not.
Val. Peace, Impudence;
And dear *Gomera* practiſe Patience
As I my ſelf muſt, by ſome means at laſt
We ſhall diſſolve this Riddle.
Gom. Wherefore comes
This Villain in this Feſtival Array,
As if he triumph'd for his Treachery?

Caſt

Caſt. That is by our Appointment: give us leave,
You ſhall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, *and* Collona.

Val. One of the *Eſguard.*

Eſg. The Gentlemen are come.

Val. Truce then awhile,
With our ſad thoughts; what, are you both reſolv'd?

Nor. Not I, my Lord, your down-right Captain ſtill,
I'll live, and ſerve you, not that altogether
I want compunction of Conſcience,
I have enough to ſave me, and that's all,
Bar me from Drink, and Drabs, ev'n hang me too,
You muſt ev'n make your Captains Capons firſt,
I have too much Fleſh for this ſpiritual Knighthood,
And therefore do deſire forbearance, Sir,
'Till I am older, or more mortify'd;
I am too ſound yet.

Val. What ſay you, *Miranda?*

Mir. With all pure Zeal to Heav'n, Duty to you,
I come to undergo it.

Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony.

Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd Title,
Admir'd *Miranda,* pardon what in Thought
I ever did tranſgreſs againſt your Virtue;
And may you find more Joy with your new Bride,
Than poor *Gomera* e'er enjoy'd with his,
But 'twas mine own Crime, and I ſuffer for't;
Long wear your Dignity, and worthily,
Whilſt I obſcurely in ſome Corner varniſh.

Mir. Have ſtronger thoughts, and better; firſt I crave,
According to the Order of the Court,
I may diſpoſe my Captives, and the Fort,
That with a clean and purified Heart
The fitlier I may endue my Robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana *vail'd,* *Ladies,* Lucinda *with a Child.*

Mir. Bring the Captives. To your charge
And ſtaid Tuition, my moſt noble Friend,
I then commend this Lady; ſtart not off,
A fairer and a chaſter never liv'd;

By her own choice you are her Guardian;
For telling her I was to leave my Fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
Her own requeſt was, to *Gomera*'s Hands
She might be given in Cuſtody, for ſhe'ad heard
He was a Gentleman wiſe, and temperate,
Full of Humanity to Women-kind,
And 'cauſe he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat a Lady.
Val. What Country-woman is ſhe?
Mir. Born a *Greek*.
Val. *Gomera*, 'twill be barborous to deny
A Lady, that unto your Refuge flies,
And ſeeks to ſhrowd her under Virtue's Wing.
Gom. Excuſe me, noble Sir; oh think me not
So dull a Devil, to forget the loſs
Of ſuch a matchleſs Wife as I poſſeſs'd,
And ever to endure the ſight of Woman:
Were ſhe the Abſtract of her Sex for Form,
The only Warehouſe of Perfection,
Were there no Roſe nor Lilly but her Cheek,
No Muſick but her Tongue, Virtue but hers;
She muſt not reſt near me, my Vow is graven
Here in my Heart, irrevocably breath'd,
And when I break it.
Aſto. This is rudeneſs, *Spaniard*,
Unſeaſonably you play the *Timoniſt*,
Put on a Diſpoſition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.
Gom. Sir.
Caſt. We cannot force you, but we would perſwade.
Gom. Beſeech you, Sir, no more, I am reſolv'd
To forſake *Malta*, tread a Pilgrimage
To fair *Jeruſalem*, for my Lady's Soul,
And will not be diverted.
Mir. You muſt bear
This Child along w'ye then.
Gom. What Child?
All. How's this?
Mir. Nay then, *Gomera*, thou art injurious,

This Child is thine, and this rejected Lady
Thou hast has often known, as thine own Wife,
And this I'll make good on thee, with my Sword.
Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme: if such a scandal---
(I crave the Rights due to a Gentleman)
Woman unvail.
Ori. Will you refuse me yet?
Gom. My Wife!
Val. My Sister!
Gom. Some Body thank Heav'n,
I cannot speak.
All. All Praise be ever given.
Mount. This saves our lives, yet would she had been dead;
The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of Punishment, or my Disgrace.
Val. How came you to the Temple?
Mir. Sir, to do
My poor Devotions, and to offer Thanks
For scaping a Temptation near perform'd
With this fair Virgin. I restore a Wife
Earth cannot parallel; and busie Nature,
If thou wilt still make Women, but remember
To work 'em by this Sampler; take heed, Sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir.
Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly.
Mir. To increase your Happiness
To your best Wife take this Addition.
Gom. Alack my poor Knave.
Val. The confession
The *Moor* made 't seems was truth.
Nor. Marry was it, Sir; the only truth that ever issued out of Hell, which her black Jaws resemble; a plague o' your Bacon-face, you must be giving drinks with a Vengeance; ah thou branded Bitch, do ye stare goggles, I hope to make Winter-boots o' thy Hide yet, she fears not damning: Hell fire cannot parch her blacker than she is: D'ye grin, Chimney-sweeper.
Ori. What is't, *Miranda?*
Mir. That you would please *Lucinda* might attend you.

Col. That Suit, Sir, I conſent not to.
Luc. My Husband?
My deareſt *Angelo?* (ſwum
Nor. More *Jiggam-bobs*; is not this the Fellow that
Like a Duck to th' Shore in our Sea-ſervice?
Col. The very ſame; do not you know me now, Sir,
My Name is *Angelo*, though *Collona* vail'd it,
Your Country-man and Kinſman, born in *Florence*,
Who from the Neighbour-Iſland here of *Goza*
Was Captive led, in that unfortunate Day
When the *Turk* bore with him three thouſand Souls;
Since in *Conſtantinople* have I liv'd,
Where I beheld this *Turkiſh* Damſel firſt.
A tedious Suitor was I for her Love,
And pitying ſuch a beauteous Caſe ſhould hide
A Soul prophan'd with Infidelity,
I labour'd her Converſion with my Love,
And doubly won her; to fair Faith her Soul
She firſt betroth'd, and then her Faith to me;
But fearful there to conſummate this Contract
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By thoſe ſame Gallies, 'fore *Valetta* fought:
Since in your Service I attended her,
Where, what I ſaw, and heard, hath joy'd me more
Than all my paſt Afflictions griev'd before.
Val. Wonders crown wonders; take thy Wife: *Miranda*,
Be henceforth called our *Malta*'s better Angel,
And thou her evil, *Mountferrat*.
Nor. We'll call him *Cacodemon*, with his black Gib there, his *Succuba*, his Devil's Seed, his ſpawn of *Phlegeton*, that o' my Conſcience was bred o' the ſpume of *Cocitus*; do ye ſnarle, you black Jill? ſhe looks like the Picture of *America*.
Val. Why ſtay we now?
Mir. This laſt Petition to the Court,
I may bequeath the keeping of my Fort
To this my Kinſman, toward the Maintenance
Of him, and his fair virtuous Wife; Diſcreet,
Loyal, and Valiant I dare give him you.
Val. You muſt not ask in vain, Sir.
Col. My beſt thanks

To you my noble Couſin, and my ſervice
To the whole Court; may I deſerve this Bounty.
Val. Proceed to th' Ceremony, one of our *Eſguard*
Degrade *Mountferrat* firſt.
Mount. I will not ſue
For Mercy, 'twere in vain; Fortune thy worſt. [*Muſick.*

An Altar diſcover'd, with Tapers, and a Book on it. The two Biſhops ſtand on each ſide of it; Mountferrat, *as the Song is ſinging, aſcends up the Altar.*

See, ſee, the ſtain of Honour, Virtue's foe,
Of Virgins fair Fames the foul Overthrow,
That broken hath his Oath of Chaſtity,
Diſhonour'd much this holy Dignity,
Off with his Robe, expel him forth this Place,
Whilſt we rejoyce, and ſing at his Diſgrace.

Val. Since by thy Actions thou haſt made thy ſelf
Unworthy of that worthy Sign thou wear'ſt,
And of our ſacred Order, into which
For former Virtues we receiv'd thee firſt,
According to our Statutes, Ordinances,
For Praiſe unto the good, a Terror to
The bad, and an Example to all Men;
We here deprive thee of our Habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our Society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted and contagious Member.
Eſq. Uſing th' authority the Superior
Hath given unto me, I untie this Knot,
And take from thee the pleaſing Yoak of Heav'n:
We take from off thy Breaſt this holy Croſs
Which thou haſt made thy Burthen, not thy Prop;
Thy Spurs we ſpoil thee of, leaving thy Heels
Bare of thy Honour, that have kick'd againſt
Our Order's Precepts; next we reave thy Sword,
And give thee armleſs to thy Enemies,
For being Foe to Goodneſs, and to Heav'n;
Laſt, 'bout thy ſtiff Neck, we this Halter hang,
And leave thee to the Mercy of thy Court.
Val. Inveſt *Miranda.*

SONG.

Fair Child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning Zeal doſt come,
With Joy to ask the White-croſs Cloak,
And yield unto this pleaſing Yoak,
That being young, vows Chaſtity,
And chuſeſt wilful Poverty;
As this Flame mounts, ſo mount thy Zeal, thy Glory,
Riſe paſt the Stars, and fix in Heav'n thy Story.

1 *Biſh.* What crave you, gentle Sir?
Mir. Humble admittance
To be a Brother of the holy Hoſpital
Of great *Jeruſalem.*
2 *Biſh.* Breath out your Vow.
Mir. To Heav'n, and all the Bench of Saints above,
Whoſe Succour I implore t' enable me,
I vow henceforth a chaſte Life, not to enjoy
Any thing proper to my ſelf; Obedience
To my Superiors, whom Religion
And Heav'n ſhall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of Ladies, and to oppugne
Even unto Death the *Chriſtian* Enemy:
This do I vow to accompliſh.
Eſq. Who can tell,
Has he made other Vow, or promis'd Marriage
To any one, or is in Servitude?
All. He's free from all theſe.
1 *Biſh.* Put on his Spurs, and girt him with the Sword,
The ſcourge of Infidels, and Tipes of ſpeed.
Build'ſt thy Faith on this?
Mir. On him that dy'd
On ſuch a ſacred Figure, for our Sins.
2 *Biſh.* Here, then we fix it on thy left ſide, for
Thy increaſe of Faith, *Chriſtian* Defence, and Service
To th' poor, and thus near to thy Heart we plant it
That thou mayſt love it even with all thy Heart,
With thy right Hand protect, preſerve it whole,
For if thou fighting 'gainſt Heav'ns Enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the Croſs
The Enſign of thy holy General, With

With Shame thou juſtly ſhalt be robb'd of it,
Chas'd from our Company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified Limb.

Mir. I ask no Favour.

1 *Biſh.* Then receive the Yoak
Of him that makes it ſweet, and light, in which,
Thy Soul find her eternal Reſt.

Val. Moſt welcome.

All. Welcome, our noble Brother.

Val. Break up the Court; *Mountferrat*, though your Deed,
Conſpiring 'gainſt the Lives of Innocents,
Hath forfeited your own, we will not ſtain
Our white Croſs with your Blood; your Doom is then
To marry this Coagent of your Miſchiefs,
Which done, we baniſh you the Continent;
If either, after three Days, here be found,
The Hand of Law lays hold upon your Lives.

Nor. Away *French* Stallion, now you have a *Barbary* Mare of your own, go leap her, and engender young devilings.

Val. We will find ſomething, noble *Norandine*,
To quit your Merit; ſo to civil Feaſts,
According to our Cuſtoms; and all pray
The Dew of Grace, bleſs our new Knight to Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



Love's Cure

Vol. 5. p. 268.

LOVE's CURE:

OR,

The Martial Maid.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

PROLOGUE.

STatues and Pictures challenge Price and Fame;
If they can juſtly boaſt, and prove they came
From Phidias *or* Apelles. *None deny,*
Poets and Painters hold a Sympathy;
Yet their Works may decay, and loſe their Grace,
Receiving blemiſh in their Limbs or Face.
When the Minds Art has this Preheminence,
She ſtill retaineth her firſt Excellence.
Then why ſhould not this dear Piece be eſteem'd
Child to the richeſt Fancies that e'er teem'd?
When not their meaneſt Off-ſpring, that came forth,
But bore the Image of their Fathers worth.
Beaumont's, *and* Fletcher's, *whoſe Deſert out-ways*
The beſt Applauſe, and their leaſt ſprig of Bays
Is worthy Phœbus; *and who comes to gather*
Their fruits of Wit, he ſhall not rob the Treaſure.
Nor can you ever ſurfeit of the Plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty.
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thank you for your own Delight.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Aſſiſtant, *or Governor.*
Vitelli, *a young Gentleman, Enemy to* Alvarez.
Lamoral, *a fighting Gallant, Friend to* Vitelli.
Anaſtro, *an honeſt Gentleman, Friend to* Vitelli.
Don Alvarez, *a noble Gentleman, Father to* Lucio, *and* Clara.
Siavedra, *a Friend to* Alvarez.
Lucio, *Son to* Alvarez, *a brave young Gentleman in Woman's Habit.*
Alguazeir, *a ſharking panderly Conſtable.*
Pachieco, *a Cobler,*
Mendoza, *a Botcher,* } *of Worſhip.*
Metaldie, *a Smith,*
Lazarillo, Pachieco *his hungry Servant*
Bobadilla, *a witty Knave, Servant to* Eugenia, *and Steward vant to* Alvarez.
Herald.
Officer.

WOMEN.

Eugenia, *a virtuous Lady, Wife to* Don Alvarez.
Clara, *Daughter to* Eugenia, *a martial Maid, Valiant and Chaſte, enamoured of* Vitelli.
Genevora, *Siſter to* Vitelli, *in love with* Lucio.
Malroda, *a wanton Miſtreſs of* Vitelli.

SCENE *SEVIL.*

LOVE's CURE:

OR,

The Martial Maid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, *and* Anaſtro.

VITELLI.



Lvarez pardon'd?

Ana. And return'd.

Lam. I ſaw him Land
At St. *Lucars*, and ſuch a general welcome,
Fame, as Harbinger to his brave Actions,
Had with the eaſie People prepar'd for him,
As if by his command alone, and Fortune,
Holland, with thoſe low Provinces, that hold out
Againſt the Arch-Duke, were again compell'd
With their Obedience to give up their Lives
To be at his Devotion.

Vit. You amaze me:
For though I have heard, that when he fled from *Sevil*
To ſave his Life (then forfeited to Law
For murth'ring *Don Pedro* my dear Uncle)
His extream Wants enforc'd him to take pay
I'th' Army, ſate down then before *Oſtend*;
'Twas never yet reported, by whoſe Favour

He

He durſt preſume to entertain a Thought
Of coming home with Pardon.
Ana. 'Tis our Nature
Or not to hear, or not to give belief
To what we wiſh far from our Enemies.
Lam. Sir, 'tis moſt certain, the *Infanta*'s Letters
Aſſiſted by the Arch-Duke's, to King *Philip*,
Have not alone ſecur'd him from the Rigour
Of our *Caſtilian* Juſtice, but return'd him
A free Man, and in Grace.
Vit. By what curs'd means
Could ſuch a Fugitive ariſe unto
The knowledge of their Highneſſes? Much more
(Though known) to ſtand but in the leaſt Degree
Of favour with them?
Lam. To give ſatisfaction
To your Demand, though to praiſe him I hate,
Can yield me ſmall contentment, I will tell you,
And truly, ſince ſhould I detract his Worth,
'Twould argue want of Merit in my ſelf.
Briefly to paſs his tedious Pilgrimage
For ſixteen years, a baniſh'd guilty Man,
And to forget the Storms, th' Affrights, the Horrours,
His Conſtancy, not Fortune overcame,
I bring him, with his little Son, grown Man
(Though 'twas ſaid here, he took a Daughter with him)
To *Oſtend*'s bloody Siege, that ſtage of War,
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
And the whole Chriſtian World Spectators were;
There by his Son, or were he by Adoption,
Or Nature his, a brave Scene was preſented,
Which I make choice to ſpeak of, ſince from that
The good ſucceſs of *Alvarez* had beginning.
Vit. So I love Virtue in an Enemy
That I deſire in the relation of
This young Man's glorious Deed, you'll keep your ſelf
A Friend to Truth, and it.
Lam. Such was my purpoſe.
The Town being oft aſſaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud Defendants to a Sally,

Weary

Weary of eaſe, Don *Inigo Peralta*,
Son to the General of our *Caſtile* Forces,
All arm'd, advanc'd within ſhot of their Walls,
From whence the Muſquetiers plaid thick upon him;
Yet he, brave Youth, as careleſs of the Danger,
As careful of his Honor, drew his Sword,
And waving it about his Head, as if
He dar'd one ſpirited like himſelf, to trial
Of ſingle Valor, he made his Retreat
With ſuch a ſlow, and yet majeſtick pace,
As if he ſtill call'd loud, Dare none come on?
When ſuddenly, from a Poſtern of the Town
Two gallant Horſemen iſſued, and o'ertook him,
The Army looking on, yet not a Man
That durſt relieve the raſh Adventurer;
Which *Lucio*, Son to *Alvarez*, then ſeeing
As in the Vant-guard he ſate bravely mounted,
Or were it pity of the Youth's Misfortune,
Care to preſerve the Honour of his Country,
Or bold Deſire to get himſelf a Name,
He made his brave Horſe like a Whirlwind bear him
Among the Combatants; and in a Moment
Diſcharg'd his Petronel, with ſuch ſure aim
That of the adverſe party from his Horſe
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A Faulchion, ſwift as Lightning he came on
Upon the other, and with one ſtrong Blow,
In view of the amazed Town, and Camp,
He ſtruck him dead, and brought *Peralta* off
With double Honour to himſelf.

Vit. 'Twas brave:
But the ſucceſs of this?

Lam. The Camp receiv'd him
With Acclamations of joy and welcome;
And for Addition to the fair reward,
Being a maſſy Chain of Gold given to him
By young *Peralta*'s Father, he was brought
To the *Infanta*'s Preſence, kiſs'd her Hand,
And from that Lady, (greater in her Goodneſs
Than her high Birth) had this encouragement;

Go on young Man; yet not to feed thy Valour
With hope of Recompence to come, from me,
For preſent Satisfaction of what's paſt,
Ask any thing that's fit for me to give,
And thee to take, and be aſſur'd of it.
Ana. Excellent Princeſs.
Vit. And ſtil'd worthily
The Heart-blood, nay, the Soul of Soldiers.
But what was his Requeſt?
Lam. That the Repeal
Of *Alvarez* makes plain; he humbly begg'd
His Father's Pardon, and ſo movingly
Told the ſad Story of your Uncle's Death
That the *Infanta* wept, and inſtantly
Granting his Suit, working the Arch-Duke to it,
Their Letters were directed to the King,
With whom they ſo prevail'd, that *Alvarez*
Was freely pardon'd.
Vit. 'Tis not in the King
To make that good.
Ana. Not in the King? What Subject
Dares contradict his Power?
Vit. In this I dare,
And will; and not call his Prerogative
In Queſtion, nor preſume to limit it.
I know he is Maſter of his Laws,
And may forgive the Forfeits made to them,
But not the Injury done to my Honour;
And ſince (forgetting my brave Uncle's Merits
And many Services, under Duke *D'Alva*)
He ſuffers him to fall, wreſting from Juſtice
The powerful Sword, that would revenge his Death,
I'll fill with this *Aſtrea*'s empty Hand,
And in my juſt wreak, make this Arm the King's,
My deadly hate to *Alvarez*, and his Houſe,
Which as I grew in Years, hath ſtill encreas'd,
As if it call'd on Time to make me Man,
Slept while it had no Object for her Fury,
But a weak Woman, and her talk'd of Daughter;
But now, ſince there are Quarries, worth her ſight

Both

Both in the Father, and his hopeful Son,
I'll boldly caſt her off, and gorge her full (ſhip,
With both their Hearts; to further which, your Friend-
And Oaths; will your Aſſiſtance, let your Deeds
Make anſwer to me: uſeleſs are all Words
Till you have writ Performance with your Swords.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bobadilla *and* Lucio.

Luc. Go fetch my Work; this Ruff was not well ſtarch'd,
So tell the Maid, 't has too much blue in it,
And look you that the Partridge and the Pullen
Have clean Meat, and freſh Water, or my Mother
Is like to hear on't.

Bob. Oh good St. *Jaques* help me: Was there ever ſuch an Hermaphrodite heard of? Would any Wench living, that ſhould hear and ſee what I do, be wrought to believe, that the beſt of a Man lies under this Petticoat, and that a Cod-piece were far fitter here, than a pinn'd Placket?

Luc. You had beſt talk filthily, do; I have a Tongue
To tell my Mother, as well as Ears to hear
Your Ribaldry.

Bob. Nay, you have ten Womens Tongues that way, I am ſure: Why my young Maſter or Miſtreſs, Madam, Don, or what you will, what the Devill have you to do with Pullen, or Partridge? or to ſit pricking on a Clout all Day? You have a better Needle, I know, and might make better Work, if you had grace to uſe it.

Luc. Why, how dare you ſpeak this before me, Sirrah?

Bob. Nay rather, why dare not you do what I ſpeak? ——Tho' my Lady your Mother, for fear of *Vitelli* and his Faction, hath brought you up like her Daughter, and has kept you theſe 20 Years, which is ever ſince you were Born, a cloſe Priſoner within Doors, yet ſince you are a Man, and are as well provided as other Men are, methinks you ſhould have the ſame Motions of the Fleſh, as other Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

Luc. Indeed you have cauſe to love thoſe wanton Motions, They having hope you to an excellent Whipping, (tions,

For

For doing something, I but put you in mind of it,
With the *Indian* Maid, the Governor sent my Mother
From *Mexico*.

Bob. Why, I but taught her a *Spanish* trick in Charity, and holp the King to a Subject that may live to take *Grave Maurice* Prisoner, and that was more good to the State, than a thousand such as you are ever like to do: and I will tell you, (in a Fatherly care of the Infant I speak it) if he live (as bless the Babe, in Passion I remember him) to your Years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he shall to the Wars, use his *Spanish* Pike, tho' with the danger of the lash, as his Father has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his *Toledo* desperately, as——

Luc. You will not kill me? oh. (Eyes?

Bob. I knew this would silence him: how he hides his
If he were a Wench now, as he seems, what an advantage
Had I, drawing two *Toledo's*, when one can do this?
But oh me, my Lady; I must put up: Young Master,
I did but jest: Oh custom, what hast thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia *and Servants.*

Eug. For bringing this, be still my Friend; no more
A Servant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
Even here, where I am happy to receive
Assurance of my *Alvarez* return,
I will kneel down; and may those holy Thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A Temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhop'd for Blessing, Heav'ns kind Hand
Hath pour'd upon me.

Luc. Let my Duty, Madam,
Presume, if you have cause of Joy, to intreat
I may share in it.

Bob. 'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt; but first kneel with me *Lucio*,
No more *Posthumia* now, thou hast a Father,
A Father living to take off that Name,

Which

Which my too credulous Fears, that he was dead,
Beſtow'd upon thee; thou ſhalt ſee him *Lucio*,
And make him young again, by ſeeing thee,
Who only hadſt a being in my Womb
When he went from me, *Lucio*: Oh my joys
So far tranſport me, that I muſt forget
The Ornaments of Matrons, Modeſty,
And grave Behaviour; but let all forgive me
If in th' Expreſſion of my Soul's beſt Comfort,
Tho' old, I do a while forget mine Age,
And play the Wanton in the Entertainment
Of thoſe delights I have ſo long deſpair'd of.

Luc. Shall I then ſee my Father?

Eug. This hour, *Lucio*;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life, in which thou ſhalt appear
To be ſuch as I brought thee forth, a Man;
This womaniſh Diſguiſe, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou ſhalt now caſt off,
And change thoſe Qualities thou didſt learn from me,
For maſculine Virtues, for which ſeek no Tutor,
But let thy Father's actions be thy Precepts;
And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward
For thy true Service.

Bob. Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learn to know me more reſpectively; how doſt thou think I ſhall become the Steward's Chair, ha? will not theſe ſlender Hanches ſhow well with a Chain, and a gold Night-cap after Supper, when I take the Accompts?

Eug. Haſte, and take down thoſe Blacks with which my Hath like the Widow, her ſad Miſtreſs, mourn'd, (Chamber
And hang up for it the rich *Perſian* Arras,
Us'd on my wedding Night, for this to me
Shall be a ſecond Marriage: Send for Muſick,
And will the Cooks to uſe their beſt of cunning
To pleaſe the Palat.

Bob. Will your Ladiſhip have a Potato-pie, 'tis a good ſtirring diſh for an old Lady, after a long *Lent*.

Eug. Begone I ſay: Why Sir, you can go faſter?

Bob. I could, Madam: but I am now to practiſe the Steward's

Steward's Pace, that's the reward I look for; every Man must fashion his Gate, according to his Calling; you fellow *Stephano* may walk faster, to overtake Preferment; so, usher me.

Luc. Pray, Madam, let the Waistcoat I last wrought
Be made up for my Father: I will have
A Cap, and Boot-hose, suitable to it.

Eug. Of that
We'll think hereafter, *Lucio*; our Thoughts now
Must have no object but thy Father's welcome,
To which thy help——

Luc. With humble gladness, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alvarez, *and* Clara.

Alv. Where lost we *Syavedra*?

Cla. He was met,
Ent'ring the City, by some Gentlemen,
Kinsmen, as he said, of his own, with whom
For compliment sake (for so I think he term'd it)
He was compell'd to stay; tho' I much wonder
A Man that knows to do, and has done well (home,
In the Head of his Troop, when the bold Foe charg'd
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time
In apish Entertainment; for my part
(By all the glorious rewards of War)
I had rather meet ten Enemies in the field,
All sworn to fetch my Head, than be brought on
To change an Hours discourse with one of these
Smooth City-fools, or Tissue-Cavaliers,
The only Gallants, as they wisely think,
To get a Jewel, or a wanton Kiss
From a Court-lip, though painted.

Alv. My Love *Clara*,
(For *Lucio* is a Name thou must forget
With *Lucio*'s bold Behaviour) though thy Breeding
I' th' Camp, may plead something in the Excuse
Of thy rough manners, Custom having chang'd,
Though not thy Sex, the softness of thy Nature,
And Fortune, then a cruel Stepdame to thee,

Impos'd

Impos'd upon thy tender ſweetneſs, burthens
Of Hunger, Cold, Wounds, Want, ſuch as would crack
The ſinews of a Man, not born a Soldier:
Yet now ſhe ſmiles, and like a natural Mother
Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertain
Her proffer'd Bounties with a willing Boſom;
Thou ſhalt no more have need to uſe thy Sword;
Thy Beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not alter'd)
Shall be a ſtronger Guard, to keep my *Clara*,
Than that has been, (though never us'd but nobly)
And know thus much.

Cla. Sir, I know only that
It ſtands not with my Duty to gain-ſay you
In any thing: I muſt and will put on
What faſhion you think beſt, though I could wiſh
I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather [*Muſick.*
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here,
As you were born, a Woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, *and Servants.*

Eug. Let choice Muſick,
In the beſt voice that e'er touch'd humane Ear,
For joy hath ty'd my Tongue up, ſpeak your welcome.

Alv. My Soul (for thou giv'ſt new life to my Spirit)
Myriads of joys, though ſhort in number of
Thy Virtues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,
Th' aſſurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty Years of ſorrow but a Dream,
And by the Nectar, which I take from theſe,
I feel my Age reſtor'd, and like old *Æſon*
Grow young again.

Eug. My Lord, long wiſh'd for welcome,
'Tis a ſweet briefneſs, yet in that ſhort word
All Pleaſures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increaſe, before they find
A ſecond Period: Let mine Eyes now ſurfeit
On this ſo wiſh'd-for Object, and my Lips
Yet modeſtly pay back the parting Kiſs
You truſted with them, when you fled from *Sevil*,
With little *Clara* my ſweet Daughter; lives ſhe?

Yet I could chide my self, having you here,
For being so covetous of all Joys at once,
T'enquire for her, you being alone, to me
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my self,
Nay more than all the World.

Alv. As you, to me are.

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the Story
Of your past dangers, now you are here in safety
It will give Relish, and fresh Appetite
To my Delights, if such Delights can cloy me.
Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me first yield you
Account of my Life in your Absence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd
The Jewel left lock'd up in my Womb,
When you, in being forc'd to leave your Country,
Suffer'd a civil Death. [*Within clashing Swords.*

Alv. Do, my *Eugenia*,
'Tis that I most desire to hear.

Eug. Then know. [Syavedra *within.*

Alv. What Noise is that?

Sya. If you are noble Enemies, [Vitelli *within.*
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly,

Vit. Stand off, I am too many of my self.

Enter Bobadilla.

Bob. Murther, Murther, Murther, your Friend my Lord, *Don Syavedra* is set upon in the Streets, by your Enemies *Vitelli*, and his Faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him; draw thy Sword
And follow me.

Clar. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this Occasion once more to use it. [*Exit.*

Bob. Nay, hold not me Madam; if I do any hurt, hang me.

Luc. Oh I am dead with fear! Let's fly into
Your Closet, Mother.

Eug. No hour of my Life
Secure of danger? Heav'n be merciful,
Or now at once dispatch me.

Enter

Enter Vitelli, *pursued by* Alvarez *and* Syavedra, Clara *beating off* Anastro.

Cla. Follow him,
Leave me to keep these off.
Alv. Assault my Friend,
So near my House?
Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Though 'twere a Temple, and I'll make it one,
I being the Priest, and thou the Sacrifice,
I'll offer to my Uncle.
Alv. Haste thou to him,
And say I sent thee.
Cla. 'Twas put bravely by,
And that; and yet comes on, and boldly rare,
In the Wars, where Emulation and Example
Join to increase the Courage, and make less
The Danger; Valour, and true Resolution
Never appear'd so lovely; brave again;
Sure he is more than Man, and if he fall,
The best of Virtue, Fortitude would die with him:
And can I suffer it? Forgive me Duty,
So I love Valour, as I will protect it
Against my Father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
Vit. Come on,
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer
Before you have me; keep off.
Cla. Fear me not,
Thy Worth has took me Prisoner, and my Sword
For this time knows thee only for a Friend,
And to all else I turn the Point of it.
Say. Defend your Father's Enemy?
Alv. Art thou mad?
Cla. Are ye Men rather? Shall that Valour, which
Begot you lawful Honour in the Wars,
Prove now the Parent of an infamous Bastard
So foul, yet so long liv'd, as Murther will
Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone
With your own dangers only, purchas'd Glory
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing

Thoſe neareſt to you, to have part in it,
And do you now join, and lend mutual help
Againſt a ſingle Oppoſite? Hath the Mercy
Of the great King, but newly waſh'd away
The Blood, that with the forfeit of your Life
Cleav'd to your Name and Family, like an Ulcer,
In this again to ſet a deeper Dye
Upon your Infamy? You'll ſay he is your Foe,
And by his raſhneſs call'd on his own Ruin;
Remember yet, he was firſt wrong'd, and Honour
Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place
Where now he is, your Houſe, which by the Laws
Of hoſpitable Duty ſhould protect him;
Have you been twenty years a Stranger to it,
To make your entrance now in Blood? Or think you
Your Country-man, a true born *Spaniard*, will be
An Offering fit, to pleaſe the Genius of it?
No, in this I'll preſume to teach my Father,
And this firſt Act of Diſobedience ſhall
Confirm I am moſt dutiful.

Alv. I am pleas'd
With what I dare not give allowance to.
Unnatural Wretch, what wilt thou do?

Cla. Set free
A noble Enemy: Come not on, by———
You paſs to him, through me, the way is open;
Farewel, when next I meet you, do not look for
A Friend, but a vow'd Foe; I ſee you worthy,
And therefore now preſerve you, for the Honour
Of my Sword only.

Vit. Were this Man a Friend,
How would he win me, that being my vow'd Foe
Deſerves ſo well? I thank you for my Life;
But how I ſhall deſerve it, give me leave
Hereafter to conſider. [*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy Fear,
All Danger is blown over, I have Letters
To the Governor, in the King's Name, to ſecure us
From ſuch attempts hereafter; yet we need not,
That have ſuch ſtrong Guards of our own, dread others;

And

And to increaſe thy Comfort, know, this young Man,
Whom with ſuch ſervant Earneſtneſs you eye,
Is not what he appears, but ſuch a one
As thou with joy wilt bleſs, thy Daughter *Clara*.
Eug. A thouſand Bleſſings in that word.
Alv. The reaſon
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leaſure
I will impart unto you; wonder not
At what you have ſeen her do, it being the leaſt
Of many great and valiant Undertakings
She hath made good with Honour.
Eug. I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my *Alvarez*: You, in a Man,
Have given to me a Daughter, in a Woman,
I give to you a Son; this was the Pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did *Clara*,
And with the like ſucceſs; as ſhe appears
Alter'd by Cuſtom, more than Woman, he
Transform'd by his ſoft Life, is leſs than Man.
Alv. Fortune in this gives ample Satisfaction
For all our ſorrows paſt.
Luc. My deareſt Siſter.
Cla. Kind Brother.
Alv. Now our mutual care muſt be
Imploy'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, loſt by Cuſtom:
To you I give my *Clara*, and receive
My *Lucio* to my charge; and we'll contend
With loving Induſtry, who ſooneſt can
Turn this Man Woman, or this Woman Man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pachieco, *and* Lazarillo.

Pac. BOY, and Cloak, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of my Rank, to walk the Streets in *Querpo.*

Laz. Nay, you are a very rank Gentleman, Signior, I am very hungry, they tell me in *Sevil* here, I look like an Eel, with a Man's Head; and your Neighbour the Smith here hard by, would have borrowed me th' other Day to have fish'd with me, because he had lost his Angle-rod.

Pac. Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cause of other Mens wits) as in thine own; live lean, and witty still: Oppress not thy Stomach too much; grose Feeders, great Sleepers, fat Bodies; fat Bodies, lean Brains: No *Lazarillo,* I will make thee immortal, change thy Humanity into Deity, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz. Faith Signior, I am immortal then already, or very near it, for I do live upon little or nothing; belike that's the reason the Poets are said to be immortal, for some of them live upon their Wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Master, let me be mortal still, and let's go to Supper.

Pac. Be abstinent, shew not the corruption of thy Generation; he that feeds, shall die, therefore, he that feeds not shall live.

Laz. Ay, but how long shall he live? There's the Question.

Pac. As long as he can without feeding: Didst thou read of the miraculous Maid in *Flanders?*

Laz. No, nor of any Maid else; for the Miracle of Virginity now-a-days ceases, e'er the Virgin can read Virginity?

Pac. She that liv'd three years without any other Sustenance, than the smell of a Rose.

Laz. I heard of her Signior, but they say her Guts shrunk all into Lute-strings, and her Neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpent's Tail, so that though she con-

inued a Woman ſtill above the Girdle, beneath yet ſhe was Monſter.

Pac. So are moſt Women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all Women, Signior, that can live only upon the ſmell of a Roſe.

Pac. No part of the Hiſtory is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather no part of the Fable is Hiſtorical: but for all this, Sir, my rebellious Stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal Hunger will ſuffer; put me to a certain ſtint Sir, allow me but a red Herring a Day.

Pac. *O' de dios*, would'ſt thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red Herring a Day, ſhall ne'er be broil'd for the Devil's Raſher; a Pilchard, Signior, a Surdiny, an Olive, that I may be a Philoſopher firſt, and immortal after.

Pac. Patience, *Lazarillo*, let Contemplation be thy Food awhile: I ſay unto thee, one Peaſe was a Soldiers Provant a whole Day,
At the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*.

Enter Metaldi, *and* Mendoza.

Laz. Ay, and it were any where but at the deſtruction of a Place, I'll be hang'd.

Met. Signior *Pachieco Alaſto*, my moſt ingenious Cobler of *Sevil*, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

Pac. Signior *Metaldi de Forgio*, my moſt famous Smith, and Man of Mettle, I return your Courteſie ten fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shoe-ſole of your Congie; the like to you Signior *Mendoza Pediculo de Vermim*, my moſt exquiſite Hoſe-heeler.

Laz. Here's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith and a Botcher, they all belong to the Foot, which makes them ſtand ſo much upon their Gentry.

Mend. Signior *Lazarillo*.

Laz. Ah Signior ſee: Nay, we are all Signiors here in *Spain*, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelantado*; this Botcher looks as if he were Dough-bak'd, a little Butter now, and I could eat him like an Oaten-cake:

his Father's Diet was new Cheese and Onions when he got him; what a Scallion-fac'd Rascal 'tis?

Met. But why, Signior *Pachieco*, do you stand so much on the priority, and antiquity of your Quality (as you call it) in comparison of ours?

Mend. Ay; your reason for that.

Pac. Why thou Iron-pated Smith, and thou Woollen-witted Hose-heeler, hear what I will speak indifferently, and according to antient Writers, of our three Professions, and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both Judge and Moderator.

Laz. Still am I the most immortally hungry, that may (be.

Pac. Suppose thou wilt derive thy Pedigree, like some of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules*, *Æneas*, *Achilles*) lineally from the Gods, making *Saturn* thy great Grandfather, and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a God.

Laz. He'll make *Vulcan* your Godfather by and by.

Pac. Yet I say, *Saturn* was a crabbed Block-head, and *Vulcan* a limping Horn-head, for *Venus* his Wife was a Strumpet, and *Mars* begot all her Children; therefore however, thy Original must of necessity spring from Bastardy: Further, what can be a more deject Spirit in Man, than to lay his Hands under every ones Horses Feet, to do him service, as thou dost? For thee, I will be brief, thou dost botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of Enormities, *viz.* Scabs, Chilblains, and kib'd Heels; much prone thou art to Sects, and Heresies, disturbing State and Government; for how canst thou be a sound Member in the Common-wealth, that art so subject to stitches in the Ankles? blush, and be silent then, oh ye Mechanicks, compare no more with the politick Cobler: For Coblers, in old time, have Propheſied, what may they do now then, that have every day waxed better and better? Have we not the length of every Man's Foot? Are we not daily Menders? Yea, and what Menders? Not Horse-menders,

Laz. Nor Manners-menders.

Pac. But Soul-menders: Oh divine Coblers; do we not, like the wise Man, spin out our own Threads, (or our Wives for us?) Do we not, by our sowing the Hide,

reap

reap the Beef? are not we of the Gentle-craft, whilſt both you are but Crafts-men; you will ſay, you fear neither Iron nor Steel, and what you get is wrought out of the Fire; I muſt anſwer you again, tho', all this is but Forgery; you may likewiſe ſay, a Man's a Man, that has but a hoſe on his Head: I muſt likewiſe anſwer, that Man is a Botcher, that has a heel'd hoſe on his Head; to conclude, there can be no compariſon with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politick Eye and Ends on every Man's Steps that walks, and whoſe Courſe ſhall be laſting to the Worlds end.

Met. I give Place; the Wit of Man is wonderful; thou haſt hit the Nail on the Head, and I will give thee ſix Pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch Shooe again.

Enter Vitelli *and* Alguazier.

Pac. Who's this? Oh our *Alguazier*; as arrant a Knave as e'er wore one Head under two Offices; he is one ſide *Alguazier*.

Met. The other ſide Serjeant.

Mend. That's both ſides Carrion, I am ſure.

Pac. This is he apprehends Whores in the way of Juſtice, and lodges 'em in his own Houſe, in the way of Profit; he with him, is the Grand Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez*, the Mortal hatred is; he is indeed my Don's Bawd, and does at this preſent lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrid*.

Vit. Let her want nothing, Signior, ſhe can ask:
What loſs or injury you may ſuſtain
I will repair, and recompence your Love:
Only that Fellow's coming I miſlike,
And did fore-warn her of him; bear her this
With my beſt love, at Night I'll viſit her.

Alg. I reſt your Lordſhip's Servant.

Vit. Good Ev'n, Signiors:
Oh *Alvarez*, thou haſt brought a Son with thee
Both brightens, and obſcures our Nation,
Whoſe pure ſtrong Beams on us, ſhoot like the Sun's
On baſer Fires; I would to Heav'n my Blood
Had never ſtain'd thy bold unfortunate Hand,
That with mine Honour I might emulate,

Not

Not perſecute ſuch Virtue; I will ſee him,
Though with the hazard of my Life; no reſt
In my contentious Spirits, can I find
Till I have gratify'd him in like kind. [*Exit.*

Alg. I know you not; what are ye? hence ye baſe *Beſegnios.*

Pac. Mary Catzo Signior *Alguazier*, d' ye not know us? why, we are your honeſt Neighbours, the Cobler, Smith, and Botcher, that have ſo often ſate ſnoaring Cheek by Joll with your Signior, in rug at Midnight.

Laz. Nay, good Signior, be not angry; you muſt underſtand, a Cat, and ſuch an Officer ſee beſt in the Dark.

Met. By this Hand, I could find in my Heart to ſhooe his Head.

Pac. Why then know you, Signior; thou Mungril, begot at Midnight, at the Goal-gate, by a Beadle, on a Catchpole's Wife, are not you he that was whipt out of *Toledo* for Perjury?

Men. Next, condemn'd to the Gallies for Pilfery, to the Bulls-pizel?

Met. And after call'd to the Inquiſition, for Apoſtacy?

Pac. Are not you he that rather than you durſt go an induſtrious Voyage being preſs'd to the Iſlands, skulk'd till the Fleet was gone, and then earn'd your Ryal a-day by ſquiring Puncks and Puncklings up and down the City?

Laz. Are not you a *Portugueſe* Born, deſcended o' the *Moors*, and came hither into *Sevil* with your Maſter, an arrant Tailor, in your red Bonnet, and your blue Jacket, louſie, though now your Block-head be cover'd with the *Spaniſh* Block, and your laſhed Shoulders with a Velvet-pee.

Pac. Are not you he that have been of thirty Callings, yet ne'er a one lawful? that being a Chandler firſt, profeſs'd Sincerity, and would ſell no Man Muſtard to his Beef on the Sabbath, and yet ſold Hypocriſie all your Life time?

Met. Are not you he, that were ſince a Surgeon to the Stews, and undertook to cure what the Church it ſelf could not, Strumpets that riſe to your Office by being a great Don's Bawd? *Laz.*

Laz. That commit Men nightly, offenceleſs, for the gain of a Groat a Priſoner, which your Beadle ſeems to put up, when you ſhare three Pence?

Mend. Are not you he that is a Kiſſer of Men, in Drunkenneſs, and a Betrayer in Sobriety?

Alg. Diabolo: They'll rail me into the Gallies again.

Pac. Yes Signior, thou art even he we ſpeak of all this while; thou may'ſt by thy Place now, lay us by the Heels, 'tis true; But take heed, be wiſer, pluck not ruin on thine own Head; for never was there ſuch an Anatomy, as we ſhall make thee then; be wiſe therefore, thou Child of the Night! Be Friends, and ſhake Hands, thou art a proper Man, if thy Beard were redder: Remember thy worſhipful Function, a Conſtable; tho' thou turn'ſt Day into Night, and Night into Day, what of that? Watch leſs, and pray more: Let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy Authority, but gripe Theft and Whoredom, whereſoever thou meet'ſt 'em; bear 'em away like a Tempeſt, and lodge 'em ſafely in thine own Houſe.

Laz. Would you have Whores and Thieves lodg'd (in ſuch a Houſe?

Pac. They ever do ſo; I have found a Thief, or a Whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furniſh me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there?

Pac. That they may be ſafe and forth-coming; for in the Morning uſually, the Thief is ſent to the Goal, and the Whore proſtrates her ſelf to the Juſtice.

Men. Admirable *Pachiecho.*

Met. Thou Cobler of Chriſtendom.

Alg. There is no railing with theſe Rogues, I will cloſe with 'em, till I can cry quittance. Why Signiors, and my honeſt Neighbours, will you impute that as a neglect of my Friends, which is an Imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blind from my Infancy; to make you amends you ſhall Sup with me.

Laz. Shall we Sup with ye, Sir? O' my Conſcience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly.

Alg. And after Supper, I have a Project to employ you in, ſhall make you drink and eat merrily this Month: I am a little Knaviſh; why, and do not I know all you to be Knaves?

Pac.

Pac. I grant you, we are all Knaves, and will be your Knaves; but oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud Knave.

Alg. On then, pass; I will bear out my Staff, and my Staff shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to Supper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lucio, *and* Bobadilla.

Luc. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry, *Diabolo*; what should you do in the Kitchin? Cannot the Cooks lick their Fingers without your Overseeing? Nor the Maids make Pottage, except your Dogs-head be in the Pot? Don *Lucio*, Don *Quot-Quean*, Don *Spinster*, wear a Petticoat still, and put on your Smock a' *Monday*; I will have a Baby o' Clouts made for it, like a great Girl; nay, if you will needs be starching of Ruffs, and sowing of Black-work, I will of a mild and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant; your Father has committed you to my Charge, and I will make a Man or a Mouse on you.

Luc. What would you have me do? This scurvy Sword
So galls my Thigh, I would 'twere burnt; pish, look,
This Cloak will ne'er keep on; these Boots too hide-bound,
Make me walk stiff, as if my Legs were frozen,
And my Spurs gingle like a Morris-dancer:
Lord, how my Head akes with this roguish Hat;
This masculine Attire is most uneasie,
I am bound up in it; I had rather walk
In *folio*, again, loose like a Woman.

Bob. In *Foolio*; had you not?
Thou Mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy Parents,
Thou tender Leg of Lamb; oh, how he walks
As if he had bepiss'd himself, and fleers!
Is this a Gate for the young Cavalier,
Don *Lucio*, Son and Heir to *Alvarez*?
Has it a Corn? Or do's it walk on Conscience,
It treads so gingerly? Come on your ways,
Suppose me now your Father's foe, *Vitelli*,
And spying you i'th' Street, thus I advance,
I twist my Beard, and then I draw my Sword. *&c.*

Luc. Alas.

Bob. And thus accoſt thee: Traiterous Brat,
How durſt thou thus confront me? impious Twig
Of that old Stock, dew'd with my Kinſman's gore,
Draw, for I'll quarter thee in Pieces four.

Luc. Nay, prethee *Bobadilla*, leaving thy fooling,
Put up thy Sword, I will not meddle with ye;
Ay, juſtle me, I care not, I'll not draw,
Pray be a quiet Man.

Bob. D' ye hear; anſwer me, as you would do Don *Vitelli*, or I'll be ſo bold as to lay the Pomel of my Sword over the hilts of your Head; my Name's *Vitelli*, and I'll have the Wall. [keep?

Luc. Why then I'll have the Kennel; what a coil you Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your Kinſman, was long before I ſaw the World,
No fault of mine, nor will I juſtifie
My Father's Crimes: Forget, Sir, and forgive,
'Tis Chriſtianity: I pray put up your Sword,
I'll give you any Satisfaction,
That may become a Gentleman; however
I hope you are bred to more Humanity,
Than to revenge my Father's wrong on me, (*cho*,
That crave your Love and Peace: law-you-now *Zan*-
Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellies*?

Bob. Oh Craven-chicken of a Cock o' th' game; well, what remedy? Did thy Father ſee this, O' my Conſcience, he would cut off thy Maſculine gender, crop thine Ears, beat out thine Eyes, and ſet thee in one of the Pear-trees for a Scare-crow: As I am *Vitelli*, I am ſatisfied; but as I am *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, Steward of the Houſe, and thy Father's Servant, I could find in my Heart to lop off the hinder part of thy Face, or to beat all thy Teeth into thy Mouth; Oh thou whay-blooded Milk-ſop, I'll wait upon thee no longer, thou ſhalt ev'n wait upon me:
Come your ways, Sir, I ſhall take a little Pains with ye elſe.

Enter Clara.

Cla. Where art thou, Brother *Lucio*? ran tan tan ta, ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan. Oh, I ſhall no more

ſee

ſee thoſe golden Days, theſe Clothes will never fadge with me: A——o' this filthy Vardingale, this hip-hape: Brother, why are Womens Hanches only limited, confin'd, hoop'd in, as it were, with theſe ſame ſcurvy Vardingales? (to diſplay and flie out.

Bob. Becauſe Womens Hanches only are moſt ſubject

Cla. Bobadilla, Rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuce of thy Cod-piece.

Luc. Hold, if you love my Life, Siſter; I am not *Zancho Bobadilla*, I am your Brother, *Lucio*; what a fright you have put me in?

Cla. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Luc. Why, Maſter Steward here, *Signior Zancho*, made me change; he does nothing but miſ-uſe me, and call me Coward, and ſwears I ſhall wait upon him.

Bob. Well; I do no more than I have Authority for; would I were away tho'; for ſhe's as much too Maniſh, as he too Womaniſh; I dare not meddle with her, yet I muſt ſet a good Face on't, if I had it: I have like charge of Madam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to quallifie him; what have you to do with Armors, and Piſtols, and Javelins, and Swords, and ſuch Tools? Remember Miſtreſs, Nature hath given you a Sheath only, to ſignifie Women are to put up Mens Weapons, not to draw them; look you now, is this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You ſhall ſee the Court-Ladies move like Goddeſſes, as if they trode Air; they will ſwim you their Meaſures, like Whiting-mops, as if their Feet were finns, and the hinges of their Knees oyl'd; do they love to ride great Horſes, as you do? no; they love to ride great Aſſes ſooner; faith, I know not what to ſay t' ye both: Cuſtom hath turn'd Nature topſie-turvy in you.

Cla. Nay, but Maſter Steward.

Bob. You cannot trot ſo faſt, but he ambles as ſlowly.

Cla. Signior *Spindle*, will you hear me?

Bob. He that ſhall come to beſtride your Virginity, had better be a-foot o'er the Dragon.

Cla. Very well.

Bob. Did ever *Spaniſh* Lady pace ſo?

Cla. Hold theſe a little.

Luc.

Luc. I'll not touch 'em, I.
Cla. Firſt do I break your Office o'er your Pate,
You Dog-skin-fac'd Rogue, Pilcher, you poor *John*,
Which I will beat to Stock-fiſh.
Luc. Siſter.
Bob. Madam.
Cla. You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, ha?
You naſty, ſtinking, and ill-countenanc'd Cur.
Bob. By this Hand, I'll bang your Brother for this, when I get him alone.
Cla. How? kick him, *Lucio*, he ſhall kick you, *Bob*,
Spight o' the Noſe, that's flat; kick him, I ſay,
Or I will cut thy Head off.
Bob. Softly, y' had beſt.
Cla. Now, thou lean, dry'd, and ominous viſag'd Knave,
Thou falſe and peremptory Steward, pray,
For I will hang thee up in thine own Chain.
Luc. Good Siſter, do not choak him.
Bob. Murder, Murder. [*Exit.*
Cla. Well; I ſhall meet with ye: *Lucio*, who bought this?
'Tis a reaſonable good one; but there hangs one,
Spain's Champion ne'er us'd truer; with this Staff
Old *Alvarez* has led up Men ſo cloſe,
They could almoſt ſpit in the Cannon's Mouth,
Whilſt I with that, and this well mounted, ſcour'd
A Horſe-troop through and through, like ſwift deſire,
And ſeen poor Rogues retire, all gore, and gaſh'd
Like bleeding Shads.
Luc. Bleſs us, Siſter *Clara*,
How deſperately you talk; what d' ye call
This Gun a dag?
Cla. I'll give't thee; a *French* Petronel:
You never ſaw my *Barbary*, the *Infanta*
Beſtow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio*?
Walk down, and ſee it.
Luc. What, into the Stable?
Not I, the Jades will kick; the poor Groom there
Was almoſt ſpoil'd the other Day.
Cla. Fie on thee,

Thou

Thou wilt ſcarce be a Man before thy Mother.

Luc. When will you be a Woman?

Enter Alvarez *and* Bobadilla.

Cla. Would I were none,
But Nature's privy Seal aſſures me one.

Alv. Thou anger'ſt me: Can ſtrong habitual Cuſtom
Work with ſuch Magick on the Mind and Manners,
In ſpight of Sex and Nature? Find out, Sirrah,
Some skilful Fighter.

Bob. Yes, Sir.

Alv. I will rectifie,
And redeem either's proper Inclination,
Or bray 'em in a Morter, and new mold 'em.

Bob. Believe your Eyes, Sir, I tell you, we waſh an *Ethiop.* [*Exit.*

Cla. I ſtrike it for ten Duckets.

Alv. How now, *Clara*,
Your Breeches on ſtill? And your Petticoat
Not yet off, *Lucio*? Art thou not guelt?
Or did the cold *Muſcovite* beget thee,
That lay here Lieger in the laſt great Froſt?
Art not thou *Clara*, turn'd a Man indeed
Beneath the Girdle? and a Woman thou?
I'll have you ſearch'd by———I ſtrongly doubt;
We muſt have theſe things mended; come go in. [*Exit.*

Enter Vitelli *and* Bobadilla.

Bob. With *Lucio*, ſay you? There is for you.

Vit. And there is for thee.

Bob. I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
Of me; if you chance to have Conference with that
Lady there, be very civil, or look to your Head; ſhe has
Ten Nails, and you have but two Eyes: If any fooliſh
Hot Motions ſhould chance to riſe in the Horizon,
Under your Equinoctial there, qualifie it as well as
You can, for I fear the Elevation of your Pole will
Not agree with the *Horoſcope* of her Conſtitution;
She is *Bell and the Dragon* I aſſure you. [*Exit.*

Vit. Are you the *Lucio*, Sir, that ſav'd *Vitelli*?

Luc. Not I indeed, Sir, I did never brable;
There walks that *Lucio* Metamorphoſed. [*Exit.*

Vit. Do ye, mock me?

Cla. No, he does not: I am that
Suppoſed *Lucio* that was, but *Clara*
That is, and Daughter unto *Alvarez.*
Vit. Amazement daunts me; would my Life were Rid-
So you were ſtill my fair Expoſitor: (dles,
Protected by a Lady from my Death!
Oh, I ſhall wear an everlaſting bluſh
Upon my Cheek from this diſcovery:
Oh, you the faireſt Soldier I e'er ſaw;
Each of whoſe Eyes, like a bright beamy Shield,
Conquers without blows, the contentious.
Cla. Sir, guard your ſelf, you are in your Enemies
And may be injur'd. (Houſe,
Vit. 'Tis impoſſible:
Foe, nor oppreſſing odds dares prove *Vitelli*,
If *Clara* ſide him, and will call him Friend;
I would the difference of our Bloods were ſuch
As might with any ſhift be wip'd away:
Or would to Heav'n your ſelf were all your Name;
That having loſt Blood by you, I might hope
To raiſe Blood from you. But my black-wing'd Fate
Hovers averſely over that fond hope:
And he, whoſe Tongue thus gratifies the Daughter,
And Siſter of his Enemy, wears a Sword
To rip the Father and the Brother up.
Thus you that ſav'd this wretched Life of mine,
Have ſav'd it to the ruin of your Friends.
That my Affections ſhould promiſcuouſly
Dart Love and Hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiſs your Hand.
Cla. You are treacherous,
And come to do me Miſchief.
Vit. Speak on ſtill,
Your words are falſer (Fair) than my intents,
And each ſweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you ſpeak ill of me, you ſpeak ſo well,
I do deſire to hear you.
Cla. Pray be gone:
Or kill me if you pleaſe.

Vit. Oh, neither can I,
For to be gone, were to deſtroy my Life;
And to kill you, were to deſtroy my Soul:
I am in Love, yet muſt not be in Love;
I'll get away apace, yet valiant Lady,
Such Gratitude to Honour I do owe,
And ſuch Obedience to your Memory,
That if you will beſtow ſomething, that I
May wear about me, it ſhall bind all Wrath,
My moſt inveterate Wrath, from all Attempts,
Till you and I meet next.
Cla. A Favour, Sir?
Why, I will give ye good Counſel.
Vit. That already
You have beſtowed; a Ribbon, or a Glove.
Cla. Nay, thoſe are Tokens for a Waiting-maid
To trim the Butler with,
Vit. Your Feather.
Cla. Fie, the Wenches give them to their Serving-men.
Vit. That little Ring.
Cla. 'Twill hold you but by th' Finger;
And I would have you faſter.
Vit. Any thing
That I may wear, and but remember you.
Cla. This Smile; my good Opinion, or my ſelf.
But that it ſeems you like not.
Vit. Yes, ſo well:
When any ſmiles, I will remember yours;
Your good Opinion ſhall in weight poize me
Againſt a thouſand Ill: Laſtly, your ſelf,
My curious Eye now figures in my Heart,
Where I will wear you, till the Table break.
So, whiteſt Angels guard you.
Cla. Stay Sir, I
Have firſt thought to give, what you as fitly
May not diſdain to wear.
Vit. What's that?
Cla This Sword.
I never heard a Man ſpeak till this hour.
His Words are golden Chains, and now I fear

The Lioness hath met a Tamer here:
Fie, how his Tongue chimes; what was I saying?
Oh, this Favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a Love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my Friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your Foes
(For I have neither Friend, nor Foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me: I've kept it long,
And value it, next my Virginity:
But good, return it, for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it, should have me too.
Vit. Would that were possible, but alas it is not;
Yet this assure your self, most honour'd *Clara*,
I'll not infringe a particle of Breath
My Vow hath offered to ye; nor from this part
Whilst it hath Edge, or Point, or I a Heart. [*Exit.*
Cla. Oh, leave me living; what new Exercise
Is crept into my Breast, that blauncheth clean
My former Nature? I begin to find
I am a Woman, and must learn to Fight
A softer sweeter Battel, than with Swords.
I am sick methinks, but the Disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth; I warrant, Love
Is very like this, that Folks talk of so;
I skill not what it is, yet sure even here,
Even in my Heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and riseth like a glimmering Flame,
But know not yet the Essence on't, nor Name. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Malroda, *and* Alguazier.

Mal. HE must not? Nor he shall not? Who shall let him?
You Politick *Diego*, with your Face of Wis-
Don-blirt, the——on your Aphorismes, (dom;
Your Grave and Sage-Ale Physiognomy:
Do not I know thee for the *Alguazier*,
Whose Dunghil all the Parish Scavengers

Could never rid? Thou Comedy to Men,
Whose serious Folly is a Butt for all
To shoot their Wits at; whilst thou hast not Wit,
Nor Heart, to answer, or be angry.

Alg. Lady.

Mal. Peace, peace, you rotten Rogue, supported by
A staff of rottener Office; dare you check
Any Accesses, that I will allow?
Piorato is my Friend, and visits me
In lawful sort, to espouse me as his Wife;
And who will cross, or shall, our Enterviews?
You know me Sirrah, for no Chambermaid,
That cast her Belly and her Wastecoat lately;
Thou think'st thy Constableship is much, not so,
I am ten Offices to thee: Ay, thy House,
Thy House and Office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My House-of-office is maintain'd i'th' Garden:
Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd,
You're a Delinquent, but I have contriv'd
A Poison, though not in the third Degree:
I can say, black's your Eye, though it be grey;
I have conniv'd at this your Friend, and you;
But what is got by this Connivency?
I like his Feather well, a proper Man,
Of good Discourse, fine Conversation,
Valiant, and a great Carrier of the business,
Sweet Breasted, as the Nightingale, or Thrush:
Yet I must tell you, you forget your self,
My Lord *Vitelli*'s Love, and Maintenance,
Deserves no other Jack i'th' Box, but he;
What though he gather'd first the golden Fruit,
And blew your Pigs-coat up into a Blister,
When you did wait at Court upon his Mother;
Has he not well provided for the Barn?
Beside, what Profit reap I be the other?
If you will have me serve your Pleasure, Lady,
Your Pleasure must accommodate my Service;
As good be Virtuous and poor, as not
Thrive by my Knavery; all the World would be
Good, prosper'd Goodness like to Villany.

I am the King's Vice-gerent by my Place;
His right Lieutenant in mine own Precinct.
Mal. Thou art a right Rascal in all Mens Precincts;
Yet now my pair of Twins, of Fool, and Knave,
Look we are Friends, there's Gold for thee, admit
Whom I will have, and keep it from my Don;
And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wise:
Thou shalt be my Bawd, and my Officer;
Thy Children shall eat still, my good Night Owl,
And thy old Wife sell Andirons to the Court,
Be countenanced by the Dons, and wear a Hood,
Nay, keep my Garden-house; I'll call her Mother,
Thee Father, my good poisonous Red-hair'd Dill,
And Gold shall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile Island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an *Indian* Queen.
Alg. And I will be thy Devil, thou my Flesh,
With which I'll catch the World.
Mal. Fill some Tobacco,
And bring it in: If *Piorato* come
Before my Don, admit him; if my Don
Before my Love, conduct him, my dear Devil. [*Exit.*
Alg. I will my dear Flesh: First come, first serv'd. Well
Oh equal Heav'n, how wisely thou dispos'st (said.
Thy several Gifts? One's born a great rich Fool,
For the subordinate Knave to work upon;
Another's poor, with Wit's Addition,
Which well or ill-us'd, builds a living up;
And that too from the Sire oft descends,
Only fair Virtue, by Traduction
Never succeeds, and seldom meets Success,
What have I then to do with't? My free will
Left me by Heav'n, makes me or good, or ill:
Now since Vice gets more in this vicious World
Than Piety, and my Stars confluence
Enforce my Disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
War, and grow that way great; Religious,
And that way good; my chief Felicity
Is Wealth, the nurse of Sensuality:

And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Muſt ſcratch great Scabs, and claw a Strumpet's Itch. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Piorato, *and* Bobadilla, *with Letters.*

Pio. To ſay, Sir, I will wait upon your Lord,
Were not to underſtand my ſelf.
Bob. To ſay, Sir,
You will do any thing but wait upon him,
Were not to underſtand my Lord.
Pio. I'll meet him
Some half hour hence, and doubt not but to render
His Son a Man again; the Cure is eaſie,
I have done divers.
Bob. Women do ye mean, Sir?
Pio. Cures I do mean, Sir: Be there but one ſpark
Of Fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my diſcourſe I'll blow it to a Flame;
And with my practice into Action:
I have had one ſo full of childiſh Fear,
And womaniſh-hearted, ſent to my Advice,
He durſt not draw a Knife to cut his Meat.
Bob. And how, Sir, did you help him?
Pio. Sir, I kept him
Seven Days in a dark Room by a Candle-light,
A plenteous Table ſpread with all good Meats,
Before his Eyes, a Caſe of keen broad Knives
Upon the Board, and he ſo watch'd he might not
Touch the leaſt modicum, unleſs he cut it:
And thus I brought him firſt to draw a Knife.
Bob. Good.
Pio. Then for ten Days did I diet him
Only with burnt Pork, Sir, and Gammons of Bacon;
A Pill of Caveary now and then,
Which breeds Choler aduſt, you know.
Bob. 'Tis true.
Pio. And to purge Phlegmatick Humour, and cold Cru-(dities;
In all that time he drank me *Aqua-fortis*,
And nothing elſe but———
Bob. Aqua-vitæ, Signior,

For

For *Aqua-fortis* poiſons.
Pio. Aqua-fortis
I ſay again: What's one Man's Poiſon, Signior,
Is another's Meat or Drink.
Bob. Your Patience, Sir;
By your good Patience, he'ad a huge cold Stomach.
Pio. I fir'd it, and gave him then three ſweats
In the Artillery-yard three drilling Days:
And now he'll ſhoot a Gun, and draw a Sword,
And fight with any Man in Chriſtendom.
Bob. A Receipt for a Coward: I'll be bold, Sir,
To write your good Preſcription.
Pio. Sir, hereafter
You ſhall, and underneath it put *probatum*:
Is your Chain right?
Bob. 'Tis both right and juſt, Sir;
For though I am a Steward, I did get it
With no Man's wrong.
Pio. You are witty.
Bob. So, ſo...
Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too raſh
And over-daring? There now's my Diſeaſe:
Fool-hardy as they ſay, for that in ſooth
I am.
Pio. Moſt eaſily.
Bob. How?
Pio. To make you drunk, Sir,
With ſmall Beer once a Day, and beat you twice,
Till you be bruis'd all over, if that help not,
Knock out your Brains.
Bob. This is ſtrong Phyſick, Signior,
And never will agree with my weak Body:
I find the Medicine worſe than the Malady,
And therefore will remain Fool-hardy ſtill;
You'll come, Sir?
Pio. As I am a Gentleman.
Bob. A Man o'th' Sword ſhould never break his Word.
Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir,
A complimental Viſitation
To offer to a Miſtreſs lodg'd hereby.

Bob. A Gentlewoman?
Pio. Yes, Sir.
Bob. Fair, and comely?
Pio. Oh Sir, the Paragon, the Non-paril
Of *Sevil*, the moſt wealthy Mine of *Spain*,
For Beauty and Perfection.
Bob. Say you ſo?
Might not a Man entreat a Courteſie,
To walk along with you Signior, to peruſe
This dainty Mine, though not to dig in't, Signior?
Hauh —— I hope you'll not deny me, being a Stranger;
Though I am a Steward, I am Fleſh and Blood,
And frail as other Men,
Pio. Sir, blow your Noſe:
I dare not for the World; no, ſhe is kept
By a great Don, *Vitelli.*
Bob. How?
Pio. 'Tis true,
Bob. See, things will veer about, this Don *Vitelli*
Am I to ſeek now, to deliver Letters
From my young Miſtreſs *Clara*; and I tell you,
Under the Roſe, becauſe you are a Stranger,
And my ſpecial Friend, I doubt there is
A little fooliſh Love betwixt the Parties,
Unknown unto my Lord.
Pio. Happy diſcovery:
My Fruit begins to ripen. Hark you, Sir,
I would not wiſh you now to give thoſe Letters:
But home, and ope this to *Madona Clara*,
Which when I come I'll juſtifie, and relate
More amply, and particularly.
Bob. I approve
Your Council, and will practiſe it; *bazilos manos:*
Here's two chewres chewr'd; when Wiſdom is imploy'd
'Tis ever thus: Your more acquaintance, Signior;
I ſay not better, leaſt you think, I thought not
Yours good enough. [*Exit.*

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your Servant, excellent Steward.

Would

Would all the Dons in *Spain* had no more Brains.
Here comes the *Alguazier: dieu vous guard Monſieur.*
Is my Cuz ſtirring yet?
Alg. Your Cuz, good Couſin?
A Whore is like a Fool, a-kin to all
The Gallants in the Town: Your Cuz, good Signior,
Is gone abroad, Sir, with her other Couſin,
My Lord *Vitelli*; ſince when there hath been
Some dozen Couſins here to enquire for her.
Pio. She's greatly ally'd, Sir.
Alg. Marry is ſhe, Sir,
Come of a luſty Kindred; the truth is,
I muſt connive no more; no more Admittance
Muſt I conſent to; my good Lord has threatned me,
And you muſt pardon.
Pio. Out upon thee Man,
Turn honeſt in thine Age? one foot i'th' Grave?
Thou ſhalt not wrong thy ſelf ſo, for a Million;
Look, thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for Wit
I mean) here is one Sop, and two, and three,
For every Chop a Bit.
Alg. I marry, Sir:
Well, the poor Heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking on you 'faith this Hour;
Where, what I ſaid, go too; ſhe loves your Valour;
Oh, and your Muſick moſt abominably;
She is within, Sir, and alone; what mean you?
Pio. That is your Sergeant's ſide, I take it, Sir;
Now I endure your Conſtable's much better;
There is leſs danger in't; for one, you know,
Is a tame harmleſs Monſter in the Light,
The Sergeant ſalvage both by Day and Night.
Alg. I'll call her to you for that.
Pio. No, I will charm her.

Enter Malroda.

Alg. She's come.
Pio. My Spirit.
Mal. Oh my Sweet,
Leap Hearts to Lips, and in our Kiſſes meet.

SONG.

SONG.

Pio. *Turn, turn thy beauteous Face away,*
How pale and ſickly looks the Day,
In emulation of thy brighter Beams!
Oh envious Light, flie, flie, begone,
Come Night, and piece two Breaſts as one;
When what Love does, we will repeat in Dreams.
Yet, thy Eyes open, who can Day hence fright,
Let but their Lids fall, and it will be Night.

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your Fortitude,
And you to Temperance; ah, ye pretty Pair,
'Twere Sin to ſunder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and Day and Night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the Peace;
You know my Place elſe. [*Exit.*

Mal. No, you will not marry;
You are a Courtier, and can Sing, my Love,
And want no Miſtreſſes; but yet I care not,
I'll love you ſtill, and when I am dead for you,
Then you'll believe my Truth.

Pio. You kill me, Fair,
It is my Leſſon that you ſpeak; have I
In any Circumſtance deſerv'd this doubt?
I am not like your falſe and perjur'd Don
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his Faith,
And yet attempts in way of Marriage
A Lady not far off.

Mal. How's that?

Pio. 'Tis ſo:
And therefore Miſtreſs, now the time is come
You may demand his Promiſe; and I ſwear
To marry you with ſpeed.

Mal. And with that Gold
Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'll walk ſome Voyage,
And leave me to my Trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you o'er-reach'd a Whore, and gull'd a Lord.

Pio. You anger me extreamly; fare you well.
What ſhould I ſay to be believ'd? expoſe me
To any hazard; or like jealous *Juno*,

Th' in-

Th' incenſed Step mother of *Hercules*,
Deſign me Labours moſt impoſſible,
I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; ſo at laſt
You will believe me.
Mal. Come, we are Friends; I do,
I am thine, walk in; my Lord has ſent me outſides,
But thou ſhalt have 'em, the Colours are too ſad.
Pio. 'Faith Miſtreſs, I want Clothes indeed.
Mal. I have
Some Gold too, for my Servant.
Pio. And I have
A better Mettal for my Miſtreſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Vitelli *and* Alguazier, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Alg. Undone--Wit, now or never help me; my Maſter
He will cut my Throat, I am a dead Conſtable;
And he'll not be hang'd neither, there's the Grief:
The Party, Sir, is here.
Vit. What?
Alg. He was here;
I cry your Lordſhip mercy; but I ratled him;
I told him here was no Companions
For ſuch debauch'd, and poor condition'd Fellows;
I bid him venture not ſo deſperately
The cropping of his Ears, ſlitting his Noſe,
Or being gelt.
Vit. 'Twas well done.
Alg. Pleaſe your Honour,
I told him there were Stews, and then at laſt
Swore three or four great Oaths ſhe was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in Conſcience,
Being for your Lordſhip.
Vit. What became of him?
Alg. Faith, Sir, he went away with a Flea in's Ear,
Like a poor Cur, clapping his trundle Tail
Betwixt his Legs--*A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha*--now luck.

Enter Malroda *and* Piorato.

Mal. 'Tis he, do as I told thee; bleſs thee Signior.
Oh, my dear Lord.

Vit.

Vit. Malroda, what alone?
Mal. She never is alone, that is accompanied
With noble Thoughts, my Lord; and mine are such,
Being only of your Lordship.
Vit. Pretty Lass. ('faith,
Mal. Oh my good Lord, my Picture's done; but
It is not like; nay, this way, Sir, the Light
Strikes best upon it here.
Pio. Excellent Wench. [*Exit.*
Alg. I am glad the danger's over. [*Exit.*
Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once.
Mal. All's clear; another Tune
You must hear from me now. *Vitelli*, thou'rt
A most perfidious and a perjur'd Man,
As ever did usurp Nobility.
Vit. What meanst thou, *Mal?*
Mal. Leave your betraying Smiles,
And change the Tunes of your inticing Tongues
To penitential Prayers; for I am great
In labour, even with Anger, big with Child
Of Womans rage, bigger than when my Womb
Was pregnant by thee; go Seducer, flie
Out of the World, let me the last Wretch be
Dishonoured by thee; touch me not, I loath
My very Heart, because thou lay'st there long;
A Woman's well help'd up, that's confident
In e'er a glittering Outside on you all:
Would I had honestly been match'd to some
Poor Country Swain, e'er known the Vanity
Of Court: Peace then had been my Portion,
Nor had been cozen'd by an Hour's Pomp,
To be a Whore unto my dying Day.
Vit. Oh the uncomfortable ways such Women have,
Their different speech and meaning, no Assurance
In what they say or do: Dissemblers
Even in their Prayers, as if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire, had been their *Adam*;
Lyers, as if their Mother had been made

Only

Only of all the falshood of the Man,
Dispos'd into that Rib; do I know this,
And more; nay, all that can concern this Sex,
With the true end of my Creation?
Can I with rational Discourse sometimes
Advance my Spirit into Heav'n, before
'T has shook Hands with my Body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy Flesh to master it,
With sight of such fair frail beguiling Objects?
When I am absent, easily I resolve
Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires
That triumph o'er me, even to actual Sin;
Yet when I meet again those Sorcerers Eyes,
Their Beams my hardest Resolutions thaw,
As if that Cakes of Ice and *July* met,
And her Sighs powerful as the violent North,
Like a light Feather twirl me round about,
And leave me in mine own low State again.
What ayl'st thou? Prethee weep not: Oh, those Tears,
If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise
A flow'ry spring i'th' midst of *January*;
Celestial Ministers with Chrystal Cups
Would stoop to save 'em for Immortal Drink:
But from this Passion; why all this?

Mal. Do ye ask?
You are marrying; having made me unfit
For any Man, you leave me fit for all;
Porters must be my Burthens now, to live,
And fitting me your self for Carts, and Beadles,
You leave me to 'em: And who of all the World
But the *Virago*, your great Arch-foe's Daughter?
But on; I care not, this poor rush; 'twill breed
An excellent Comedy: ha, ha: 't makes me laugh:
I cannot chuse: the best is, some report
It is a Match for Fear, not Love o' your side.

Vit. Why how the Devil knows she, that I saw
This Lady? are all Whores piec'd with some Witch?
I will be merry. 'Faith 'tis true, Sweet-heart,
I am to marry?

Mal. Are you? you base Lord,

By

By——I'll Piſtol thee.
Vit. A roaring Whore?
Take heed, there's a Correction-houſe hard by;
You ha' learn'd this o' your Swordman, that I warn'd you of,
Your Fencers, and your Drunkards; but whereas
You upbraid me with Oaths, why! muſt tell you
I ne'er promis'd you Marriage, nor have vow'd,
But ſaid I lov'd you, long as you remain'd
The Woman I expected, or you ſwore, (know.
And how you have fail'd of that, Sweet-heart, you
You fain would ſhew your Power, but fare you well,
I'll keep no more Faith with an Infidel.
Mal. Nor I my Boſom for a *Turk*; d' ye hear?
Go, and the Devil take me, if ever
I ſee you more; I was too true.
Vit. Come, piſh:
That Devil take the falſeſt of us two.
Mal. Amen.
Vit. You are an ill Clark, and curſe your ſelf;
Madneſs tranſports you: I confeſs, I drew you
Unto my Will; but you muſt know that muſt not
Make me doat on the habit of my Sin.
I will, to ſettle you to your content,
Be Maſter of my word; and yet he ly'd,
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you ſlave me to your Tyranny
So cruelly, I ſhall not dare to look
Or ſpeak to other Women? make me not
Your Smock's Monopolie; come, let's be Friends:
Look, here's a Jewel for thee; I will come
At Night, and——
Mal. What 'yfaith: you ſhall not, Sir.
Vit. 'Faith and Troth, and verily, but I will.
Mal. Half drunk, to make a Noiſe, and rail?
Vit. No, no.
Sober, and dieted for the nonce; I am thine,
I have won the Day.
Mal. The Night, though, ſhall be mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Clara, *and* Bobadilla *with Letters.*

Cla. What said he, Sirrah?
Bob. Little, or nothing; faith I saw him not,
Nor will not; he doth love a Strumpet, Mistress,
Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the Constable's Nose,
It shall be justified by the Gentleman,
Your Brother's Master, that is now within
A practising: There are your Letters, come
You shall not cast your self away, while I live,
Nor will I venture my Right-worshipful Place
In such a Business——here's your Mother, down;
And ye that loves you; another 'gates Fellow, I wish,
If you had any Grace.

Enter Eugenia *and* Syavedra.

Cla. Well Rogue.
Bob. I'll in, to see Don *Lucio* manage, he'll make
A pretty piece of Flesh, I promise you,
He does already handle his Weapon finely. [*Exit.*
Eug. She knows your Love, Sir, and the full allow-
Her Father and my self approve it with, (ance
And I must tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought some Impression by her Alteration;
She sighs, and says, Forsooth, and cries Heigh-ho,
She'll take ill Words o'th' Steward, and the Servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly:
Things, Sir, not usual with her; there she is,
Change some few words.
Sya. Madam, I am bound t'ye;
How now, fair Mistress, working?
Cla. Yes, forsooth,
Learning to live another Day.
Sya. That needs not.
Cla. No forsooth; by my truly but it does,
We know not what we may come to.
Eug. 'Tis strange,
Sya. Come, I ha' begg'd leave for you to play.
Cla. Forsooth,
'Tis ill for a fair Lady to be idle.

Sya.

Sya. She had better be well-buſied, I know that.
Turtle, methinks you mourn, ſhall I ſit by you?
Cla. If you be weary, Sir, you had beſt be gone;
I work not a true Stich, now you're my Mate.
Sya. If I be ſo, I muſt do more than ſide you.
Cla. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.
Sya. Shall we Bill?
Cla. Oh no, forſooth,
Sya. Being ſo fair, my *Clara*,
Why d'ye delight in Black-work?
Cla. Oh white Sir,
The faireſt Ladies like the blackeſt Men:
I ever lov'd the Colour; all Black things
Are leaſt ſubject to Change.
Sya. Why, I do love
A Black thing too; and the moſt beauteous Faces
Have oftneſt of them; as the blackeſt Eyes,
Jet-arched Brows, ſuch Hair; I'll kiſs your Hand.
Cla. 'Twill hinder me my work, Sir; and my Mother
Will chide me, if I do not do my task.
Sya. Your Mother, nor your Father ſhall chide; you
Might have a prettier Task, would you be rul'd,
And look with open Eyes.
Cla. I ſtare upon you;
And broadly ſee you, a wondrous proper Man,
Yet 'twere a greater Task for me to love you
Than I ſhall ever work, Sir, in ſeven Year,
——O' this ſtitching, I had rather feel
Two, than ſow one: —— This Rogue has given me (a ſtitch
Clean croſs my Heart;
Now you grow troubleſome; piſh, the Man is fooliſh.
Sya. Pray wear theſe Trifles.
Cla. Neither you, nor Trifles,
You are a Trifle, wear your ſelf, Sir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
Sya. Come; you're deceiv'd in me, I will not wake,
Nor faſt, nor die for you.
Cla. Gooſe, be not you deceiv'd,
I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you,
Nor faſt, nor watch, nor pray for you.

Eug. Her old fit.
Sya. Sure this is not the way, nay, I will break
Your Melancholy.
Cla. I ſhall break your Pate then,
Away, you ſanguine Scabbard.
Eug. Out upon thee,
Thou'lt break my Heart, I am ſure.
Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, *and* Bobadilla.
Sya. She's not yet tame.
Alv. On Sir, put home, or I ſhall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:
Oh, the brave Age is gone; in my young Days
A Chevalier would ſtock a needleſs point
Three times together; ſtrait i'th' Hams?
Or ſhall I give ye new Garters?
Bob. Faith, old Maſter,
There's little hope; the Lillen ſure was danck
He was begot in, he's ſo faint and cold:
Ev'n ſend him to *Toledo*, there to ſtudy,
For he will never fadge with theſe *Toledos*;
Bear ye up your Point there, pick his Teeth: Oh baſe.
Pio. Fie, you are the moſt untoward Scholar; bear
Your Body gracefully, what a Poſture's there?
You lie too open-breaſted.
Luc. Oh!
Pio. You'd never
Make a good Stateſman.
Luc. Pray no more.
I hope to breathe in Peace, and therefore need not
The practice of theſe dangerous Qualities,
I do not mean to live by't, for I truſt
You'll leave me better able.
Alv. Not a Button:
Let's go get us a new Heir.
Eug. I by my troth, your Daughter's as untoward.
Alv. I will break thee Bone by Bone, and bake thee,
E'er I'll ha' ſuch a wooden Son to inherit.
Take him a good knock, ſee how that will work.
Pio. Now for your life, Signior.
Luc. Oh, alas, I am kill'd,

My Eye is out; look Father, *Zancho*;
I'll play the Fool no more thus, that I will not.
Cla. 'Heart, ne'er a Rogue in *Spain* ſhall wrong my Bro-
Whilſt I can hold a Sword. (ther,
Pio. Hold Madam, Madam.
Alv. Clara.
Eug. Daughter.
Bob. Miſtreſs.
Pio. Bradamante.
Hold, hold I pray.
Alv. The Devil's in her, o'the other ſide ſure,
There's Gold for you; they have chang'd what ye calt's;
Will no cure help? Well, I have one Experiment,
And if that fail, I'll hang him, then here's an end on't.
Come you along with me, and you, Sir.
Bob. Now are you going to drowning.
[*Exeunt* Alv. Eug. Luc. *and* Bob.
Sya. I'll e'en along with ye; ſhe's too great a Lady
For me, and would prove more than my Match. [*Exit.*
Cla. You're he ſpoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward.
Pio. Yes, and I thank you, you have beat me for't.
Cla. But are you ſure you do not wrong him?
Pio. Sure?
So ſure, that if you pleaſe to venture your ſelf,
I'll ſhew you him and his Cokatrice together,
And you ſhall hear 'em talk.
Cla. Will you? By——Sir,
You ſhall endear me ever, and I ask
Your Mercy
Pio. You were ſomewhat boyſtrous. (this Pains,
Cla. There's Gold to make you amends; and for
I'll gratify you farther; I'll but maſque me,
And walk along with ye; faith let's make a Night on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi, *and* Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on my brave Water-Spaniels, you that hunt
Ducks in the Night, and hide more Knavery under your
Gowns

Gowns than your Betters; obſerve my Precepts, and edify by my Doctrine: At yond Corner will I ſet you; if Drunkards moleſt the Street, and fall to brabling, knock you down the Malefactors, and take you up their Cloaks and Hats, and bring them to me, they are lawful Priſoners, and muſt be Ranſom'd e'er they receive Liberty; what elſe you are to execute upon occaſion, you ſufficiently know, and therefore I abbreviate my Lecture.

Met. We are wiſe enough, and warm enou gh

Men. Vice this Night ſhall be apprehended.

Pac. The terrour of Rug-gowns ſhall be known, and Diſcharge us of after Reckonings. (our Bliſs

Laz. I will do any thing, ſo I may eat.

Pac. Lazarillo, we will ſpend no more; now we are grown worſe, we will live better, let us follow our calling faithfully. (and who

Alg. Away, then the Common-wealth is our Miſtreſs; Would ſerve a common Miſtreſs, but to gain by her?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anaſtro, *and two Pages with Lights.*

Lam. I Pray you ſee the Maſque, my Lord.

Ana. 'Tis early Night yet.

Gen. O if it be ſo late, take me along;
I would not give advantage to ill Tongues
To tax my being here, without your Preſence
To be my warrant.

Vit. You might ſpare this, Siſter,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is
By your Allowance, and his Choice, your Servant,
And may my Counſel and Perſwaſion work it,

Your Husband ſpeedily: For your Entertainment
My Thanks; I will not rob you of the means
To do your Miſtreſs ſome acceptable Service,
In waiting on her to my Houſe.
Gen. My Lord.
Vit. As you reſpect me, without farther trouble
Retire, and taſte thoſe Pleaſures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own ways.
Lam. When you pleaſe, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Malroda *and* Alguazier.

Mal. You'll leave my Chamber?
Alg. Let us but Bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my Office,
Will be thy Slaves for ever.
Mal. Are you ſo hot?
Alg. But taſte the difference of a Man in place,
You'll find that when Authority pricks him forward,
Your *Don*, not yet your *Diego* comes not near him
To do a Lady right; no Men pay dearer
For their ſtoln Sweets, than we; three Minutes trading
Affords to any Sinner a Protection,
For three Years after; think on that, I burn;
But one drop of your Bounty.
Mal. Hence you Rogue,
Am I fit for you? is't not Grace ſufficient
To have your ſtaff, a bolt to bar the Door
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'll preſume
To be his Taſter?
Alg. Is no more reſpect due to his Rod of Juſtice?
Mal. Do you diſpute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
——If you do, my Lord *Vitelli* knows it.
Alg. Why I am big enough to anſwer him,
Or any Man.
Mal. 'Tis well. [Vitelli *within.*
Vit. Malroda.
Alg. How? (a Cur,
Mal. You know the Voice, and now crowch like
Ta'en

Ta'en worrying Sheep; I now could have you guelded
For a Bawd rampant; but on this Submiſſion
For once I ſpare you
Alg. I will be reveng'd ———
My honourable Lord.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. There's for thy care. (Hoſt?
Alg. I am mad, ſtark mad; proud Pagan, ſcorn her
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her.

Enter Piorato, *and* Clara, *above.*

I'll wiſh no Manhood elſe.
Mal. What's that?
Alg. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Pio. You ſee I have kept my Word.
Cla. But in this Object hardly deſerv'd my Thanks.
Pio. Is there ought elſe you will command me?
Cla. Only your Sword,
Which I muſt have; nay willingly, I yet know
To force it, and to uſe it.
Pio. 'Tis yours, Lady.
Cla. I ask no other Guard.
Pio. If ſo, I leave you;
And now, if that the Conſtable keep his Word,
A poorer Man may chance to gull a Lord. [*Exit.*
Mal. By this good ——— you ſhall not.
Vit. By this ———
I muſt, and will, *Malroda*; what, do you make
A Stranger of me?
Mal. I'll be ſo to you, and you ſhall find it.
Vit. Theſe are your old Arts
T' endear the Game you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have born too coldly.
Mal. Do ſo ſtill, for if I heat you, hang me.
Vit. If you do not, (men,
I know who'll ſtarve for't; why, thou ſhame of Wo-
Whoſe Folly, or whoſe Impudence is greater,
Is doubtful to determine; this to me,
That know thee for a Whore?
Mal. And made me one,
Remember that.

Vit. Why ſhould I but grow wiſe,
And tye that Bounty up, which nor Diſcretion
Nor Honour can give way to? Thou would'ſt be
A Bawd e'er twenty, and within a Month
A barefoot, lowzie, and diſeaſed Whore,
And ſhift thy Lodgings oftner than a Rogue
That's whipt from Poſt to Poſt.
Mal. Piſh, all our College
Know you can rail well in this kind.
Cla. For me
He never ſpake ſo well.
Vit. I have maintain'd thee
The envy of great Fortunes, made thee ſhine
As if thy Name were glorious; ſtuck thee full
Of Jewels, as the Firmament of Stars,
And in it made thee ſo remarkable
That it grew queſtionable, whether Virtue poor,
Or Vice ſo ſet forth as it is in thee,
Were even by Modeſty's ſelf to be preferr'd:
And am I thus repaid?
Mal. You are ſtill my Debtor;
Can this, though true, be weigh'd with my loſt Honour,
Much leſs my Faith? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you, had ne'er known what Luſt was,
Nor what the Sorrow for't.
Vit. 'Tis falſe.
Mal. 'Tis true:
But how return'd by you, thy whole life being
But one continued act of Luſt, and Shipwrack
Of Womens Chaſtities.
Vit. But that I know
That ſhe that dares be damn'd, dares any thing,
I ſhould admire thy tempting me; but preſume not
On the power you think you hold o'er my Affections,
It will deceive you; yield, and preſently,
Or by the inflamed Blood, which thou muſt quench,
I'll make a forcible entry.
Mal. Touch me not:
You know I have a Throat,——if you do
I will cry out a Rape, or ſheath this here,

E'er

E'er I'll be kept, and us'd for Julip-water
T'allay the heat which luſhious Meats and Wine,
And not Deſire, hath rais'd.
Vit. A deſperate Devil,
My Blood commands my Reaſon, I muſt take
Some milder way.
Mal. I hope, dear Don, I fit you.
The Night is mine, although the Day was yours,
You are not faſting now; this ſpeeding trick,
Which I would as a Principle leave to all,
That make their Maintenance out of their own *Indies*,
As I do now; my good old Mother taught me,
Daughter, quoth ſhe, conteſt not with your Lover
His Stomach being empty, let Wine heat him,
And then you may command him; 'tis a ſure one;
His Looks ſhew he is coming.
Vit. Come, this needs not,
Eſpecially to me, you know how dear
I ever have eſteemed you.
Cla. Loſt again.
Vit. That any ſight of yours hath power to change
My ſtrongeſt Reſolution, and one Tear
Sufficient to command a Pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all Mankind
Should kneel in vain for.
Mal. Pray you pardon thoſe
That need your Favour, or deſire it.
Vit. Prethee
Be better temper'd: I'll pay as a forfeit
For my raſh Anger, this Purſe fill'd with Gold.
Thou ſhalt have Servants, Gowns, Attires, what not?
Only continue mine.
Mal. 'Twas this I fiſh'd for
Vit. Look on me, and receive it.
Mal. Well, you know
My gentle Nature, and take Pride t' abuſe it:
You ſee a Trifle pleaſes me, we are Friends;
This Kiſs, and this confirms it.
Cla. With my Ruin.
Mal. I'll have this Diamond, and this Pearl.

Vit. They are yours. (for,
Mal. But will you not, when you have what you came
Take them from me to Morrow? 'Tis a fashion
Your Lords of late have us'd.
Vit. But I'll not follow.
Cla. That any Man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his Repentance.
Vit. Shall we to Bed now?
Mal. Instantly, Sweet; yet now I think on't better,
There's something first that in a word or two
I must acquaint you with.
Cla. Can I cry ah me,
To this against my self? I'll break this Match,
Or make it stronger with my Blood. [*Descends.*

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, *&c.*

Alg. I am yours.
A Don's not privileg'd here more than your self,
Win her, and wear her.
Pio. Have you a Priest ready?
Alg. I have him for thee, Lad; and when I have
Married this scornful Whore to this poor Gallant,
She will make suit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-pris'd Wench upon her Knees:
For you my fine neat *Harpyes*, stretch your Tallons
And prove your selves true Night-Birds.
Pac. Take my word
For me and all the rest.
Laz. If there be Meat
Or any Banquet stirring, you shall see
How I'll bestow my self.
Alg. When they are drawn,
Rush in upon 'em, all's fair Prize you light on;
I must away: your Officer may give way
To the Knavery of his Watch, but must not see it.
You all know where to find me. [*Exit.*
Met. There look for us.
Vit. Who's that?
Mal. My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:
Faith had you not come when you did, my Lord

Had

Had done I know not what to me.
Vit. I am gull'd,
First cheated of my Jewels, and then laugh'd at;
Sirrah, what makes you here?
Pio. A buſineſs brings me,
More lawful than your own.
Vit. How's that, you Slave?
Mal. He's ſuch, that would continue her a Whore,
Whom he would make a Wife of.
Vit. I'll tread upon
The Face you doat on, Strumpet.
Enter Clara.
Pac. Keep the Peace there.
Vit. A Plot upon my Life too?
Met. Down with him.
Cla. Show your old Valour, and learn from a Woman;
One Eagle has a world of odds againſt
A flight of Daws, as theſe are.
Pio. Get you off,
I'll follow inſtantly.
Pac. Run for more help there.
[*Exeunt all but* Vit. *and* Cla.
Vit. Loſs of my Gold, and Jewels, and the Wench too,
Afflicts me not ſo much, as th' having *Clara*
The Witneſs of my Weakneſs.
Cla. He turns from me,
And yet I may urge Merit, ſince his Life
Is made my ſecond Gift.
Vit. May I ne'er proſper
If I know how to thank her.
Cla. Sir, your Pardon
For preſſing thus, beyond a Virgin's bounds,
Upon your Privacies; and let my being
Like to a Man, as you are, be th' excuſe
Of my ſolliciting that from you, which ſhall not
Be granted on my part, although deſir'd
By any other; Sir, you underſtand me,
And 'twould ſhew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther Boldneſs, which I muſt
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Though with my loſs of Bluſhes and good Name. *Vit.*

Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be thankful,
If it were poſſible I could affect
The Daughter of an Enemy.
Cla. That fair falſe one,
Whom with fond Dotage you have long purſu'd,
Had ſuch a Father; ſhe to whom you pay
Dearer for your Diſhonour, than all Titles
Ambitious Men hunt for, are worth.
Vit. 'Tis truth.
Cla. Yet, with her, as a Friend, you ſtill exchange
Health for Diſeaſes, and, to your Diſgrace,
Nouriſh the Rivals to your preſent Pleaſures,
At your own charge, us'd as a Property
To give a ſafe Protection to her Luſt,
Yet ſhare in nothing but the ſhame of it.
Vit. Grant all this ſo, to take you for a Wife
Were greater hazard; for ſhould I offend you
(As 'tis not eaſy ſtill to pleaſe a Woman)
You are of ſo great a Spirit, that I muſt learn
To wear your Petticoat, for you will have
My Breeches from me.
Cla. Rather from this Hour
I here abjure all Actions of a Man,
And will eſteem it happineſs from you
To ſuffer like a Woman; Love, true Love
Hath made a ſearch within me, and expell'd
All but my natural Softneſs, and made perfect
That which my Parents care could not begin.
I will ſhow ſtrength in nothing, but my Duty,
And glad deſire to pleaſe you, and in that
Grow every Day more able.
Vit. Could this be,
What a brave Race might I beget? I find
A kind of yielding; and no reaſon why
I ſhould hold longer out; ſhe's young, and fair,
And chaſt; for ſure, but with her leave, the Devil
Durſt not attempt her: Madam, though you have
A Soldier's Arm, your Lips appear as if
They were a Lady's.
Cla. They dare, Sir, from you

Endure

Endure the Tryal.
Vit. Ha! once more I pray you;
The beſt I ever taſted; and 'tis ſaid
I have prov'd many; 'tis not ſafe, I fear,
To ask the reſt now; well, I will leave Whoring
And luck herein ſend me with her: Worthieſt Lady,
I'll wait upon you home, and by the way
(If e'er I marry, as I'll not forſwear it)
Tell you, you are my Wife.
Cla. Which if you do,
From me all Mankind, Women, learn to woe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, *and* Lazarillo.

Alg. A Cloak? Good purchaſe; and rich Hangers?
We'll ſhare ten Piſtolets a Man. (well,
Laz. Yet ſtill
I am monſtrous hungry; could you not deduct
So much out of the groſs ſum, as would purchaſe
Eight Loyns of Veal, and ſome two dozen of Capons?
Pac. O ſtrang Proportion for five.
Laz. For five? I have
A Legion in my Stomach, that have kept
Perpetual Faſt theſe ten Years; for the Capons,
They are to me but as ſo many Black-birds:
May I but eat once, and be ſatisfied,
Let the Fates call me, when my Ship is fraught,
And I ſhall hang in Peace.
Alg. Steal well to Night,
And thou ſhalt feed to Morrow; ſo, now you are
Your ſelves again, I'll raiſe another Watch
To free you from Suſpicion; ſet on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,
T' aſſiſt you, and protect you. [*Exit.*
Met. O brave Officer.

Enter Alvarez, Lucio *and* Bobadilla.

Pac. Would every Ward had one but ſo well given,
And we would watch, for Rug, in gowns of Velvet.
Mend. Stand cloſe, a Prize.

Met.

Met. Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.
Alv. Why do'ſt thou hang upon me?
Luc. 'Tis ſo dark
I dare not ſee my way; for Heav'n ſake, Father,
Let us go home.
Bob. No, ev'n here we'll leave you;
Let's run away from him, my Lord.
Luc. Oh 'las. (dead,
Alv. Thou haſt made me mad; and I will beat thee
Then bray thee in a Mortar, and new mold thee,
But I will alter thee.
Bob. 'Twill never be;
He has been three Days practiſing to drink,
Yet ſtill he ſips like to a Waiting-woman,
And looks as he were murdering of a Fart
Among wild *Iriſh* Swaggerers.
Luc. I have ſtill
Your good word, *Zancho*, Father.
Alv. Milk-ſop, Coward;
No Houſe of mine receives thee; I diſclaim thee,
Thy Mother on her Knees ſhall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.
Luc. Pray you ſpeak for me.
Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine Honour.
Alv. There's only one Courſe left, that may redeem thee,
Which is, to ſtrike the next Man that you meet,
And if we chance to light upon a Woman,
Take her away, and uſe her like a Man,
Or I will cut thy Hamſtrings.
Pac. This makes for us.
Alv. What doſt thou do now?
Luc. Sir, I am ſaying my Prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.
Enter Lamorall, Genevora, Anaſtro, *and Pages with Lights.*
Lam. Madam, I fear (Houſe
You'll wiſh you had us'd your Coach; your Brother's
Is yet far off.
Gen. The better, Sir; this Walk

Will

Will help Digeſtion after your great Supper,
Of which I have fed largely.
Alv. To your Task,
Or elſe you know what follows.
Luc. I am dying:
Now Lord have mercy on me; By your favour,
Sir, I muſt ſtrike you.
Lam. For what cauſe?
Luc. I know not;
And I muſt likewiſe talk with that young Lady,
An Hour in private.
Lam. What you muſt, is doubtful,
But I am certain, Sir, I muſt beat you.
Luc. Help, help.
Alv. Not ſtrike again?
Lam. How, *Alvarez?*
Ana. This for my Lord *Vitelli*'s love.
Pac. Break out,
And like true Thieves, make prey on either ſide,
But ſeem to help the Stranger.
Bob. Oh my Lord,
They have beat him on his knees,
Luc. Though I want Courage,
I yet have a Son's Duty in me, and
Compaſſion of a Father's Danger; that,
That wholly now poſſeſſes me.
Alv. *Lucio.*
This is beyond my hope.
Met. So *Lazarillo,*
Take up all Boy; well done.
Pac. And now ſteal off
Cloſely and cuuningly.
Ana. How? have I found you?
Why Gentlemen, are you mad, to make your ſelves
A prey to Rogues?
Lam. Would we were off.
Bob. Thieves, Thieves.
Lam. Defer our own Contention; and down with (them.
Luc. I'll make you ſure.
Bob. Now he plays the Devil.

Gen.

Gen. This place is not for me. [*Exit.*
Luc. I'll follow her;
Half of my Pennance is paſt o'er. [*Exit.*
Enter Alguazier, Aſſiſtant, *and other Watches.*
Alg. What Noiſe? (you.
What Tumult's there? keep the King's Peace, I charge
Pac. I am glad he's come yet.
Alv. O, you keep good Guard
Upon the City, when Men of our Rank
Are ſet upon in the Streets.
Lam. The Aſſiſtant
Shall hear on't, be aſſur'd.
An. And if he be
That careful Governor he is reported,
You will ſmart for it.
Alg. Patience, good Signiors;
Let me ſurvey the Raſcals; O, I know them,
And thank you for them; they are pilf'ring Rogues
Of *Andaluza*, that have perus'd
All Priſons in *Caſtile*; I dare not truſt
The Dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home
To my own Houſe.
Pac. We had rather go to Priſon.
Alg. Had you ſo, Dog-bolts? yes, I know you had;
You there would uſe your cunning Fingers on
The ſimple Locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.
Lam. My Miſtreſs loſt, good Night. [*Exit.*
Bob. Your Son's gone,
What ſhould become of him?
Alv. Come of him, what will;
Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to Bed:
Look to your Priſoners, *Alguazier.* [*Exit with* Bob.
Alg. All's clear'd;
Droop not for one Diſaſter; let us hug,
And triumph in our Knaveries.
Aſſiſt. This confirms
What was reported of him.
Met. 'Twas done bravely.
Alg. I muſt a little glory in the means
We Officers have, to play the Knaves, and ſafely:

How

How we break through the Toils, pitch'd by the Law,
Yet hang up them that are far leſs Delinquents;
A ſimple Shopkeeper's carted for a Bawd,
For lodging, though unwittingly, a Smock-gameſter;
Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
Malroda in my Houſe, as in a Cloyſter,
Without Taint, or Suſpicion.
Pac. But ſuppoſe
The Governor ſhould know't?
Alg. He? good Gentleman,
Let him perplex himſelf with prying into
The Meaſures in the Market, and th' Abuſes
The Day ſtands guilty of; the Pillage of the Night
Is only mine, mine own Fee-ſimple;
Which you ſhall hold from me, Tenants at will,
And pay no Rent for't.
Pac. Admirable Landlord.
Alg. Now we'll go ſearch the Taverns, commit ſuch
As we find drinking; and be drunk our ſelves
With what we take from them; theſe ſilly Wretches,
Whom I for form ſake only have brought hither,
Shall watch without, and guard us.
Aſſiſt. And we will
See you ſafe lodg'd, moſt worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you, his Comrades.
Met. 'Tis the Governor.
Alg. We are betray'd.
Aſſiſt. My Guard there; bind them faſt:
How Men in high Place and Authority
Are in their Lives and Eſtimations wrong'd
By their ſubordinate Miniſters? yet ſuch
They cannot but imploy; wrong'd Juſtice finding
Scarce one true Servant in ten Officers.
T' expoſtulate with you, were but to delay
Your Crimes due Puniſhment, which ſhall fall upon you
So ſpeedily, and ſeverely, that it ſhall
Fright others by th' example; and confirm,
However corrupt Officers may diſgrace
Themſelves, 'tis not in them to wrong their Place,
Bring them away.

Alg.

Alg. We'll suffer nobly yet,
And like to *Spanish* Gallants.
Pac. And we'll hang so.
Laz. I have no Stomach to it: but I'll endeavour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucio *and* Genevora.

Gen. Nay, you are rude; pray you forbear, you offer
More than the breeding of a Gentleman (now
Can give you warrant for.
Luc. 'Tis but to kiss you,
And think not I'll receive that for a Favour
Which was enjoyn'd me for a Penance, Lady.
Gen. You have met a gentle Confessor, and for once,
So then you will rest satisfied, I vouchsafe it.
Luc. Rest satisfied with a Kiss? Why, can a Man
Desire more from a Woman? Is there any
Pleasure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is.
Gen. Sweet Innocence.
Luc. What strange new Motions do I feel? my Veins
Burn with an unknown Fire; in every part
I suffer Alteration; I am poison'd,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.
Gen. I ne'er saw
A lovely Man, till now.
Luc. How can this be?
She is a Woman, as my Mother is,
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off
My Lips unscorch'd; yours are more lovely, Lady,
And so should be less hurtful; pray you vouchsafe
Your Hand to quench the Heat ta'en from your Lip,
Perhaps that may restore me.
Gen. Willingly.
Luc. The flame increases; if to touch you, burn thus,
What would more strict Embraces do? I know not,
And yet methinks to die so, were to ascend
To Heav'n, through Paradise.

Gen.

Gen. I am wounded too,
Though Modeſty forbids that I ſhould ſpeak
What Ignorance makes him bold in; why do you fix
Your Eyes ſo ſtrongly on me?
Luc. Pray you ſtand ſtill,
There is nothing elſe, that is worth the looking on:
I could adore you, Lady.
Gen. Can you love me?
Luc. To wait on you in your Chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made Divine,
Were ſuch a happineſs. I am reſolved,
I'll ſell my liberty to you for this Glove,
And write my ſelf your Slave.
Enter Lamoral.
Gen. On eaſier Terms,
Receive it as a Friend.
Lam. How! Giving Favour!
I'll have it with his Heart.
Gen. What will you do?
Luc. As you are merciful, take my Life rather.
Gen. Will you depart with't ſo?
Lam. Do's that grieve you?
Gen. I know not, but even now you appear'd valiant.
Luc. 'Twas to preſerve my Father, in his Cauſe
I could be ſo again. (Enemy?
Gen. Not in your own? Kneel to thy Rival, and thine
Away unworthy Creature, I begin
To hate my ſelf, for giving entrance to
A good Opinion of thee; for thy Torment,
If my poor Beauty be of any Power,
May'ſt thou doat on it deſperately; but never
Preſume to hope for Grace, till thou recover
And wear the Favour that was raviſh'd from thee.
Lam. He wears my Head too then.
Gen. Poor Fool, farewel. [*Exit.*
Luc. My womaniſh Soul, which hitherto hath govern'd
This coward Fleſh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her Beauty is inſpir'd
A new and Maſculine one, inſtructing me
What's fit to do or ſuffer; powerful Love,

That haſt with loud, and yet a pleaſing Thunder
Rous'd ſleeping Manhood in me, thy new Creature;
Perfect thy work, ſo that I may make known
Nature (though long kept back) will have her own.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lamoral *and* Lucio.

Lam. CAN it be poſſible, that in ſix ſhort hours,
The Subject ſtill the ſame, ſo many Habits
Should be remov'd? Or this new *Lucio*, he
That yeſternight was baffel'd and diſgrac'd,
And thank'd the Man that did it; that then kneel'd
And blubber'd like a Woman, ſhould now dare
On terms of Honour ſeek Reparation,
For what he then appear'd not capable of?
Luc. Such Miracles, Men that dare do Injuries
Live to their ſhames to ſee, and for puniſhment
And ſcourge to their proud Follies.
Lam. Prethee leave me:
Had I my Page or Foot-man here to fleſh thee,
I durſt the better hear thee.
Luc. This Scorn needs not:
And offer ſuch no more.
Lam. Why, ſay I ſhould,
You'll not be angry?
Luc. Indeed I think I ſhall,
Would you vouchſafe to ſhew your ſelf a Captain,
And lead a little farther, to ſome Place
That's leſs frequented.
Lam. He looks pale.
Luc. If not,
Make uſe of this.
Lam. There's Anger in his Eyes too:
His Geſture, Voice, Behaviour, all new faſhion'd;
Well, if it does endure in Act the trial

Of

Of what in ſhow it promiſes to make good,
Ulyſſes Cyclops, *Io*'s Transformation,
Eurydice fetch'd from Hell, with all the reſt
Of *Ovid*'s Fables, I'll put in your Creed;
And for proof, all incredible things may be,
Write down that *Lucio*, the Coward *Lucio*,
The womaniſh *Lucio* fought.
Luc. And *Lamoral*,
The ſtill imploy'd great Dueliſt *Lamoral*,
Took his Life from him.
Lam. 'Twill not come to that ſure:
Methinks the only drawing of my Sword
Should fright that Confidence.
Luc. It confirms it rather.
To make which good, know you ſtand now oppos'd
By one that is your Rival, one that wiſhes
Your Name and Title greater, to raiſe his;
The wrong you did, leſs pardonable than it is,
But your Strength to defend it, more than ever
It was when Juſtice friended it. The Lady
For whom we now contend, *Genevora*,
Of more deſert, (if ſuch incomparable Beauty
Could ſuffer an Addition) your Love
To Don *Vitelli* multiply'd, and your Hate
Againſt my Father and his Houſe increas'd;
And laſtly, that the Glove which you there wear
To my Diſhonour, (which I muſt force from you)
Were dearer to you than your Life.
Lam. You'll find
It is, and ſo I'll guard it.
Luc. All theſe muſt meet then
With the black Infamy, to be foil'd by one
That's not allow'd a Man; to help your Valour,
That falling by your Hand, I may, or die,
Or win in this one ſingle Oppoſition
My Miſtreſs, and ſuch Honour as I may
Inrich my Father's Arms with.
Lam. 'Tis ſaid nobly,
My Life with them are at the ſtake.

Luc. At all then. [*Fight.*

Lam. She's yours, this and my Life too follow your For-
And give not only back that part, the Loſer (tune,
Scorns to accept of———

Luc. What's that?

Lam. My poor Life,
Which do not leave me as a farther Torment,
Having deſpoil'd me of my Sword, mine Honour,
Hope of my Lady's Grace, Fame, and all elſe
That made it worth the keeping.

Luc. I take back
No more from you, than what you forc'd from me;
And with a worſer Title; yet think not
That I'll diſpute this, as made inſolent
By my Succeſs, but as one equal with you,
If ſo you will accept me; that new Courage,
Or call it Fortune if you pleaſe, that is
Conferr'd upon me by the only ſight
Of fair *Genevora*, was not beſtow'd on me
To bloody purpoſes: Nor did her Command
Deprive me of the happineſs to ſee her,
But till I did redeem her Favour from you;
Which only I rejoyce in, and ſhare with you
In all you ſuffer elſe.

Lam. This Courteſie
Wounds deeper than your Sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make uſe of either, and diſpatch me.

Luc. The barbarous *Turk* is ſatisfied with Spoil;
And ſhall I, being poſſeſt of what I came for,
Prove the more Infidel?

Lam. You were better be ſo,
Than publiſh my Diſgrace, as 'tis the Cuſtom,
And which I muſt expect.

Luc. Judge better on me:
I have no Tongue to trumpet mine own Praiſe
To your Diſhonour; 'tis a Baſtard Courage
That ſeeks a Name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted, for by all Goodneſs,
But to her virtuous ſelf, the beſt part of it,
I never will diſcover on what terms

I came by theſe; which yet I take not from you,
But leave you in exchange of them, mine own,
With the deſire of being a Friend; which if
You will not grant me, but on farther trial
Of Manhood in me, ſeek me when you pleaſe,
(And though I might refuſe it with mine Honour)
Win them again, and wear them, ſo good Morrow. [*Exit.*

Lam. I ne'er knew what true Valour was till now;
And have gain'd more by this Diſgrace, than all
The Honours I have won; they made me proud,
Preſumptuous of my Fortune; a mere Beaſt,
Faſhion'd by them, only to dare and do:
Yielding no Reaſons for my wilful Actions
But what I ſtuck on my Sword's point, preſumin g
It was the beſt Revenew. How unequal
Wrongs well maintain'd makes us to others, which
Ending with ſhame, teach us to know our ſelves.
I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamoral.

Lam. My Lord?

Vit. I came to ſeek you.

Lam. And unwillingly,
You ne'er found me till now; your pleaſure, Sir?

Vit. That which will pleaſe thee Friend, thy vow'd Love
Shall now be put in Action; means is offer'd (to me
To uſe thy good Sword for me, that which ſtill
Thou wear'ſt, as if it were a part of that.
Where is it?

Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more Fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.

Vit. Why, I ne'er thought
That there was Muſick in't, but aſcribe
The Fortune of it to the Arm.

Lam. Which is grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy your Friendſhip: I am one new vanquiſh'd,
Yet ſhame to tell by whom.

Vit. But I'll tell thee
'Gainſt whom thou art to fight, and there redeem
Thy Honour loſt, if there be any ſuch:

The King, by my long Suit, at length is pleas'd
That *Alvarez* and my self, with either's Second,
Shall end the difference between our Houſes,
Which he accepts of; I make choice of thee;
And where you ſpeak of a Diſgrace, the Means
To blot it out, by ſuch a publick Trial
Of thy approved Valour, will revive
Thy antient Courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I'll ſeek ſome other.

Lam. As I am,
You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true Friend
That loves not only for his private end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Genevora *with a Letter, and* Bobadilla.

Gen. This from *Madona Clara?*

Bob. Yes, an't pleaſe you.

Gen. *Alvarez* Daughter?

Bob. The ſame Lady.

Gen. She,
That ſav'd my Brother's Life?

Bob. You are ſtill in the right,
She will'd me wait your walking forth, and knowing
How neceſſary a diſcreet wiſe Man
Was in a buſineſs of ſuch weight, ſhe pleas'd
To think on me; it may be in my Face
Your Ladyſhip, not acquainted with my Wiſdom,
Finds no ſuch matter; what I am, I am;
Thought's free, and think you what you pleaſe.

Gen. 'Tis ſtrange.

Bob. That I ſhould be wiſe, Madam?

Gen. No, thou art ſo;
There's for thy Pains, and prethee tell thy Lady
I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive
Thy Thanks and Duty in thy preſent Abſence:
Farewel, farewel, I ſay, now thou art wiſe. [*Exit* Bob.
She writes here, ſhe hath ſomething to impart
That may concern my Brother's Life; I know not,

But

But general Fame does give her out ſo worthy,
That I dare not ſuſpect her; yet wiſh *Lucio*

Enter Lucio.

Were Maſter of her Mind; but fie upon't;
Why do I think on him? See, I am puniſh'd for it,
In his unlook'd-for Preſence: Now I muſt
Endure another tedious piece of Courtſhip,
Would make one forſwear courteſie.

Luc. Gracious Madam,
The Sorrow paid for your juſt Anger towards me,
Ariſing from my weakneſs, I preſume
To preſs into your Preſence, and deſpair not
An eaſie Pardon.

Gen. He ſpeaks Senſe: Oh ſtrange.

Luc. And yet believe, that no deſire of mine,
Though all are too ſtrong in me, had the Power
For their Delight, to force me to infringe
What you commanded, it being in your part
To leſſen your great Rigour when you pleaſe,
And mine to ſuffer with an humble Patience
What you'll impoſe upon it.

Gen. Courtly too.

Luc. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd *Lucio*, Madam,
(Made able only by his hope to ſerve you)
Recover'd that with Violence, not Juſtice,
Was taken from him; and here at your Feet
With theſe, he could have laid the conquer'd Head
Of *Lamoral* ('tis all I ſay of him)
For rudely touching that, which as a Relick
I ever would have worſhip'd, ſince 'twas yours.

Gen. Valiant, and every thing a Lady could
Wiſh in her Servant.

Luc. All that's good in me,
That heav'nly Love, the Oppoſite to baſe Luſt,
Which would have all Men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your Beams of Beauty form'd,
Cheriſh as your own Creature.

Gen. I am gone
Too far now to diſſemble: Riſe, or ſure
I muſt kneel with you too; let this one Kiſs

Speak the reſt for me; 'tis too much I do,
And yet, if Chaſtity would, I could wiſh more.
Luc. In overjoying me, you are grown ſad;
What is it, Madam? by———
There's nothing that's within my Nerves (and yet
Favour'd by you, I ſhould as much as Man)
But when you pleaſe, now or on all Occaſions
You can think of hereafter, but you may
Diſpoſe of at your Pleaſure.
Gen. If you break.
That Oath again, you loſe me. Yet ſo well
I love you, I ſhall never put you to't;
And yet forget it not: Reſt ſatisfied
With that you have receiv'd now; there are Eyes
May be upon us, till the difference
Between our Friends are ended, I would not
Be ſeen ſo private with you.
Luc. I obey you.
Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am *Vitelli*'s Siſter.
Luc. What's that, Madam?
Gen. Nay nothing, fare you well; who feels Loves fire,
Would ever ask to have means to deſire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Aſſiſtant, Syavedra, Anaſtro, *Herald, and Attendants.*

Aſſiſt. Are they come in?
Her. Yes.
Aſſiſt. Read the Proclamation,
That all the People here aſſembled may
Have ſatisfaction, what the King's dear love,
In care of the Republick, hath ordained;
Attend with Silence: Read aloud.

Herald Reads.

[*Oraſmuch as our high and mighty Maſter*, Philip, *the* [illegible]*tent and moſt Catholick King of* Spain, *hath not only* [illegible]*is own Royal Perſon, been long and often ſollicited, and grieved,*

grieved, with the deadly and honourable Hatred, ſprung up betwixt the two antient and moſt uncurable deſcended Houſes of theſe his two dearly and equally beloved Subjects, Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, *and Don* Pedro de Vitelli; *all which in vain his Majeſty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualifie: But that alſo through the Debates, Quarrels, and Outrages daily ariſing, falling, and flowing from theſe great Heads, his publick civil Government is ſeditiouſly and barbarouſly moleſted and wounded, and many of his chief Gentry, (no leſs tender to his Royal Majeſty, than the very Branches of his own ſacred Blood) ſpoil'd, loſt, and ſubmerged, in the impious Inundation and Torrent of their ſtill-growing Malice: It hath therefore pleaſed his Sacred Majeſty, out of his infinite Affection to preſerve his Common-wealth, and general Peace, from farther Violation, as ſweet and heartily loving Father of his People, and on the earneſt Petitions of theſe Arch-enemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-choſen and beloved Friend, armed at all points like Gentlemen, in the Caſtle of St.* Jago, *on this preſent* Monday *Morning betwixt eight and nine of the Clock, where (before the Combatants be allowed to commence this granted Duel) This to be read aloud for the publick Satisfaction of his Majeſty's well beloved Subjects.*

'Save the King. [*Drums within.*

Sya. Hark, their Drums ſpeak their inſatiate thirſt
Of Blood, and ſtop their Ears 'gainſt pious Peace,
Who gently whiſpering, implores their Friendſhip.

Aſſiſt. Kings nor Authority can maſter Fate;
Admit 'em then, and Blood extinguiſh Hate.

Enter ſeverally, Alvarez *and* Lucio, Vitelli *and* Lamoral.

Sya. Stay, yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring,
Wherein Men now-a-days exceed even Beaſts,
And think themſelves not Men elſe, ſo tranſport you
Beyond the bounds of Chriſtianity;
Lord *Alvarez*, *Vitelli*, Gentlemen,
No Town in *Spain*, from our *Metropolis*
Unto the rudeſt Hovel, but is great
With your aſſured Valours daily Proofs;
Oh will you then, for a ſuperfluous Fame,

A ſound of Honour, which in theſe times, all
Like Hereticks profeſs, with obſtinacy,
But moſt erroneouſly venture your Souls,
'Tis a hark Task, through a Sea of Blood
To ſail, and land at Heav'n?
Vit. I hope not,
If Juſtice be my Pilot; but my Lord,
You know, if Argument, or Time, or Love,
Could reconcile, long ſince we had ſhook Hands;
I dare proteſt, your Breath cools not a Vein
In any one of us, but blows the Fire
Which nought but Blood reciprocal can quench.
Alv. Vitelli, thou ſay'ſt bravely, and ſay'ſt right,
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee ſo.
Vit. Ha, ha, old Man; upon thy Death I'll build
A ſtory, with this Arm, for thy old Wife
To tell thy Daughter *Clara* ſeven Years hence,
As ſhe ſits weeping by a Winter's Fire,
How ſuch a time *Vitelli* ſlew her Husband
With the ſame Sword his Daughter favour'd him,
And lives, and wears it yet; come *Lamoral*,
Redeem thy ſelf.
Lam. Lucio, Genevora
Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding Heart,
For my preſented Hat, laid at her Feet.
Luc. Thou talk'ſt well *Lamoral*, but 'tis thy Head
That I will carry to her to thy Hat:
Fie Father, I do cool too much.
Alv. Oh Boy;
Thy Father's true Son:
Beat Drums,---and ſo good Morrow to your Lordſhip.
Enter above Eugenia, Clara, *and* Genevora.
Sya. Brave Reſolutions.
An. Brave, and *Spaniſh*, right.
Gen. Lucio.
Cla. Vitelli.
Eug. Alvarez.
Alv. How the Devil
Got theſe Cats into th' gutter? my Puſs too?
Eug. Hear us,

Gen.

Gen. We muſt be heard.
Cla. We will be heard.
Vitelli, look, ſee *Clara* on her Knees,
Imploring thy Compaſſion; Heav'n, how ſternly
They dart their emulous Eyes, as if each ſcorn'd
To be behind the other in a Look!
Mother, Death needs no Sword here; oh my Siſter,
Fate fain would have it ſo, perſuade, entreat,
A Lady's Tears are ſilent Orators,
Or ſhould be ſo at leaſt, to move beyond
The honeſt-tongu'd Rhetorician;
Why will you fight? Why do's an Uncle's Death,
Twenty Year old, exceed your Love to me
But twenty Days? Whoſe forc'd cauſe, and fair manner
You could not underſtand, only have heard.
Cuſtom, that wrought ſo cunningly on Nature
In me, that I forgot my Sex, and knew not
Whether my Body Female were, or Male,
You did unweave, and had the Power to charm
A new Creation in me, made me fear
To think on thoſe deeds I did perpetrate,
How little Power though you allow to me,
That cannot with my Sighs, my Tears, my Prayers
Move you from your own loſs, if you ſhould gain.
Vit. I muſt forget you *Clara*, 'till I have
Redeem'd my Uncle's Blood, that brands my Face
Like a peſtiferous Carbuncle: I am blind
To what you do; deaf to your cries; and Marble
To all impulſive Exorations.
When in this Point I have perch'd thy Father's Soul,
I'll tender thee this bloody reeking Hand,
Drawn forth the Bowels of that Murtherer;
If thou canſt love me then, I'll marry thee,
And for thy Father loſt, get thee a Son;
On no Condition elſe.
Aſſiſt. Moſt barbarous.
Sya. Savage.
An. Irreligious.
Gen. Oh *Lucio*!
Be thou merciful; thou bear'ſt fewer Years,

Art lately wean'd from ſoft Effeminacy,
A Maiden's Manners, and a Maiden's Heart
Are Neighbours ſtill to thee; be then more mild,
Proceed not to this Combat; be'ſt thou deſperate
Of thine own Life? yet, Deareſt, pity mine:
Thy Valour's not thine own, I gave it thee,
Theſe Eyes begot it, this Tongue bred it up,
This Breaſt would lodge it; do not uſe my Gifts
To mine own ruin; I have made thee rich,
Be not ſo thankleſs, to undo me for't.

Luc. Miſtreſs, you know I do not wear a Vein
I would not rip for you, to do you Service;
Life's but a Word, a Shadow, a melting Dream,
Compar'd to eſſential and eternal Honour.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your Brother; if I firſt caſt down my Sword,
May all my Body here be made one Wound,
And yet my Soul not find Heav'n thorough it.

Alv. You would be Catter-walling too, but Peace,
Go, get you home, and provide Dinner for
Your Son, and me; we'll be exceeding merry;
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee Cock of all
The proud *Vitellies* that do live in *Spain*;
Fie, we ſhall take cold: Hunch:——I am hoarſe
Already.

Lam. How your Siſter whets my Spleen!
I could eat *Lucio* now.

Gen. Vitelli, Brother,
Ev'n for your Father's Soul, your Uncle's Blood,
As you do love my Life; but laſt, and moſt,
As you reſpect your own Honour, and Fame,
Throw down your Sword; he is moſt valiant
That herein yields firſt.

Vit. Peace, you Fool.

Cla. Why *Lucio*,
Do thou begin; 'tis no Diſparagement;
He's elder, and thy better, and thy Valour
Is in his Infancy.

Gen. Or pay it me,
To whom thou ow'ſt it; Oh, that conſtant Time

Would

Would but go back a Week, then *Lucio*
Thou would'ſt not dare to fight.
Eug. *Lucio*, thy Mother,
Thy Mother begs it; throw thy Sword down firſt.
Alv. I'll throw his Head down after then.
Gen. *Lamoral*,
You have often ſwore you'd be commanded by me.
Lam. Never to this; your Spight and Scorn, *Genevora*,
Has loſt all Power in me.
Gen. Your hearing for ſix Words.
Aſſiſt. *Sya.* *An.* Strange Obſtinacy!
Al. *Vit.* *Luc.* *Lam.* We'll ſtay no longer.
Cla. Then by thy Oath *Vitelli*,
Thy dreadful Oath, thou would'ſt return that Sword
When I ſhould ask it, give it to me now,
This inſtant I require it.
Gen. By thy Vow,
As dreadful *Lucio*, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to ſtrike a ſtroak; now he
Of our two Brothers that loves Perjury
Beſt, and dares firſt be damn'd, infringe his Vow.
Sya. Excellent Ladies.
Vit. Piſh, you tyrannize.
Luc. We did equivocate.
Alv. On.
Cla. Then *Lucio*,
So well I love my Husband, for he is ſo,
Wanting but Ceremony, that I pray
His vengeful Sword may fall upon thy Head
Succeſsfully for Falſe-hood to his Siſter.
Gen. I likewiſe pray, *Vitelli*, *Lucio*'s Sword.
Who equally is my Husband as thou hers,
May find thy falſe Heart, that durſt gage thy Faith,
And durſt not keep it.
Aſſiſt. Are you Men, or Stone?
Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our Swords.
Eug. Your hearing for ſix Words, and we have done.
Zancho, come forth——We'll fight our Challenge too;
Now ſpeak your Reſolutions.

Enter

Enter Bobadilla, *with two Swords and a Piſtol.*

Gen. Theſe they are,
The firſt blow given betwixt you, ſheathes theſe Swords
In one anothers Boſoms.

Eug. And Rogue, look
You at that inſtant do diſcharge that Piſtol
Into my Breaſt; if you ſtart back, or quake,
I'll ſtick you like a Pig.

Alv.——Hold, you are mad.

Gen. This we ſaid; and by our hope of Bliſs
This we will do; ſpeak your intents.

Cla. Gen. Strike.

Eug. Shoot.

All. Vit. Lam. Luc. Hold, hold; all Friends.

Aſſiſt. Come down.

Alv. Theſe deviliſh Women
Can make Men Friends and Enemies when they liſt.

Sya. A gallant Undertaking, and a happy;
Why this is noble in you; and will be
A welcomer Preſent to our Maſter *Philip*,
Than the return from his *Indies*.

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, *and* Bobadilla.

Cla. Father, your Bleſſing.

Alv. Take her; if ye bring not
Betwixt you, Boys that will find out new Worlds,
And win 'em too, I'm a falſe Prophet.

Vit. Brother,
There is a Siſter; long divided Streams
Mix now at length, by Fate.

Bob. I am not regarded; I was the careful Steward that provided theſe Inſtruments of Peace, I put the longeſt Weapon in your Siſter's Hand, my Lord, becauſe ſhe was the ſhorteſt Lady: For likely the ſhorteſt Ladies love the longeſt——— Men: And for mine own part, I could have diſcharged it: my Piſtol is no ordinary Piſtol, it has two ramming Bullets; but thought I, why ſhould I ſhoot my two Bullets into my old Lady? If they had gone, I would not have ſtaid long after; I wou'd ev'n have died too, bravely i'faith, like a *Roman* Steward; hung my ſelf in mine own Chain, and there had

had been a ſtory of *Bobadilla*, *Spindola*, *Zancho*, for after Ages to lament. Hum; I perceive, I am not only not regarged, but alſo not rewarded.

Alv. Prethee Peace; 'ſhalt have a new Chain, next St. *Jaques* Day, or this new gilt.

Bob. I am ſatisfied; let Virtue have her due: And yet I am melancholy upon this Atonement; pray Heav'n the State rue it not: I would my Lord *Vitelli*'s Steward, and I could meet; they ſhould find it ſhould coſt 'em a little more to make us Friends. Well, I will forſwear Wine and Women for a Year; and then I will be drunk to Morrow, and run a whoring like a Dog with a broken Bottle at's Tail; then will I repent next Day, and forſwear 'em again more vehemently; be forſworn next Day again, and repent my Repentance; for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

Aſſiſt. Nay, you ſhall dine with me; and afterward I'll with ye to the King: But firſt, I will
Diſpatch the Caſtle's Buſineſs, that this Day
May be compleat. Bring forth the Malefactors.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, *and Guard.*

You *Alguazier*, the Ring-leader of theſe
Poor Fellows, are degraded from your Office,
You muſt return all ſtolen Goods you receiv'd,
And watch a twelve Month without any Pay:
This, if you fail of, all your Goods confiſcate,
You are to be Whipt, and ſent into the Gallies.

Alg. I like all, but reſtoring; that Catholick Doctrine
I do diſlike: learn all ye Officers
By this to live uprightly, if you can. [*Exit.*

Aſſiſt. You Cobler, to tranſlate your Manners new,
Are doom'd to th' Cloiſters of the Mend cants,
With this your Brother, Botcher, there for nothing
To cobble, and heel Hoſe for the poor Friers,
Till they allow your Penance for ſufficient,
And your Amendment; then you ſhall be freed,
And may ſet up again,

Pach. Mendoza, come,
Our Souls have have trode awry in all Men's ſight,

We'll

We'll underlay 'em, till they go upright.
[*Ex.* Pach *and* Mend.

Assist. Smith, in those Shackles you for your hard (Heart
Must lie by th' Heels a Year.
Met. I have shod your Horse, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Assist. Away: For you, my hungry white-loaf'd Face,
You must to th' Gallies, where you shall be sure
To have no more Bits, than you shall have Blows.
Laz. Well, tho' Herrings want, I shall have Rows.
Assist. Signior, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Your self severelier than we would have done.
You have married a Whore; may she prove honest.
Pio. Tis better, my Lord, than to marry an honest (Woman,
That may prove a Whore.
Vit. 'Tis a handsome Wench; and thou canst keep her (tame
I'll send you what I promis'd.
Pio. Joy to your Lordships.
Alv. Here may all Ladies learn, to make of Foes
The perfect'st Friends; and not the perfect'st Foes
Of dearest Friends, as some do now a-days.
Vit. Behold the Power of Love, to Nature lost
By Custom irrecoverably, past the hope
Of Friends restoring, Love hath here retriev'd
To her own Habit, made her Blush to see
Her so long monstrous Metamorphoses;
May strange Affairs never have worse Success. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

OUR Author fears there are some Rebel Hearts,
Whose Dullness doth oppose Love's piercing Darts;
Such will be apt to say there wanted Wit,
The Language low, very few Scenes are writ
With Spirit and Life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor ever means to please;
For if your selves, a Mistress or Love's Friends,
Are lik'd with this smooth Play, he hath his Ends.



Woman Pleas'd

Vol. 5. p. 277

WOMEN PLEAS'D.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

DUKE *of* Siena, *Suitor to* Belvidere.
Silvio, *A Gentleman of Quality, Servant to* Belvidere.
Claudio, Silvio's *Friend, Brother to* Iſabella.
Bartello, *Captain of the Citadel, Uncle to* Silvio.
Lopez, *A ſordid Uſurer, the jealous Husband of* Iſabella.
Lords of Florence.
Lords of Siena.
Councellors.
Courtiers.
Penurio, *A hungry Servant to* Lopez.
Soto, *A merry Servant to* Claudio.
A Farmer, Father to Soto.
Captain.
Soldiers of the Guard.
A Clark.
Bomby, *An Enemy to Watches and May-poles.*
Morrice-dancers.
Maſquers.

WOMEN.

Dutcheſs of Florence.
Belvidere, *A virtuous Princeſs, Daughter to the Dutcheſs, in Love with* Silvio.
Rodope, *Wife to* Bartello.
Iſabella, *Wife to* Lopez, *and Siſter to* Claudio.
Jaquenet, *Servant to* Iſabella.
Two Gentlewomen.

The SCENE *FLORENCE.*

Women

Women Pleas'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bartello *and* Silvio.

SILVIO.



IS true, ſhe is a right good Princeſs, and
a juſt one, (Planet.
And *Florence*, when ſhe ſets, has loſt a
Bar. My Miſtreſs? I tell thee, Geentle
Nephew, (neſs,
There is not ſuch another Friend to good-
To down-right dealing, to Faith and true Heart
Within the Chriſtian Confines: Before ſhe bleſt us,
Juſtice was a Cheeſe-monger, a meer Cheeſe-monger,
Weigh'd nothing to the World but Mites and Maggots,
And a main ſtink; Law, like a Horſe-courſer,
Her Rules and Precepts hung with Gaudes and Ribbonds,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When ſhe her ſelf was hackney, lame and founder'd.

Sil. But the ſweet Lady,
Belvidere the bright one———

Bar. Ay, there's a Face indeed; Oh my dear Nephew,
Could a young Fellow of thy fiery Mettle
Freeze, and that Lady in his Arms?

Sil. I think not. (paſs,

Bar. Thou haſt a parlous Judgment; but let that
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great Mother's good; and that's not ordinary.

Sil. But why (ſo many Princes, and ſo great ones
Being Suitors) ſhould the Dutcheſs deny to match her?

Bar. She is a Jewel, Man, hangs in her Bosome,
Her only Child; with her Eyes she sees all things,
Discourses with her Tongue, and pluck her from her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her Heart out too: Besides, of late Days,
The Duke of *Milan*, who could never win her
By Love, nor Treaty, laid a close Train for her
In her own private Walks; some forty Horse-men,
So to surprize her, which we found, and dealt with,
And sent 'em running home to the Duke their Master,
Like Dogs with Bottles at their Tails.

Sil. Since that, I heard, Sir,
She has sent her to your Cittadel to secure her,
My Cousin *Rodope*, your Wife, attending her.

Bar. You hear a Truth, and all convenient Pleasures
Are there proportion'd for her.

Sil. I would fain, Sir,
Like one that owes a duteous service to her,
Sometimes, so please you——

Bar. Gentle Cousin pardon me,
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer,
The last Edict lies on his Life pursues it;
Your Friend, Sir, to command, abroad to love you,
To lend ye any thing I have, to wait upon ye,
But in the Cittadel where I stand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: No service, Sir,
No, good Sir, by no means; I kiss your Hands, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sil. To your keeping only? None else to look upon her?
None but *Bartello* worthy her Attendance?
No Faith but his to serve her? Oh *Belvidere*,
Thou Saint to whom my Youth is sacrific'd,
Thou Point to which my Life turns, and my Fortune,
Art thou lock'd from me now? From all my Comforts,
Art thou snatch'd violently? Thou heares't me not,
Nor canst thou see, fair Soul, thy Servant's Mournings,
Yet let thy gentle Heart feel what his Absence,
The great divorce of Minds so truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one Affection
Even from our Infant Eyes, suck'd in and nourish'd:
Oh let it feel but that, and there stand constant,

And

And I am bleſt. My dear Aunt *Rodope*,
That is her Governeſs, did love me dearly,
There's one hope yet to ſee her; when he is abſent
It may be ventur'd, and ſhe may work it cloſely;
I know the Ladies will go equal with me,
And ſo the danger of the Edict avoided;
Let me think more, for I muſt try all hazards.

Enter Claudio *and* Soto.

Soto. Will ye go yonder, Sir?
Cla. Yes marry will I, Sir.
Soto. And by this Ladder?
Cla. By that Ladder, Coxcombe. (broken,
Soto. Have ye any more Necks at home when this is
For this will crack with the beſt Friend he has, Sir?
Or can you pitch of all four, like an Ape now?
Let me ſee you tumble.
Cla. You are very pleaſant, Sir.
Soto. No, truly Sir, I ſhould be loath to ſee ye
Come fluttering down like a young Rook, cry ſquab,
And take ye up with your Brains beaten into your Buttocks.
Cla. Hold your peace, Aſs: Who's this ſtands muſing
Silvio? (here?
Sil. Who calls me?
Cla. One moſt glad to ſee you, Sir.
Sil. My deareſt *Claudio*? What make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this Nature? (Birds Neſts.
Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climb
Sil. Prethee what is it, Friend? Why ſtart ye from me?
Is your old Miſtreſs grown ſo coy and cruel,
She muſt be ſcal'd? It ſeems you are loath to tell me,
Since twenty Years continuance of our Friendſhip
May not be worth the weight of ſuch a Secret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again; ſave ye.
Cla. Nay ſtay, dear *Silvio*, if you love me take it:
For 'till you know it, never Woman labour'd
As I do now.
Sil. I'll do my beſt to eaſe it.
Cla. You have heard, the Lady *Belvidere* ——
Sil. What heard, Sir?
Cla. Heard, to the Cittadel, upon ſome fears
She is confin'd

Sil. Why dreams he on this Beauty?
'Tis true, I have heard it.
Cla. And that no acceſs,
No bleſſing from thoſe Eyes, but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a Life.
Sil. He dares not love her;
I have heard that too, but whither points your purpoſe?
Cla. Oh *Silvio*, let me ſpeak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth; I have lov'd this Lady long,
Long given away my Life to her Devotion,
Long dwelt upon that Beauty to my Ruin.
Sil. Do's ſhe know this?
Cla. No, there begins my Miſery,
Ixion-like, I have only yet claſp'd Clouds,
And fed upon poor empty Dreams that ſtarve me.
Sil. And what do you mean to do now?
Cla. Though I die for't,
Though all the Tortures in the World hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I ſtand prepar'd now,
With this to reach her Chamber; there to ſee her,
And tell her boldly with what Truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be eaſily done, Sir.
Cla. Oh my *Silvio*,
The hardeſt things are ſweeteſt in Poſſeſſion.
Sil. Nor will ſhew much Diſcretion.
Cla. Love is blind, Man,
And he that looks for Reaſon there far blinder.
Sil. Have ye conſider'd ripely?
Cla. All that may fall,
And arm'd againſt that all.
Sil. Her Honour too?
What ſhe may ſuffer in this raſh Adventure
The beauty of her Name?
Cla. I'll do it cloſely,
And only at her Window, with that caution——
Sil. Are there no Guards?
Cla. Corruption chokes their Service.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred ſo light a Woman,
To hold commerce with ſtrange Tongues?

Cla.

Cla. Why this Service,
This only hazard of my Life muſt tell her,
Though ſhe were *Veſta*'s ſelf, I muſt deſerve her.
Sil. I would not have ye go, pray let it ſink here,
And think a nobler way to raiſe your Service,
A ſafer and a wiſer.
Cla. 'Tis too late, Sir.
Sil. Then I muſt ſay, you ſhall not go.
Cla. I ſhall not?
Sil. You ſhall not go; that part bred with ye, Friendſhip,
Bids me ſay boldly ſo, and you obſerve me.
Cla. You ſtretch that Tye too far.
Sil. I'll ſtretch it farther:
The Honour that I bear that ſpotleſs Virtue
You fouly ſeek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command ye ſtay; if not, thus force ye.
Soto. This will be worſe than climbing.
Cla. Why do ye draw, Sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy baſe Will be thy Maſter.
Cla. I ever was your Friend.
Sil. Whilſt thou wert honeſt,
And not a Night-thief of another's Honour;
I never call'd a Fool my Friend, a mad Man,
That durſt expoſe his Fame to all Opinions,
His Life to unhoneſt Dangers: I never lov'd him,
Durſt know his Name, that ſought a Virgin's Ruin,
Nor ever took I pleaſure in acquaintance
With Men, that give as looſe Reins to their Fancies
As the wild Ocean to his raging Fluxes:
A noble Soul I twin with, and my Love
Follows his Life, dares maſter his Affections.
Will ye give off, or fight?
Cla. I will not fight with ye:
The ſacred Name of Friend ties up that Anger,
Rather I'll ſtudy.
Sil. Do, to be a Friend ſtill.
Cla. If this way, I ſhall never hold.
Sil. I'll watch ye:
And if I catch ye falſe, by Heav'n ye die for't,
All Love forgot.
Cla. When I fear that, I am fit for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez *at a Table with Jewels and Mony upon it, an Egg roasting by a Candle.*

Lop. Whilst prodigal young gaudy Fools are banque-
And launching out their States to catch the giddy, (ting,
Thus do I study to preserve my Fortune,
And hatch with care at home the Wealth that Saints me.
Here's Rubies of *Bengala*, rich, rich, glorious;
These Diamonds of *Ormus* bought for little,
Here vented at the price of Prince's Ransomes;
How bright they shine like Constellations,
The South Seas Treasure here, Pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal *Cleopatra*'s Banquet;
Here Chains of lesser Stones for Ladies Lusters,
Ingotts of Gold, Rings, Brooches, bars of Silver,
These are my Studies to set off in sale well,
And not in Sensual surfeits to consume 'em.
How rosts mine Egg? he heats apace, I'll turn him:
Penurio, where you Knave do you wait? *Penurio*,
You lazy Knave.

Pen. Did you call, Sir?

Lop. Where's your Mistress?
What Vanity holds her from her Attendance?

Pen. The very sight of this Egg has made him cockish,
What would a dozen butter'd do? She is within, Sir.

Lop. Within, Sir, at what thrif ye Knave? What getting? (to get Meat to it,

Pen. Getting a good Stomach, Sir, and she knew where
She is praying heartily upon her Knees, Sir,
That Heav'n would send her a good bearing Dinner.

Lop. Nothing but Gluttony and Surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind; had she not Yesternight, Sirrah,
Two Sprats to Supper, and the Oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou,
(Thou most ungrateful Knave, that nothing satisfies)
The Water that I boil'd my other Egg in
To make thee hearty Broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had, Sir;

But

But I might as ſoon make the Philoſophers Stone on't,
You gave it me in Water, and but for Manners ſake,
I could give it you again, in Wind, it was ſo hearty (Sir.
I ſhall turn Piſſing-conduit ſhortly; my Miſtreſs comes,

Enter Iſabella.

Lop. Welcome, my Dove.
Iſab. Pray ye keep your welcome to ye,
Unleſs it carries more than Words to pleaſe me,
Is this the Joy to be a Wife? to bring with me,
Beſides the Nobleneſs of Blood I ſpring from,
A full and able Portion to maintain me?
Is this the Happineſs of Youth and Beauty,
The great content of being made a Miſtreſs,
To live a Slave ſubject to wants and hungers,
To jealouſies for every Eye that wanders?
Unmanly jealouſie.
Lop. Good *Iſabella.*
Iſab. Too good for you; do you think to famiſh me,
Or keep me like an Alms-woman in ſuch rayment,
Such poor unhandſome Weeks? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus; and if your Miſery
Will ſuffer wilful Blindneſs to abuſe me,
My Patience ſhall be no Bawd to mine own Ruin.
Pen. Tickle him, Miſtreſs; to him.
Iſab. Had ye love in ye,
Or any part of Man——
Pen. Follow that, Miſtreſs
Iſab. Or had Humanity but ever known ye,
You would ſhame to uſe a Woman of my way thus,
So poor, and baſely; you are ſtrangely jealous of me,
If I ſhould give ye cauſe.
Lop. How, *Iſabella*?
Iſab. As do not venture this way to provoke me.
Pen. Excellent well, Miſtreſs.
Lop. How's this, *Iſabella*?
Iſab. 'Twill ſtir a Saint, and I am but a Woman,
And by that tenure may——
Lop. By no means Chicken,
You know I love ye; fie, take no example
By thoſe young gadding Dames, (you are noted virtuous)

That

That ſtick their Husbands Wealth in trifles on 'em
And point 'em but the way to their own Miſeries:
I am not jealous, kiſs me,——I am not:
And for your Diet, 'tis to keep you healthful,
Surfeits deſtroy more than the Sword; that I am careful
Your Meat ſhould be both neat, and cleanly handled,
See, Sweet, I am Cook my ſelf, and mine own Cater.

Pen. A——of that Cook cannot lick his Fingers.

Lop. I'll add another Diſh, you ſhall have Milk to it,
'Tis nouriſhing and good.

Pen. With Butter in't, Sir?

Lop. This Knave would breed a Famine in a Kingdom:
And Cloaths that ſhall content ye; you muſt be wiſe then,
And live ſequeſtred to your ſelf and me,
Not wandring after every Toy comes croſs ye, (*Penurio.*
Nor ſtruck with every Spleen: What's the Knave doing?

Pen. Hunting, Sir, for a ſecond courſe of Flies here,
They are rare new Sallads.

Lop. For certain *Iſabella*,
This ravening Fellow has a Wolf in's Belly:
Untemperate Knave, will nothing quench thy Appetite?
I ſaw him eat two Apples, which is monſtrous.

Pen. If you had given me thoſe 't had been more mon-

Lop. 'Tis a main Miracle to feed this Villain. (ſtrous.
Come *Iſabella*, let us in to Supper,
And think the *Roman* Dainties at our Table,
'Tis all but Thought. [*Exeunt.*

Pen. Would all my Thoughts would do it:
The Devil ſhould think of purchaſing that Egg-ſhell,
To victual out a Witch for the *Burmoothes*:
'Tis Treaſon to any good Stomach living now
To hear a tedious Grace ſaid, and no Meat to't;
I have a Radiſh yet, but that's but tranſitory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living Man, unleſs a Raſcal
That neither knows himſelf, nor a faſhion'd Gentleman,
Take me for a worſe Man than my Maſter now?
I am naturally proud in theſe Cloaths: But if Pride now
Should

Should catch a fall in what I am attempting,
'Tis but a Proverb found, and a Neck broken,
That's the worſt can come on't, a Gentleman's gone then,
A Gentleman o'th' firſt Houſe, there's the end on't:
My Maſter lies moſt pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' Ears in Love yonder,
And ſuch a lamentable Noiſe he keeps, it kills me:
I have got his Cloaths, and if I can get to her
By hook or crook here, ſuch a Song I'll ſing her——
I think I ſhall be hang'd, but that's no matter, (Elephant,
What's a hanging among Friends: I am valiant now as an
I have conſider'd what to ſay too; let me ſee now,
This is the place, 'tis plaguy high; ſtay, a) that lower Win-
Let me aim finely now, like a good Gunner, (dow
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I ſaw ſome Body
Paſs by me now, and though it were dark, methought yet
I knew the Cloaths: Ha, let me not be cozen'd,
The Ladder too, ready to fling it? Monſtrous!
'Tis he, 'tis *Claudio*; moſt voluptuous Villain,
Scandal to Womans Credit: Love, I forget thee, (there?
Soto. What will he do i'th' Name of Heav'n, what's that
Sil. And all the Friendſhip that I bore thee, bury here,
Soto. What has he in's Hand? I hope but a Cudgel.
Sil. Thy faults forgive, O Heav'n: Farewel thou Traitor.
Soto. I am ſlain, I am ſlain.
Sil. He's down and dead, dead certain,
'Twas too raſh, too full of Spleen, ſtark dead:
This is no place now to repent in, only
Would I had given this Hand that ſhot the Piſtol
I had miſs'd thee, and thou wert once more *Claudio.* [*Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Cla. Why ſhould I love thus fooliſhly? Thus deſperately?
And give away my Heart where no hope's left me?
Why ſhould not the true counſel of a Friend reſtrain me?
The Devil's Mouth I run in to affright me,
The Honour of the Lady, charm my wildneſs;
I have no Power, no Being of my ſelf,
No Reaſon ſtrong enough now left within me

To

To bind my Will; O Love, thou God, or Devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the Tyrant in me.
Soto. Oh.
Cla. What's that Cry?
Soto. A Surgeon, a Surgeon,
Twenty good Surgeons.
Cla. 'Tis not far from me,
Some Murther o' my Life.
Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no Surgeon?
Cla. 'Tis my Man ſure,
His Voice, and here he lies; how is it with thee?
Soto. I am ſlain, Sir, I am ſlain.
Cla. Slain? Who has ſlain thee?
Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd.
Cla. Where's thy hurt?
Soto. I know not,
But I am ſure I am kill'd.
Cla. Canſt thou ſit up,
That I may find the hurt out?
Soto. I can ſit up,
But ne'er the leſs I am ſlain.
Cla. 'Tis not o' this ſide?
Soto. No, Sir, I think it be not.
Cla. Nor o' this ſide,
Was it done with a Sword?
Soto. A Gun, a Gun, ſweet Maſter. (Man.
Cla. The Devil a Bullet has been here; thou are well,
Soto. No ſure I am kill'd.
Cla. Let me ſee thy Thighs, and Belly:
As whole as a Fiſh for any thing I ſee yet;
Thou bleed'ſt no where.
Soto. I think I do not bleed, Sir,
But yet I am afraid I am ſlain.
Cla. Stand up Fool,
Thou haſt as much hurt as my Nail; who ſhot thee,
A Pottle, or a Pint?
Soto. Signior *Silvio* ſhot me
In theſe Clothes; taking me for you, and ſeeing
The Ladder in my Hand here, which I ſtole from ye,

Thinkin

Thinking to have gone to the Lady my ſelf, and have
ſpoke for ye. (rah,
Cla. If he had hit ye home, he had ſerv'd ye right, Sir-
You ſaucy Rogue; how poor my intent ſhews to me,
How naked now, and fooliſh?
Soto. Are ye ſure he has not hit me,
It gave a monſtrous Bounce?
Cla. You roſe o' your right Side,
And ſaid your Prayers too, you had been payed elſe;
But what need'ſt thou a Bullet, when thy Fear kills thee?
Sirrah, keep your own Counſel for all this, you'll be
If it be known. (hang'd elſe,
Soto. If it be by my means, let me;
I am glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My Gentleman-like Humour's out; I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a Gentleman, is to be kill'd twice a Week.
Cla. Keep your ſelf cloſe i'th' Country for a while, Sirrah.
There's Mony, walk to your Friends.
Soto. They have no Piſtols,
Nor are no Gentlemen, that's my Comfort. [*Exit.*
Cla. I will retire too, and live private; for this *Silvio*,
Inflam'd with nobleneſs, will be my Death elſe;
And if I can forget this Love that loads me,
At leaſt the danger; and now I think on't better,
I have ſome Concluſions elſe invites me to it. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Rodope, *and* Silvio, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Rod. NEphew.
Sil. My dear Aunt.
Rod. Would you go by thus ſlily,
And never ſee me, not once ſend in to me,
Your loving Aunt? ſhe that above all thoſe
I call my Kindred, honour'd you, and placed you
Neareſt my Heart?
Sil. I thank you, worthy Aunt,
But ſuch at this time are my Occaſions—— *Rod.*

Rod. You ſhall not go yet, by my Faith you ſhall not,
I will not be deny'd: Why look ye ſad, Nephew?
Sil. I am ſeldom other; Oh, this Blood ſits heavy;
As I walk'd this way late laſt Night,
In Meditation of ſome things concern'd me——
Rod. What, Nephew?
Sil. Why methought I heard a Piece, Lady,
A Piece ſhot off, much about this Place too,
But could not judge the cauſe, nor what it boaded,
Under the Caſtle-wall.
Rod. We heard it too,
And the Watch purſu'd it preſently, but found nothing,
Not any tract.
Sil. I am right glad to hear it;
The Ruffians ſurely that command the Night
Have found him, ſtript him; and into the River
Convey'd the Body.
Rod. You look ſtill ſadder, Nephew,
Is any thing within theſe Walls to comfort ye?
Speak, and be Maſter of it.
Sil. Ye are a right Courtier,
A great Profeſſor, but a poor Performer. (that way,
Rod. Do you doubt my Faith? you never found me
I dare well ſpeak it boldly, but a true Friend.
Sil. Continue then.
Rod. Try me, and ſee who falters.
Sil. I will, and preſently; 'tis in your Power
To make me the moſt bound Man to your Courteſie.
Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail——
Sil. 'Tis thus then.
Get me acceſs to the Lady *Belvidere*,
But for a Minute, but to ſee her; your Husband now
Is ſafe at Court, I left him full employ'd there.
Rod. You have ask'd the thing without my Power to
The Law lies on the danger; if I lov'd ye not (grant ye,
I would bid ye go, and there be found, and die for't.
Sil. I knew your Love, and where there ſhew'd a danger
How far you durſt ſtep for me; give me a true Friend,
That where occaſion is to do a Benefit
Aims at the End, and not the Rubs before it;

I was

I was a Fool to ask ye this, a more Fool
To think a Woman had ſo much noble Nature
To entertain a Secret of this burthen;
Ye had beſt to tell the Dutcheſs I perſwaded ye,
That's a fine courſe, and one will win ye Credit;
Forget the Name of Couſin, blot my Blood out,
And ſo you raiſe your ſelf, let me grow ſhorter.
A Woman Friend! He that believes that weakneſs,
Steers in a ſtormy Night without a Compaſs.

Rod. What is't I durſt not do might not impeach ye?

Sil. Why this ye dare not do, ye dare not think of.

Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.

Sil. If it were not ſo,
I would not come to you to ſeek a favour.

Rod. You will loſe your ſelf.

Sil. The loſs ends with my ſelf then.

Rod. You will but ſee her?

Sil. Only look upon her.

Rod. Not ſtay?

Sil. Preſcribe your time.

Rod. Not traffick with her,
In any cloſe diſhonourable Action?

Sil. Stand you your ſelf by.

Rod. I will venture for ye,
Becauſe ye ſhall be ſure I am a touch'd Friend,
I'll bring her to ye; come walk, you know the Garden,
And take this Key to open the little Poſtern,
There ſtand no Guards.

Sil. I ſhall ſoon find it, Aunt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* Is the Captain come home?

2 *Sol.* No, who commands the Guard to Night?

1 *Sol.* I think *Petruchio.*

2 *Sol.* What's the Word?

1 *Sol.* None knows yet.

2 *Sol.* I would this Lady were married out o'th' way (once,
Or out of our Cuſtodies; I wiſh they would take in
more Companies,

For

For I am ſure we feel her in our Duties ſhrewdly.
1 *Sol.* 'Tis not her fault I warrant ye, ſhe is ready for't,
And that's the Plague, when they grow ripe for Mar-
They muſt be ſlipt like Hawkes, (riage,
2 *Sol.* Give me a mean Wench,
No State doubt lies on her, ſhe is always ready.
1 *Sol.* Come to the Guard, 'tis late, and ſure the
Cannot be long away. (Captain
2 *Sol.* I have watch'd theſe three Nights,
To Morrow they may keep me tame for nothing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, *and* Rodope *with a Light.*

Sil. This is the Place, I think; what Light is that
The Lady and my Couſin? (there?
Bel. Is this the Garden?
Rod. Yes, Madam.
Sil. Oh my bleſſed Miſtreſs,
Saint of my Soul.
Bel. Speak ſoftly; take me to ye,
Oh *Silvio*, I am thine, thine ever, *Silvio.*
Rod. Is this your Promiſe, Sir? Lady, your Honour?
I am undone if this be ſeen, diſgrac'd,
Fallen under all diſcredit.
Bel. Do you love ſtill?
Dear, do you keep your old Faith?
Sil. Ever, Lady;
And when that fails me, all that's good forſake me.
Rod. Do not you ſhame? Madam, I muſt not ſuffer
I will not ſuffer it; Men call you virtuous, (this,
What do you mean to loſe your ſelf thus? *Silvio*,
I charge thee get away, I charge you retire ye,
I'll call the Watch elſe.
Sil. Call all the World to ſee us,
We live in one another's Happineſs,
And ſo will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever.
Rod. As ye reſpect me, as hereafter, Madam,

You

You would enjoy his Love——nothing prevail with ye?
I'll try my ſtrength then; get thee gone, thou Villain,
Thou Promiſe-breaker.
Sil. I am ty'd, I cannot.
Rod. I'll ring the Bell then.
Sil. Ring it to death, I am fixt here.
Enter Bartello, *and two Soldiers with Lights.*
Bar. I ſaw a Light over the Garden Walk,
Hard by the Ladies Chamber, here's ſome knavery,
As I live, I ſaw it twice.
Rod. The Guard, the Guard there;
I muſt not ſuffer this, it is too miſchievous.
Bar. Light up the Torch, I fear'd this, ha? Young *Slivio*?
How got he in?
1 *Sold.* The Devil brought him in ſure,
He came not by us.
Bar. My Wife between 'em buſling?
Guard, pull him off.
Rod. Now, now, ye feel the Miſery.
Bar. You, Madam, at an hour ſo far undecent?
Death, O my Soul! This is a foul fault in ye,
Your Mother's Care abus'd too, Light's to her Chamber,
I am ſorry to ſee this.
Bel. Farewel my *Silvio*,
And let no Danger ſink thee.
Sil. Nor Death, Lady. [*Exeunt* Bel. *and* Rod.
Bar. Are ye ſo hot? I ſhall prepare ye Phyſick
Will purge ye finely, neatly, you are too fiery;
Think of your Prayers, Sir, an you have not forgot 'em;
Can ye fly i'th' Air, or creep ye in at Key-holes?
I have a Gin will catch ye though you conjur'd:
Take him to Guard to Night, to ſtrong and ſure Guard;
I'll back to th' Dutcheſs preſently: No leſs Sport ſerve ye,
Than the Heir to a Dukedom? Play at Puſh-pin there,
Sir?
It was well aim'd, but plague upon't, you ſhot ſhort,
And that will loſe your Game.
Sil. I know the loſs then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Claudio *like a Merchant.*

Clau. Now, in this Habit may I ſafely ſee
How my incenſed Friend carries my Murther,
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To ſuch a height of Rage, and much I grieve now
Mine own blind Paſſion had ſo maſter'd me
I could not ſee his Love, for ſure he loves her,
And on a nobler Ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It muſt be ſo, it is ſo; what *Penurio*,
My ſhotten Friend, what Wind blew you?
Pen. Faith 'tis true,
Any ſtrong Wind will blow me like a Feather,
I am all Air, nothing of Earth within me,
Nor have not had this Month, but that good Dinner
Your Worſhip gave me yeſterday, that ſtays by me,
And gives me Ballaſt, elſe the Sun would draw me.
Cla. But does my Miſtreſs ſpeak ſtill of me?
Pen. Yes, Sir,
And in her ſleep, that makes my Maſter mad too,
And turn and fart for Anger.
Cla. Art ſure ſhe ſaw me?
Pen. She ſaw ye at a Window.
Cla. 'Tis moſt true,
In ſuch a place I ſaw a Gentlewoman,
A young, ſweet handſome Woman.
Pen. That's ſhe, that's ſhe, Sir.
Cla. And well ſhe view'd me, I view'd her.
Pen. Still ſhe, Sir.
Cla. At laſt ſhe bluſh'd, and then look'd off.
Pen. That Bluſh, Sir,
If you can read it truly——
Cla. But didſt thou tell her,
Or didſt thou fool me, thou kneweſt ſuch a one?
Pen. I told her, and I told her ſuch a ſweet Tale——
Cla. But did ſhe hear thee?
Pen. With a thouſand Ears, Sir,
And ſwallow'd what I ſaid as greedily,

As great-belly'd Women do Cherries, Stones and all, Sir.
Cla. Methinks she should not love thy Master?
Pen. Hang him Pilcher,
There's nothing loves him, his own Cat cannot endure him.
She had better lye with a Bear, for he is so hairy,
That a tame Warren of Fleas frisk round about him.
Cla. And wilt thou work still?
Pen. Like a Miner for ye.
Cla. And get access?
Pen. Or conjure you together,
'Tis her desire to meet, she is poyson'd with him,
And till she take a sweet fresh Air, that's you, Sir.
Cla. There's Mony for thee, thou art a precious Varlet,
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy Master backward.
Pen. Blow you my Mistress, Sir, as flat as a Flounder,
Then blow her up again, as Butchers blow their Veals;
If she die upon the same
Bury her, bury her in God's Name. (thee,
Cla. Thou art a merry Knave; by this Hand I'll feed
Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou dar'st do this
Thou shalt eat no fantastical Porridge,
Nor lick the Dish where Oil was yesterday,
Dust, and dead Flies to day; Capons, fat Capons———
Pen. Oh hearty sound.
Cla. Cramb'd full of itching Oysters,
Pen. Will ye have the Dutchess?
Cla. And Lobsters big as Gauntlets,
Thou shalt despise base Beef.
Pen. I do despise it,
And now methinks I feel a Tart come sliding.
Cla. Leaping into thy Mouth; but first deal faithfully.
Pen. When will ye come?
Cla. To Morrow.
Pen. I'll attend ye,
For then my Master will be out in business.
Cla. What News abroad?
Pen. 'Mas, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signior *Silvio*, a good Gentleman,
Many a good Meal I have eaten with him———
Cla. What of him?

Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd before the Dutchess,
But why, I could not hear.
Cla. *Silvio* arraign'd?
Go, get ye gone, and think of me.
Pen. I fly, Sir. [*Exit* Pen.
Cla. Arraign'd? For what? For my supposed Death?
That cannot be sure, there's no Rumour of it. (No,
Be it what it will, I will be there and see it,
And if my help will bring him off, he has it. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Dutchess, Lords, Silvio *Prisoner,* Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, *Clark, Counsellors, and Attendants*

Dutch. Read the Edict last made,
Keep silence there.

Clerk. *If any Man of what Condition soever, and a Subject, after the publishing of this Edict, shall without special Licence from the great Dutchess, attempt or buy, offer, or make an Attempt, to solicite the Love of the Princess* Belvidere, *the Person so offending shall forfeit his Life.*

Coun. The reason why my Royal Mistress here,
In her last Treaty with *Sienna*'s Duke,
Promis'd her beauteous Daughter there in Marriage,
The Duke of *Milan*, Rival in this Fortune,
Unnobly sought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and cross'd, the Cittadel receiv'd her,
There to secure her Mother's word; the last cause,
So many Gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous Princess, and not brooking
One more than other, to deserve a Favour,
Blood has been spilt, many brave Spirits lost, (lence,
And more, unless she had been kept close from their Vio-
Had like to have followed: Therefore for due prevention
Of all such Hazards and unnoble Actions,
This last Edict was publish'd, which thou *Silvio*,
Like a false Man, a bad Man, and a Traitor
Hast rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cause
Thou standest a guilty Man here now.

Enter

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak *Silvio*,
What canſt thou ſay to avoid the Hand of Juſtice? (it.
Sil. Nothing, but I confeſs, ſubmit and lay my Head to
Bel. Have ye no Eyes, my Lords, no Underſtandings?
The Gentleman will caſt himſelf away,
Caſt himſelf wilfully: Are you, or you Guilty?
No more is he, no more Taint ſticks upon him:
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him,
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forced him to me,
Poor gentle Soul, he's in no part Tranſgreſſing,
I wrote unto him.
Sil. Do not wrong that Honour,
Caſt not upon that Pureneſs theſe Aſperſions,
It was my Love, my Violence,
My Life muſt anſwer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the Law, ſolicited unjuſtly.
Bel. As there is Truth in Heav'n, I was the firſt cauſe:
How could this Man have come to me, left naked
Without my Counſel and Proviſion?
What hour could he find out to paſs the Watches,
But I muſt make it ſure firſt? Reverend Judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent Life lie
Upon your ſhaking Conſcience; I did it,
My Love the main Wheel that ſet him a going:
His motion but compell'd.
Sil. Can ye believe this?
And know with what a Modeſty and Whiteneſs
Her Life was ever rank'd? Can you believe this,
And ſee me here before ye, young and wilful?
Apt to what danger Love dares thruſt me on,
And where Law ſtops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were baſhful, old, or dull, and ſleepy
In Loves Alarms, a Woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to Happineſs:
But I, like Fire, kindled with that bright Beauty,
Catch hold of all Occaſions, and run through 'em.
Bel. I charge ye, as your honeſt Souls will anſwer it.
Sil. I charge ye, as you are the Friends to Virtue,

That has no Pattern living but this Lady.
Bel. Let not his Blood——
Sil. Let not her Wilfulneſs——
For then you act a Scene Hell will rejoyce at.
Bel. He is clear.
Sil. She is as white in this as Infants.
Cla. The God of Love protect your Cauſe, and help ye,
Two nobler pieces of Affection
Theſe Eyes ne'er look'd on; if ſuch Goodneſs periſh,
Let never true Hearts meet again, but break. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* A ſtrange example of ſtrong Love, a rare one.
2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to ſay, to think on.
Dutch. I muſt confeſs it ſtrikes me tender too,
Searches my Mother's Heart: You found 'em there?
Bar. Yes certain, Madam.
Dutch. And ſo linked together?
Bar. As they had been one piece of Alablaſter.
Dutch. Nothing diſhonourable?
Sil. So let my Soul have Happineſs,
As that Thought yet durſt never ſeek this Boſom.
Dutch. What ſhall I do? 'Has broke my Law, abus'd me,
Fain would I know the Truth, either confeſs it,
And let me underſtand the main Offender,
Or both ſhall feel the Torture.
Sil. Are ye a Mother,
The Mother of ſo ſweet a Roſe as this is?
So pure a Flower? And dare ye loſe that Nature?
Dare ye take to your ſelf ſo great a Wickedneſs,
(Oh holy Heav'n) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly Building? This Temple, where the Gods (dwell?
Give me a thouſand Tortures, I deſerve 'em,
And ſhew me Death in all the Shapes imagin'd.
Bel. No Death but I will anſwer it, meet it, ſeek it;
No Torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiſs it.
1 *Lord.* This is no way.
2 *Lord.* They ſay no more, for certain,
Than their ſtrong Hearts will ſuffer.
Dutch. I have bethought me;
No Lords, although I have a Child offending,
Nature dares not forget ſhe is a Child ſtill;

Till

Till now, I never look'd on Love imperious:
I have bethought me of a way to break ye,
To seperate, though not your Loves, your Bodies:
Silvio attend, I'll be your Judge my self now.
The Sentence of your Death (because my Daughter
Will bear an equal part in your Afflictions)
I take away, and pardon; this remains then
An easie and a gentle Punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd: Because unnobly
You have sought the Love and Marriage of a Princess,
The absolute and sole Heir of this Dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
To plant your self into this Rule hereafter,
We here pronounce ye a Man banish'd from us.
Sil. For ever banish'd, Lady?
Dutch. Yet more Mercy,
But for a Year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance; yet more Pity,
If in that time you can absolve a Question,
Writ down within this Scrowl, absolve it rightly,
This Lady is your Wife, and shall live with ye;
If not, you lose your Head.
Sil. I take this Honour,
And humbly kiss those Royal Hands.
Dutch. Receive it: *Bartello*, to your old Guard take (the Princess,
And so the Court break up.
Sil. Farewel to all,
And to that spotless Heart my endless Service. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* What will this prove?
2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a Year hence, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Penurio, Isabella, *and* Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have not I wrought this (wonder
Non eben fatto Signieur.
Cla. Rarely, *Penurio.*
Pen. Close, close then, and work Wax.
Cla. I am studying for thee
A Dinner, that shall victual thee for ten Year.

Pen. Do you hear, Miſtreſs?
You know what a dunder Whelp my Maſter is,
I need not preach to ye, how unfit and wanting
To give a Woman ſatisfaction:
How he ſtinks, and ſnores, a Bull's a better Bed-fellow;
And for his Love, never let that deceive ye.
Iſab. Nay ſure he loves me not.
Pen. If he could Coyn ye,
Or turn ye into Mettal, much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is Traffick:
I have heard him ſwear, he would ſell ye to the *Grand*
Iſab. The *Turk?* (*Signior.*
Pen. The very *Turk*, and how they would uſe ye.
Iſab. I'll fit him for't: The *Turk?*
Pen. I know the price too:
Now ye have time to pay him, pay him home Miſtreſs;
Pay him o' th' Pate, clout him for all his Courteſies;
Here's one that dances in your Eyes, young, delicate,
To work this Vengeance; if ye let it ſlip now,
There is no pitying of ye. Od's precious, Miſtreſs,
Were I his Wife, I would ſo mall his Mazard,
'Tis Charity, meer Charity, pure Charity,
Are you the firſt? Has it not been from *Eve*'s time,
Women would have their ſafe Revenges this way?
And good and gracious Women, excellent Women;
Is't not a handſome Gentleman, a ſweet Gentleman?
View him from Head to Foot, a compleat Gentleman;
When can ye hope the like again? I leave ye,
And my Revenge too, with ye; I know my Office,
I'll not be far off, be not long a fumbling,
When danger ſhall appear, I'll give the 'larme. [*Exit.*
Iſab. You are welcome, Sir, and would it were my For-
To afford a Gentleman of your fair ſeeming (tune
A freer Entertainment than this Houſe has:
You partly know, Sir.——
Cla. Know, and pity, Lady,
Such ſweetneſs in the Bud, ſhould be ſo blaſted;
Dare you make me your Servant?
Iſab. Dare you make, Sir,
That ſervice worthy of a Woman's Favour

By

By Conſtancy and Goodneſs?
Cla. Here I ſwear to ye,
By the unvalued Love I bear this Beauty,
(And kiſs the Book too) never to be recreant,
To honour ye, to truly love, and ſerve ye,
My Youth to wait upon ye, what my Wealth has.
Iſab. Oh make me not ſo poor to ſell Affection,
Thoſe bought Loves, Sir, wear faſter than the Monies;
A handſome Gentleman.
Cla. A moſt delicate ſweet one,
Let my Truth purchaſe then.
Iſab. I ſhould firſt try it,
But you may happily——
Cla. You ſhall not doubt me.
I hope ſhe loves me; when I prove falſe, ſhame take me;
Will ye believe a little?
Iſab. I fear, too much, Sir.
Cla. And will ye love a little?
Iſab. That ſhould be your Part.
Cla. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.
Iſab. A good beginning,
We have a Proverb ſays, makes a good ending.
Cla. Say ye ſo? 'tis well inferr'd.
Iſab. Good Sir, your Patience;
Methinks I have ventur'd now, like a weak Bark,
Upon a broken Billow, that will ſwallow me,
Upon a rough Sea of Suſpicions,
Stuck round with jealous Rocks.
Pen. within. A hem, a hem there. (me.
Iſab. This is my Man; my Fears too ſoon have found

Enter Penurio.

Now what's the News?
Pen. A pox of yonder old Rigel,
The Captain, the old Captain.
Iſab. What old Captain?
Pen. Captain Courageous yonder of the Caſtle,
Captain, Don *Diego*, old *Bartello*.
Iſab. Where is he?
Pen. He's coming in;
'Twould vex the Devil, that ſuch an old Potgun as this,

That

That can make no Sport, ſhould hinder them that can do (it.
Iſab. I would not have him ſee the Gentleman,
For all the World, my Credit were undone then.
Pen. Shall I fling a Piſs-pot on's Head as he comes in,
And take him into th' Kitchin, there to dry him.
Iſab. That will not do; and he is ſo humorous too
He will come in.
Cla. What is he?
Iſab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Iſab. Your ſight now,
Out of a driveling Dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my Husband, and undo me.
Cla. What would ye have me do?
Iſab. But for a while, Sir,
Step here behind this Hanging, preſently
I'll anſwer him, and then——
Cla. I will obey ye.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. Where's my rich Jeweller? I have Stones to ſett.
Pen. He is abroad, and ſure, Sir.
Bar. There's for your Service;
Where's the fair Lady? All alone, ſweet Beauty?
Iſab She's never much alone, Sir, that's acquainted
With ſuch Companions as good honeſt Thoughts are.
Bar. I'll ſit down by thee, and I'll kiſs thy Hand too,
And in thine Ear ſwear by my Life I love thee.
Iſab. Ye are a merry Captain.
Bar. And a mad one, Lady;
By th' mas thou haſt goodly Eyes, excellent Eyes, Wench,
Ye twinkling Rogues, look what thy Captain brings
Thou muſt needs love me, love me heartily, (thee,
Hug me, and love me, hug me cloſe.
Iſab. Fie, Captain. (rah,
Bar. Nay, I have ſtrength, and I can ſtrain ye, Sir-
And vault into my Seat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your ſmooth-chinn'd Boys in *Florence.*
I muſt needs commit a little folly with ye,
I'll not be long, a brideling caſt, and away Wench;
The hob-nail thy Husband's as fitly out o'th' way now?

Iſab.

Isab. Do you think he keeps a Bawdy-house?
Bar. That's all one.
Isab. Or did you ever see that lightness in my Carriage,
That you might promise to your self——
Bar. Away Fool,
A good turn's a good turn; I am an honest Fellow;
Isab. You have a handsome Wife, a virtuous Gentle-
Bar. They are not for this time o'th' Year. (woman,
Isab. A Lady,
That ever bore that great Respect to you,
That noble Constancy.
Bar. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid, and Penurio.

Maid. Oh Mistress, ye are undone, my Master's coming.
Pen. Coming hard by here.
Bar. Plague consume the Rascal,
Shall I make Petty-patties of him?
Isab. Now what Love, Sir?
Fear of your coming made him Jealous first;
Your finding here, will make him mad and desperate,
And what in that wild Mood he will execute——
Bar. I can think of nothing, I have no Wit left me,
Certain my Head's a Mustard-pot.
Isab. I have thought, Sir,
And if you'll please to put in Execution
What I conceive——
Bar. I'll do it, tell it quickly.
Isab. Draw your Sword quickly, and go down inrag'd,
As if you had pursu'd some Foe up hither,
And grumble to your self extreamly, terribly,
But not a word to him, and so pass by him.
Bar. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Isab. Stand you still, good Sir.
Bar. Rascal, Slave, Villain, take a House so poorly,
After thou hast wrong'd a Gentleman, a Soldier,
Base Poltroon Boy, you will forsake your Nest, Sirrah.
Lop. The matter, good sweet Captain?
Bar. Run-away Rogue,
And take a House to cover thy base Cowardize,

I'll

I'll whip ye, I'll ſo ſcourge ye.
Lop. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter, Wife?
Iſab. Did you meet the mad Man?
Lop. I never ſaw the Captain ſo provok'd yet.
Iſab. Oh he's a Devil ſure, a moſt bloody Devil,
He follow'd a young Gentleman, his Sword drawn,
With ſuch a fury, how I ſhake to think on't,
And foin'd, and ſlaſh'd at him, and ſwore he'd kill him,
Drove him up hither, follow'd him ſtill bloodily,
And if I had not hid him, ſure had ſlain him;
A mercileſs old Man.
Cla. Moſt virtuous Lady,
Even as the giver of my Life, I thank ye.
Lop. This Fellow muſt not ſtay here, he is too hand-ſome;
He is gone, Sir, and you may paſs now with all Security,
I'll be your Guide my ſelf, and ſuch a way
I'll lead ye, none ſhall croſs, nor none ſhall know ye.
The Doors left open, Sirrah, I'll ſtarve you for this trick,
I'll make thee faſt o' *Sundays*; and for you Lady,
I'll have your Lodgings farther off, and cloſer,
I'll have no Street-lights to you; will you go, Sir?
Cla. I thank ye, Sir; the Devil take this Fortune;
And once more all my Service to your Goodneſs. [*Exit.*
Pen. Now could I eat my very Arms for Madneſs,
Croſs'd in the nick o'th' matter? Vengeance take it,
And that old Cavalier that ſpoil'd our Cock-fight;
I'll lay the next Plot ſurer.
Iſab. I am glad, and ſorry;
Glad, that I got ſo fairly off Suſpicion;
Sorry, I loſt my new lov'd Friend.
Pen. Not loſt, Miſtreſs;
I'll conjure once again to raiſe that Spirit;
In, and look ſoberly upon the matter,
We'll ring him one Peal more, and if that fall,
The Devil take the Clappers, Bells, and all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dutchess, Lords, and Rodope.

Dutch. NOW *Rodope*, how do you find my Daughter?

Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,
What the State wishes her; I urg'd her fault to her,
Open'd her Eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong Will into,
Made her start at her Folly, shake and tremble,
At the meer Memory of such an Ignorance,
She now contemns his Love, hates his Remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the Name of *Silvio*;
His Person spits at.

Dutch. I am glad to hear this.

Rod. And humbly now to your Will, your Care, Madam,
Bends her Affections, bows her Obedience;
Syenna's Duke with new Eyes now she looks on,
And with a Princely Love, fit for his Person,
Returns that Happiness and Joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the Neighbour Dukedoms,
Not any private End, or rash Affection,
She aims at now; hearing the Duke arriv'd too,
(To whom she owes all Honour, and all Service,)
She charg'd me kneel thus at your Grace's Feet,
And not to rise without a general Pardon.

Dutch. She has it, and my Love again, my old Love,
And with more Tenderness I meet this Penitence,
Than if she ne'er had started from her Honour;
I thank ye *Rodope*, am bound to thank ye,
And daily to remember this great Service,
This honest faithful Service; go in Peace,
And by this Ring, delivered to *Bartello*,
Let her enjoy our Favour, and her Liberty,
And presently to this Place, with all Honour,
See her conducted.

Rod. Your Grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter a Lord.

Lord. *Syenna*'s noble Duke, craves his Admittance.

Enter Duke of Syenna *with Attendants.*

Dutch. Go, wait upon his Grace; Fair Sir, you are
Welcome to her ever admir'd your Virtues; (welcome,
And now methinks my Court looks truly noble;
You have taken too much Pains, Sir.

Syen. Royal Lady,
To wait upon your Grace is but my Service.

Dutch. Keep that, Sir, for the Saint ye have vow'd it to.

Syen. I keep a Life for her; since your Grace pleases
To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your Royal Promise,
The beauteous *Belvidere* in Marriage,
I come to tender her my Youth, my Fortune,
My everlasting Love.

Enter Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, *and Attendants.*

Dutch. You are like to win, Sir;
All is forgot, forgiven too; no sadness
My good Child, you have the same Heart still here,
The Duke of *Syenna*, Child, pray use him nobly.

Syen. An Angel Beauty.

Bel. Your Grace is fairly welcome,
And what in Modesty a blushing Maid may
Wish to a Gentleman of your great Goodness;
But Wishes are too poor a Pay for Princes. (tles,

Syen. You have made me richer than all States and Ti-
One Kiss of this white Hand's above all Honours;
My Faith, dear Lady, and my fruitful Service,
My duteous Zeal———

Bel. Your Grace is a great Master,
And speaks too powerfully to be resisted;
Once more you are welcome, Sir, to me you are welcome,
To her that honours ye; I could say more, Sir,
But in another's Tongue 'twere better spoken. (happy;

Syen. As wise as fair, you have made your Servant
I never saw so rich a Mine of sweetness. (Journey,

Dutch. Will your Grace please, after your painful
To take some rest? Are the Duke's Lodgings ready?

Lord. All, Madam.

Dutch.

Dutch. Then wait upon his Grace, all, and to Mor-
We'll ſhew ye in what high eſteem we hold ye, (row, Sir,
'Till then a fair repoſe.
Syen. My faireſt Service. [*Exit Duke*, &c.
Dutch. You have ſo honour'd me, my deareſt Daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this Entertainment,
I mean your loving Carriage to *Syenna*,
That both for ever I forget all Treſpaſſes,
And to ſecure you next of my full Favour,
Ask what you will within my Power to grant ye,
Ask freely; and if I forget my Promiſe——
Ask confidently.
Bel. You are too Royal to me;
To me that have ſo fooliſhly tranſgreſs'd you,
So like a Girl, ſo far forgot my Virtue,
Which now appears as baſe and ugly to me,
As did his Dream, that thought he was in Paradiſe,
Awak'd and ſaw the Devil; how was I wander'd?
With what Eyes could I look upon that poor, that
courſe thing, (thing?
That wretched thing call'd *Silvio*? that, now, deſpis'd
And loſe an Object of that graceful Sweetneſs,
That God-like Preſence, as *Syenna* is?
Darkneſs, and cheerful Day, had not ſuch Difference;
But I muſt ever bleſs your Care, your Wiſdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of Folly,
How had I ſunk elſe? what Example given?
Dutch. Prethee no more, and as thou art my beſt one,
Ask ſomething that may equal ſuch a Goodneſs.
Bel. Why did ye let him go ſo ſlightly from ye,
More like a Man in triumph, than condemn'd;
Why did ye make his Penance but a Queſtion,
A Riddle, every idle Wit unlocks.
Dutch. 'Tis not ſo,
Nor do not fear it ſo; he will not find it,
I have given that (unleſs my ſelf diſcover it)
Will coſt his Head.
Bel. 'Tis ſubject to Conſtruction?
Dutch. That it is too.
Bel. It may be then abſolv'd,

And

And then are we both ſcorn'd and laugh'd at, Madam;
Beſide the Promiſe you have ty'd upon it,
Which you muſt never keep.

Dutch. I never meant it.

Bel. For Heav'n ſake let me know it, 'tis my Suit to ye,
The Boon you would have me ask; let me but ſee it,
That if there be a way to make't ſo ſtrong,
No Wit nor powerful Reaſon can run through it,
For my Diſgrace, I may beg of Heav'n to grant it.

Dutch. Fear not, it has been put to ſharper Judgments
Than e'er he ſhall arrive at; my dear Father,
That was as fiery in his Underſtanding,
And ready in his Wit as any living,
Had it two Years, and ſtudied it, yet loſt it;
This Night ye are my Bed-fellow, there Daughter
Into your Boſom I'll commit this Secret,
And there we'll both take Counſel.

Bel. I ſhall find
Some trick I hope too ſtrong yet for his Mind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd well of late, grown luſty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous *Rugio*;
And now, methinks I ſcorn theſe poor Repaſts,
Cheeſe-parings, and the ſtinking Tongues of Pilchers;
But why ſhould I remember theſe? they are odious,
They are odious in mine Eyes; the full fat Diſh now,
The bearing Diſh is that I reverence,
The Diſh an able Serving-man ſweats under,
And bends i'th' Hams, as if the Houſe hung on him,
That Diſh is the Diſh; hang your bladder Banquets,
Or half a dozen of Turnips and two Muſhrumps,
Theſe when they breed their beſt, hatch but two Belches;
The ſtate of a fat Turky, the Decorum
He marches in with, all the Train and Circumſtance;
'Tis ſuch a matter, ſuch a glorious matter,
And then his Sauce with Oranges and Onions,
And he diſplaid in all Parts, for ſuch a Diſh now,
And at my need I would betray my Father,
And for a roſted Conger, all my Country.

Enter

Enter Bartello.

Bar. What, my Friend *Lean-gut*, how does thy beauteous Miſtreſs?

And where's your Maſter, Sirrah? Where's that Horn-pipe?

Pen. My Miſtreſs, Sir, does as a poor wrong'd Gentlewo-man,
Too much, Heav'n knows, oppreſt with Injuries;
May do and live.

Bar. Is the old Fool ſtill jealous?

Pen. As old Fools are, and will be ſtill the ſame, Sir.

Bar. He muſt have cauſe: He muſt have cauſe.

Pen. 'Tis true, Sir,
And would he had with all my Heart.

Bar. He ſhall have.

Pen. For then he had Salt to his Saffron Porridge.

Bar. Why do not I ſee thee ſometime? Why, thou ſtarv'd Raſcal?
Why do not ye come to me, you precious Bow-caſe?
I keep good Meat at home, good ſtore.

Pen. Yes, Sir, I will not fail ye all next Week.

Bar. Thou art welcome,
I have a ſecret I would fain impart to thee,
But thou art ſo thin, the Wind will blow it from thee,
Or Men will read it through thee.

Pen. Wrap'd up in Beef, Sir,
In good groſs Beef, let all the World look on me,
The *Engliſh* have that trick to keep Intelligence.

Bar. A witty Knave; firſt there's to tie your Tongue up.

Pen. Dumb as a Dog, Sir.

Bar. Next, hark in your Ear, Sirrah.

Pen. Well, very well, excellent well; 'tis done, Sir,
Say no more to me.

Bar. Say and hold.

Pen. 'Tis done, Sir.

Bar. As thou lov'ſt butter'd Eggs, ſwear.

Pen. Let me kiſs the Book firſt,
But here's my Hand, brave Captain.

Bar. Look ye hold, Sirrah. [*Exit.*

Pen. Oh the moſt precious vanity of this World;
When ſuch dry'd Neats-tongues muſt be ſoak'd and larded
With young fat ſupple Wenches? Oh the Devil,
What can he do, he cannot ſuck an Egg off

But his Back's looſe i'th' Hilts: Go thy ways, Captain,
Well may thy warlike Name work Miracles,
But if e'er thy founder'd Courſer win much more,
Or ſtand right but one train———

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Now Signior *Shadow*,
What art thou thinking of, how to rob thy Maſter?
Pen. Of his good Deeds? The Thief that undertakes
Muſt have a hook will poze all Hell to hammer: (that
Have ye dined Gentlemen, or do you purpoſe?
2 *Gent.* Dined, two long hours ago.
Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To Supper, doſt thou mean?
Pen. To any thing
That has the ſmell of Meat in't; tell me true, Gentlemen,
Are not you three going to be ſinful?
To iropard a Joint, or ſo? I have found your Faces,
And ſee Whore written in your Eyes.
1 *Gent.* A parlous Raſcal,
Thou art much upon the matter.
Pen. Have a care Gentlemen,
'Tis a ſore Age, very ſore Age, lewd Age,
And Women now are like old Knights Adventures,
Full of inchanted Flames, and dangerous. (nour.
2 *Gent.* Where the moſt Danger is, there's the moſt Ho-
Pen. I grant ye, Honour moſt conſiſts in Sufferance,
And by that rule you three ſhould be moſt Honourable.
3 *Gent.* A ſubtle Rogue; but canſt thou tell, *Penurio*,
Where we may light upon———
Pen. A learned Surgeon? (Wenches.
3 *Gent.* Pox take ye Fool, I mean good wholſome
Pen. 'Faith wholſome Women will but ſpoil ye too,
For you are ſo us'd to ſnap-haunces: But take my Counſel,
Take fat old Women, fat, and five and fifty,
The Doy-days are come in.
2 *Gent.* Take fat old Women?
Pen. The fatter and the older, ſtill the better,
You do not know the pleaſure of an old Dame,
A fat old Dame, you do not know the knack on't:
They are like our Country Grots, as cool as *Chriſtmas*,

And

And ſure i' th' Keels.

1 *Gent.* Hang him ſtarv'd Fool, he mocks us.

3 *Gent. Penurio*, thou know'ſt all the handſome Wenches? What ſhall I give thee for a Merchant's Wife now?

Pen. I take no Mony, Gentlemen, that's baſe,
I trade in Meat; a Merchant's Wife will coſt ye
A glorious Capon, a great Shoulder of Mutton,
And a Tart as big as a Conjurer's Circle.

3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.

1 *Gent.* And what a Haberdaſher's?

Pen. Worſe Meat will ſerve for her, a great Gooſe-Pie,
But you muſt ſend it out o' th' Country to me,
It will not do elſe; with a piece of Bacon,
And if you can a Pot of Butter with it.

2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at Horſe-fleſh; what a Parſon's?

Pen. A Tithe-Pig has no Fellow, if I fetch her,
If ſhe be Puritane, Plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat Loin of Veal, well ſauc'd and roaſted,

2 *Gent.* We'll meet one Night, and thou ſhalt have all these;
O' that condition we may have the Wenches.
A dainty Raſcal.

Pen. When your Stomachs ſerve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll ſupply ye.

1 *Gent.* Farewel, and there's to fill thy Paunch.

Pen. Brave Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* Hold Sirrah, there.

Pen. Any young Wench i'th' Town, Sir.

3 *Gent.* It ſhall go round. [*Exit Gent.*

Pen. Moſt honourable Gentlemen,
All theſe are Courtiers, but they are meer Coxcombs,
And only for a Wench, their Purſes open,
Nor have they ſo much Judgment left to chuſe her;
If e'er they call upon me, I'll ſo fit 'em,
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd Mackrel Ladies,
Stink like a ſtanding Ditch, and thoſe dear Damſels;
But I forget my buſineſs, I thank ye Monſieurs,
I have a thouſand whimſeys in my Brain now. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter (to a Banquet) Dutchess, Syenna, Lords, and Attendants.

Dutch. Your Grace shall now perceive how much we
Honour ye,
And in what dear regard we hold your Friendship:
Will you sit, Sir, and grace this homely Banquet? (cent.
Sye. Madam, to your poor Friend, you are too magnifi-
Dutch. To the Duke's Health, and all the Joys I wish
Let no Man miss this Cup; have we no Musick? (him,
Sye. Your noble Favours still you heap upon me,
But where's my virtuous Mistress? Such a Feast,
And not her sparkling Beauty here to bless it?
Methinks it should not be, it shews not fully.
Dutch. Young Ladies, Sir, are long, and curious
In putting on their Trims, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good Morrow when they are ready:
Go some and call her, and wait upon her hither,
Tell her the Duke and I desire her Company:
I warrant ye, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd, this and that Fashion look'd on,
For Ruffs and Gowns; cast this away, these Jewels
Suited to these, and these Knots: O' my life, Sir,
She fears your curious Eye will soon discover else:
Why stand ye still, why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my Daughter?
Are ye nailed here? Nor stir? Nor speak? Who am I,
And who are you?
1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious Lady,
The fear to tell you that you would not hear of,
Makes us all dumb; the Princess is gone, Madam. (me.
Dutch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiser Fellow answer
2 *Lord.* We sought the Court all over, and believe Lady,
No News of where she is, nor how convey'd hence.
Dutch. It cannot be, it must not be.
1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, Madam,
No Room in all the Court, but we search'd through it,
Her Women found her want first, and they cry'd to us.
Dutch. Gone? Stol'n away? I am abus'd, dishonour'd.
Sye. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I dishonour'd.
Is this your Welcome, t' is your Favour to me? To

To foiſt a Trick upon me, this Trick too,
To cheat me of my Love? Am I not worthy?
Or ſince I was your Gueſt, am I grown odious?
Dutch. Your Grace miſtakes me, as I have a life, Sir.
Sye. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor.
Dutch. But hear me patiently.
Sye. Give me my Love.
Dutch. As ſoon as Care can find her,
And all Care ſhall be uſed.
Sye. And all my Care too,
To be reveng'd; I ſmell the Trick, 'tis too rank,
Fie, how it ſmells o'th' Mother.
Dutch. You wrong me, Duke.
Sye. For this Diſgrace ten thouſand *Florentines*
Shall pay their deareſt Bloods, and dying curſe ye,
And ſo I turn away your mortal Enemy. [*Exit.*
Dutch. Since ye are ſo high and hot Sir, ye have half (arm'd us;
Be careful of the Town, of all the Caſtles,
And ſee Supplies of Soldiers every where,
And Muſters for the Field when he invites us,
For he ſhall know 'tis not high words can fright us.
My Daughter gone? Has ſhe ſo finely cozen'd me?
This is for *Silvio*'s ſake ſure, Oh cunning falſe one;
Publiſh a Proclamation through the Dukedom,
That whoſoe'er can bring to th' Court young *Silvio*,
Alive or dead, beſide our Thanks and Favour,
Shall have two thouſand Duckets for his Labour;
See it diſpatch'd, and ſent in haſte: Oh baſe one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Iſabella, *and* Penurio *with a Light.*

Iſab. Waſt thou with *Rugio*?
Pen. Yes marry was I cloſely.
Iſab. And does he ſtill remember his poor Miſtreſs?
Does he deſire to ſee me?
Pen. Yes, and preſently:
Puts off all buſineſs elſe, lives in that Memory,
And will be here accordingly to directions.
Iſab. But where's thy Maſter?

Pen. Where a Coxcombe ſhould be,
Waiting at Court with his Jewels,
Safe for this Night I warrant ye.
Iſab. I am bound to thee.
Pen. I would ye were, as cloſe as I could tie ye.
Iſab. Thou art my beſt, my trueſt Friend.
Pen. I labour,
I moil and toil for ye: I am your Hackney.
Iſab. If ever I be able——
Pen. Steal the great Cheeſe, Miſtreſs,
Was ſent him out o'th' Country.
Iſab. Any thing.
Pen. That's Meat, 'tis lawful Miſtreſs, where's the Caſtle
He got at Court? (Cuſtard,
Iſab. He has lock'd it in's Study.
Pen. Get a Warrant to ſearch for counterfeit Gold.
Iſab. Give me thy Candle,
I'll find a time to be thy careful Cater.
Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his Cook,
And dreſs his Calves-Head to the ſweeteſt Sauce, Miſtreſs.
Iſab. To Bed *Penurio*, go, the reſt is my charge,
I'll keep the Watch out.
Pen. Now if you ſpare him—— [*Exit.*
Iſab. Peace Fool,
I hope my *Rugio* will not fail, 'twould vex me:
Now to my ſtring; ſo, ſure he cannot miſs now,
And this end to my Finger: I'll lie down,
For on a ſudden I am wondrous heavy,
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, though it be with eaſy motion
I ſhall ſoon waken, and as ſoon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Thou ſecret Friend, how am I bound to love thee?
And how to hug thee for thy private Service?
Thou art the Star all my Suſpicions ſail by,
The fixed Point my wronged Honour turns to,
By thee I ſhall know all, find all the Subtilties
Of deviliſh Women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my Conjurer, my Spell, my Spirit,
All's huſh'd and ſtill, no ſound of any ſtirring,

No

No tread of living thing, the Light is in ſtill,
And there's my Wife, how prettily the Fool lies,
How ſweet, and handſomely, and in her Cloathes too,
Waiting for me upon my Life; her fondneſs
Would not admit her reſt till I came to her:
O careful Fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'ſt thy loving Husband?
I am an Aſs, an over-doting Coxcombe;
And this ſweet Soul, the Mirror of Perfection:
How admirable fair and delicate,
And how it ſtirs me, I'll ſing thy Sweets a Requiem,
But will not waken thee.

SONG.

OH fair ſweet Face, oh Eyes celeſtial bright,
Twin Stars in Heav'n, that now adorn the Night;
Oh fruitful Lips, where Cherries ever grow,
And Damask Cheeks, where all ſweet Beauties blow;
Oh thou from Head to Foot divinely fair,
Cupid's *moſt cunning Net's made of that Hair,*
And as he weaves himſelf for curious Eyes;
Oh me, Oh me, I am caught my ſelf, he cries:
Sweet reſt about thee, ſweet and golden Sleep,
Soft peaceful Thoughts, your hourly Watches keep,
Whilſt I in wonder ſing this Sacrifice,
To Beauty ſacred, and thoſe Angel-eyes.

Now will I ſteal a Kiſs, a dear Kiſs from her,
And ſuck the Roſie breath of this bright Beauty;
What a Devil is this? Ty'd to her Finger too?
A ſtring, a damned ſtring to give Intelligence.
Oh my lov'd Key, how truly haſt thou ſerv'd me;
I'll follow this: Soft, ſoft, to th' Door it goes,
And through to th' other ſide; a damn'd ſtring 'tis,
I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madneſs; ſtay, this helps not:
Stay, ſtay, and now Invention help me,
I'll ſit down by her, take this from her eaſily,
And thus upon mine own: Dog, I ſhall catch ye,
With all your cunning, Sir: I ſhall light on ye.
I felt it pull ſure; yes, but wondrous ſoftly,

Tis there again, and harder now, have at ye,
Now and thou ſcap'ſt, the Devil's thy ghoſtly Father.
[*Exit.*

Iſab. Sure 'twas my Husband's Voice, the ſtring is gone
He has found the trick on't, I am undone, betray'd, (too,
And if he meet my Friend he periſhes;
What Fortune follows me, what ſpightful Fortune?
Hoa *Jaquenet.*

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here Miſtreſs, do you call me?
Iſab. Didſt thou hear no Noiſe?
Jaq. I hear my Maſter mad yonder,
And ſwears, and chafes———
Iſab. Dar'ſt thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine Honour, all is loſt elſe?
Jaq. Name what you will.
Iſab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompence ſo largely———
Jaq. Name it.
Iſab. Sit here as if thou wert aſleep.
Jaq. Is that all?
Iſab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee
(The worſt will be but beating) ſpeak not a word,
Not one word as thou loveſt me.
Jaq. I'll run through it.
Iſab. I'll carry away the Candle. [*Exit.*
Jaq. And I the Blows, Miſtreſs.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Have you put your Light out? I ſhall ſtumble to ye,
You Whore, you cunning Whore, I ſhall catch your Rogue (too,
H'as light Legs, elſe I had ſo Ferret-claw'd him:
Oh have I found ye? Do ye play at Dog-ſleep ſtill, Whore?
Do you think that can protect ye? Yes, I will kill thee,
But firſt I'll bring thy Friends to view thy Villanies,
Thy whoriſh Villanies: And firſt I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to Pin-duſt, thou ſalt Whore, thou Varlet,
Scratch out thine Eyes; I'll ſpoil your tempting Viſage;
Are ye ſo patient? I'll put my Nails in deeper,
Is it good Whoring? Whoring, ye baſe Raſcal?
Is it good tempting Men with ſtrings to ride ye?

So,

So, I'll fetch your Kindred, and your Friends, Whore,
And ſuch a Juſtice I will act upon thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, is he gone?

Jaq. The Devil go with him, Miſtreſs,
H'as harrowed me, plough'd Land was ne'er ſo harrow'd;
I had the moſt ado to ſave mine Eyes.

Iſab. H'as paid thee,
But I'll heal all again with good Gold, *Jaquenet*;
H'as damned Nails.

Jaq. They are ten-penny Nails I think, Miſtreſs;
I'll undertake he ſhall ſtrike 'em through an inch Board.

Iſab. Go up, and waſh thy ſelf; take my *Pomatum*,
And now let me alone to end the Tragedy.

Jaq. You had beſt beware.

Iſab. I ſhall deal ſtoutly with him,
Reach me my Book, and ſee the Door made faſt Wench,
And ſo good Night; now to the matter Politick.

[Lopez *knocks within*

Lop. within.] You ſhall ſee what ſhe is, what a ſweet Jewel. (Hour,

Iſab. Who's there, what Mad-man knocks? is this an
And in mine Husband's Abſence?

Lop. within.] Will ye open?
You know my Voice, ye Whore, I am that Husband;
Do you mark her Subtilty? But I have paid her,
I have ſo ferk'd her Face; here's the Blood, Gentlemen,
Ecce ſignum; I have ſpoil'd her Goatiſh Beauty,
Obſerve her how ſhe looks now, how ſhe is painted,
Oh 'tis the moſt wicked'ſt Whore, and the moſt treacherous———

Enter Lopez, Bartello, *Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen.*

Gent. Here walks my Couſin full of Meditation,
Arm'd with religious Thoughts.

Bar. Is this the Monſter?

1 *Gentlew.* Is this the ſubject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty Woman you had pull'd a-pieces?

Bar. Here's no ſuch thing.

1 *Gentlew.* How have ye wrong'd this Beauty?
Are not you mad my Friend? What time o'th' Moon is't?
Have not you Maggots in your Brains?

Lop. 'Tis ſhe ſure. *Gent.*

Gent. Where's the ſcratch'd Face ye ſpoke of, the
And all the Hair pluck'd off her Head? (torn Garments,
Bar. Believe me,
'Twere better far you had loſt your pair of Pibbles,
Than ſhe the leaſt Adornment of that Sweetneſs.
Lop. Is not this Blood?
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monſtrous Folly,
A baſe abuſe.
Iſab. Thus he does ever uſe me,
And ſticks me up a Wonder, not a Woman,
Nothing I do, but's ſubject to Suſpicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.
Bar. *Lopez*, you muſt not uſe this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiſs, Sir,
To give ye ſauce to your Meat, and ſuddenly. (neſs,
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a Woman of her good-
Thou have a Wife, thou have a Bear ty'd to thee,
To ſcratch thy jealous Itch; were all o' my Mind,
I mean all Women, we would disburthen ye
Of that that breeds theſe Fits, theſe Dog-ſlaws in ye,
A Sow-gucider ſhould trim ye.
Bar. A rare cure, Lady,
And one as fit for him as a Thief for a Halter,
You ſee this Youth; will yot not cry him quittance,
Body 'me, I would pine, but I would pepper him,
I'll come anon, he, hang him, poor Pompillion;
How like a Wench bepiſt he looks, I'll come Lady;
Lopez, the Law muſt teach ye what a Wife is,
A good, a virtuous Wife.
Iſab. I'll ne'er live with him.
I crave your Loves all to make known my cauſe,
That ſo a fair Divorce may paſs between us,
I am weary of my Life; in danger hourly.
Bar. You ſee how rude you are, I will not miſs ye,
Unſufferable rude: I'll pay him ſoundly,
You ſhould be whipt in *Bedlam*; I'll reward him.
2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good.
Lop. I think I am alive ſtill,
And in my Wits.
Bar. I'll put a trick upon him,

And

And get his Goods confiſcate; you ſhall have 'em;
I will not fail at Nine.
Lop. I think I am here too,
And once I would have ſworn I had taken her napping,
I think my Name is *Lopez.*
Gent. Fie for ſhame, Sir,
You ſee you have abus'd her, fouly wrong'd her,
Hung ſcandalous and ccurſe Opinions on her,
Which now you find but Children of Suſpicion;
Ask her Forgiveneſs, ſhew a Penitence,
She is my Kinſwoman, and what ſhe ſuffers
Under ſo baſe and beaſtly Jealouſies,
I will redreſs, elſe I'll ſeek Satisfaction.
Bar. Why, every Boy i'th' Town will piſs upon thee.
Lop. I am ſorry for't.
1 *Gentlew.* Down o' your Marrow-bones. (Wife.
Lop. Even ſorry from my Heart; forgive me ſweet
Here I confeſs moſt freely I have wrong'd ye,
As freely here I beg a Pardon of ye,
From this hour no Debate, no croſs Suſpicion——
Iſab. To ſhew ye, Sir, I underſtand a Wife's part,
Thus I aſſure my Love, and ſeal your Pardon. (firm it.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done, now to Bed, and there con-
Gent. And ſo good Night.
Bar. Aware Relapſes, *Lopez.* [*Exeunt.*
Lop. Now, *Iſabella*, tell me truth, and ſuddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor diſſemble,
For as I have a Life ye die then; I am not mad,
Nor does the Devil work upon my weakneſs,
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.
Iſab. Will then that ſatisfie ye?
Lop. If ye deal ingeniouſly.
Iſab. I'll tell ye all, and tell ye true and freely.
Bartello was the end of all this Jealouſie,
His often Viſitations brought by you, firſt
Bred all theſe fits, and theſe Suſpicions;
I knew your falſe Key, and accordingly
I fram'd my Plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a Penance for the wrong his Wife bears,
His worthy virtuous Wife; I felt it ſenſibly

When

When ye took off the String, and was much pleas'd in't,
Becauſe I wiſh'd his importunate Dotage paid well,
And had you ſtaid two Minutes more, ye had had him.
Lop. This ſounds like Truth.
Iſab. Becauſe this ſhall be certain,
Next time he comes, as long he cannot tarry,
Your ſelf ſhall ſee, and hear, his lewd Temptations.
Lop. Till then I am ſatisfied, and if this prove true,
Hence-forward Miſtreſs of your ſelf I give ye,
And I to ſerve ye; For my luſty Captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the Devil
Claws at his Breech, and yet I will not hurt him;
Come now to Bed, and prove but conſtant this way,
I'll prove the Man you ever wiſhed.
Iſab. You have bleſt me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. WHAT Labour and what Travel have I run through,
And through what Cities to abſolve this Riddle?
Diviners, Dreamers, School-men, deep Magicians,
All have I try'd, and all give ſeveral Meaning,
And from all hope of any future Happineſs:
To this Place am I come at length, the Country,
The People ſimple, plain, and harmleſs witty,
Whoſe honeſt labours Heav'n rewards with Plenty
Of Corn, Wine, Oil, which they again as thankful,
To their new Crops, new Paſtimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful Harveſts with new Voices;
By a rich Farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his Servants,
Not gueſſing what I am, but what he would have me,
Here may be ſo much Wit (tho' much I fear it)
To undo this knotty Queſtion; and would to Heav'n

Enter

Enter Soto *with a Proclamation.*

My Fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as Innocent,
And never known a pitch above their Plainneſs.

Soto. That it is, that it is, what's this Word now? this
Is a plaguy word, that it is *r. e. a.* that it is, reaſon,
By your leave, Mr. *Soto*, by your leave, you are too quick,
There's a ſtrange parlous *T.* before the reaſon, (Sir,
A very tall *T.* which makes the word *High Treaſon.*

Sil. What Treaſon's that? does this Fellow underſtand himſelf? (Geer;

Soto. Pitch will infect, I'll meddle no more with this
What a Devil ails this Fellow? This fooliſh Fellow?
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the Maſters of the Sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
Do you know me, Friend?

Sil. You are my Maſter's Son, Sir.

Soto. And do you know what Sports are now in Seaſon?

Sil. I hear there are ſome a-foot.

Soto. Where are your Bells then?
Your Rings, your Ribbons, Friend? and your clean Napkins?
Your Noſegay in your Hat, pinn'd up, am not I here?
My Father's eldeſt Son, and at this time, Sir,
I would have ye know it, though ye be ten times his Servant (Sir,
A better Man than my Father far, Lord of this Harveſt,
And ſhall a Man of my place want Attendance?

Sil. 'Twas want of Knowledge, Sir, not Duty, bred this,
I would have made Suit elſe for your Lordſhip's Service.

Soto. In ſome ſort I am ſatisfied now, mend your manners,
But thou art a melancholy Fellow, vengeance Melancholy,
And that may breed an Inſurrection amongſt us;
Go too, I'll lay the beſt part of two Pots now
Thou art in Love, and I can gueſs with whom too,
I ſaw the Wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee,
The other Day; the Wench that's new come hither,
The young ſmug Wench.

Sil.

Sil. You know more than I feel, Sir. (for thee,
Soto. Go too, I'll be thy Friend, I'll ſpeak a good word
And thou ſhalt have my Lordſhip's Countenance to her;
May be I have had a ſnap my ſelf, may be ay, may be no,
We Lords are allow'd a little more.
Sil. 'Tis fit, Sir,
I humbly thank ye, you are too too tender of me,
But what, Sir, I beſeech ye, was that Paper,
Your Lordſhip was ſo ſtudiouſly imployed in,
When ye came out a-doors?
Soto. Thou meaneſt this Paper.
Sil. That Sir, I think.
Soto. Why, 'tis a Proclamation, (Life,
A notable Piece of Villany, as ever thou heard'ſt in thy
By mine Honour it is.
Sil. How Sir? Or what concerns it? (man,
Soto. It comes ye from the Dutcheſs, a plaguy wiſe Wo-
To appehend the Body of one *Silvio*,
As arrant a Raſcal as ever piſt againſt a Poſt,
And this ſame *Silvio*, or this foreſaid Raſcal, (vice
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good Ser-
The Man that brings him, has two thouſand Duckets;
Is not this notable matter now?
Sil. 'Tis ſo indeed.
This Proclamation bears my bane about it;
Can no Reſt find me? no private Place ſecure me?
But ſtill my Miſeries like Blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young Man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from Death? the Country's laid round for
Oh *Claudio*, now I feel thy Blood upon me, (thee,
Now it ſpeaks loudly here, I am ſure againſt me,
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Juſtice now cries out, I muſt die for it.
Soto. Haſt thou read it?
Sil. Yes.
Soto. And doſt thou know that *Silvio*?
Sil. I never ſaw him, Sir.
Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better,
And if I light upon him, for a Trick he plaid me once,

A certain kind of Dog-trick, I'll ſo fiddle him,
Two thouſand Duckets, I'll ſo Pepper him,
And with that Mony I'll turn Gentleman,
Worth a brown Baker's dozen of ſuch *Silvios.*

Sil. There is no ſtaying here, this Rogue will know me,
And for the Mony ſake betray me too;
I muſt bethink me ſuddenly and ſafely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear Lady, have at thy Hony-comb,
Now, for the Honour of our Town, Boys, trace ſweetly,
[*Cry within of, Arm, Arm.*
Who a Vengeance ails this Whobub; pox refuſe 'em,
Cannot they let us dance in our own Defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honeſt Friends, arm ſuddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient Reſolutions follow me; (bours
Look how the Beacons ſhow like Comets, your poor Neigh-
Run maddingly affrighted through the Villages;
Syenna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his Sword makes thouſand Mothers childleſs.

Soto. What's this to our Morris-dancers?

Sil. This may ſerve my turn. (May-game.

Soto. There's ne'er a Duke in *Chriſtendom* but loves a

Capt. At a Horſe you were always ceaz'd, put your Son on him,
And arm him well i'th' States Name, I command ye;
And they that dare go voluntary ſhall receive reward.

Soto. I dare go no way, Sir, this is ſtrange, Maſter
You cannot be content to ſpoil our ſport here, (Captain,
Which I do not think your Worſhip's able to anſwer,
But you muſt ſet us together by the Ears with I know
We are for the bodily part o'th' Dance. (not who too?

Capt. Arm him ſuddenly,
This is no time to Fool, I ſhall return ye elſe,
A Rebel to the General, State, and Dutcheſs,
And how you'll anſwer then———

Far. I have no more Sons, Sir,
This is my only Boy; I beſeech ye Maſter Captain.

Soto. I am a rank Coward too, to ſay the truth, Sir,
I never had good luck at Buffets neither.

Far.

Far. Here's vorty Shillings, ſpare the Child.
Capt. I cannot.
Soto. Are ye a Man? Will ye caſt away a *May*-Lord? Shall all the Wenches in the Country curſe ye?
Sil. An't pleaſe you Captain, I'll ſupply his Perſon,
'Tis Pity their old Cuſtom ſhould be frighted,
Let me have Horſe, and good Arms, I'll ſerve willingly,
And if I ſhrink a foot of Ground, Hell take me.
Capt. A promiſing Aſpect, Face full of Courage,
I'll take this Man, and thank ye too.
Far. There's for thee,
'Tis in a Clout, but good old Gold.
Sil. I thank ye, Sir.
Far. Go ſaddle my Fore-horſe, put his Feather on too,
He'll praunce it bravely, Friend, he fears no Colours,
And take the Armor down, and ſee him dizin'd.
Soto. Farewel, and if thou carry'ſt thy ſelf well in this matter,
I ſay no more, but this, there muſt be more *May*-Lords,
And I know who are fit.
Sil. Dance you, I'll fight, Sir.
Capt. Away, away.
Sil. Farewel, I am for the Captain. [*Exit.*
Far. Now to this matter again my honeſt Fellows,
For if this go not forward, I foreſee Friends,
This War will fright our Neighbours out o'th' Villages;
Cheer up your Hearts, we ſhall hear better News, Boys.
Hob. Surely I will dance no more, 'tis moſt ridiculous,
I find my Wife's Inſtructions now mere Verities,
My learned Wife's, ſhe often hath pronounc'd to me
My ſafety; *Bomby*, defie theſe Sports, thou art damn'd
This Beaſt of *Babylon* I will never back again, (elſe,
His Pace is ſure prophane, and his lewd Wi-hees,
The Sons of *Hymyn* and *Gymyn*, in the Wilderneſs.
Far. Fie Neighbour *Bomby*, in your fits again,
Your Zeal ſweats, this is not careful, Neighbour,
The Hobby-horſe, is a ſeemly Hobby-horſe.
Soto. And as pretty a Beaſt on's Inches, tho' I ſay it.
Hob. The Beaſt is an unſeemly, and a lewd Beaſt.

And

And got at *Rome* by the Pope's Coach-Horſes,
His Mother was the Mare of Ignorance.
Soto. Cobler thou ly'ſt, and thou wert a thouſand Coblers,
His Mother was an honeſt Mare, and a Mare of good Credit,
I know the Mare, and if need be, can bring Witneſs,
And in the way of honeſty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any Coach-Horſe the Pope had; thou art fooliſh,
And thy blind Zeal makes thee abuſe the Beaſt.
Hob. I do defie thee, and thy Foot-cloth too,
And tell thee to thy Face, this prophane riding,
I feel it in my Conſcience, and I dare ſpeak it,
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a ſcourge upon us,
This Hobby-horſe Sincerity we liv'd in,
War, and the Sword of Slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the Beaſt off, thus, the Beaſt polluted,
And now no more ſhall hop on high *Bomby*,
Follow the painted Pipes of high Pleaſures,
And with the wicked, dance the Devil's Meaſures;
Away thou pamper'd Jade of Vanity,
Stand at the Livery of lewd Delights now,
And eat the Provinder of prick-ear'd Folly,
My Dance ſhall be to the Pipe of Perſecution.
Far. Will you dance no more, Neighbour?
Hob. Surely no,
Carry the Beaſt to his Crib: I have renounc'd him
And all his Works.
Soto. Shall the Hobby-horſe be forgot then?
The hopeful Hobby-horſe, ſhall he lye founder'd?
If thou do'ſt this, thou art but a caſt-away Cobler:
My Anger's up, think wiſely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* Beaſt of Pleaſure,
If thou doſt this (mark me, thou ſerious Sowter)
Thou Bench-whiſtler of the old tribe of Toe pieces,
If thou doſt this, there ſhall be no more Shoe-mending,
Every Man ſhall have a ſpecial care of his own Soul:
And in his Pocket carry his two Confeſſors,
His Yugel, and his Nawl; if thou doſt this ——
Far. He will dance again for certain.

Hob. I cry out on't,
'Twas the fore-running Sin brought in thoſe Tilt-ſtaves,
They brandiſh 'gainſt the Church, the Devil calls *May*-Poles.
Soto. Take up your Horſe again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handſomely, good Neighbour *Bomby*.
Hob. I ſpit at him.
Soto. Spit in the Horſe face, Cobler?
Thou out of tune, *Pſalm*-ſinging Slave; ſpit in his Viſnomy?
Hob. I ſpit again, and thus I riſe againſt him:
Againſt this Beaſt, that ſignify'd Deſtruction,
Fore-ſhew'd i'th' falls of Monarchies.
Soto. I' th' Face of him?
Spit ſuch another Spit, by this Hand Cobler
I'll make ye ſet a new piece o' your Noſe there,
Take't up I ſay, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art ſtill, but for this new Nicety,
And your Wife's learned Lectures; take up the Hobby-Horſe,
Come, 'tis a thing thou haſt lov'd with all thy Heart,
Bomby, (thers:
And would'ſt do ſtill but for the round-breech'd Bro-
You were not thus in the Morning; tak't up I ſay,
Do not delay but do it: You know I am Officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all theſe good Fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous Porridge;
Chuſe whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your Neck i'th' Stocks, and there I'll make ye
Dance a whole Day, and dance with theſe at Night too.
You mend old Shoes well, mend your old Manners better,
And ſuddenly ſee you leave off this ſincereneſs,
This new hot Batch, borrowed from ſome brown Baker,
Some learned Brother, or I'll ſo bait ye for't,
Take it quickly up.
Hob. I take my Perſecution,
And thus I am forc'd a by-word to my Brethren.
Soto. Strike up, ſtrike up, ſtrike merrily.

Far.

Far. To it roundly,
Now to the harveſt Feaſt, then ſport again Boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Silvio, *arm'd.*

Sil. What ſhall I do? Live thus unknown, and baſe ſtill?
Or thruſt thy ſelf into the head o'th' Battel?
And there like that I am, a Gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of Danger,
(So in her angry Eyes ſhe carried Honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

Song within.

SIlvio *go on, and raiſe thy noble Mind*
To noble Ends; fling courſe baſe Thoughts behind:
Silvio, *thou Son of everlaſting Fame,*
Now aim at Virtue, and a noble Name.
Silvio *conſider, Honour is not won,*
Nor Virtue reach'd, till ſome brave thing be done:
Thy Country calls thee now; ſhe burns, and bleeds,
Now raiſe thy ſelf, young Man, to noble Deeds.
Into the Battel Silvio, *there ſeek forth*
Danger, and Blood, by them ſtands ſacred Worth.

What Heav'nly Voice is this that follows me?
This is the ſecond time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the Battel;
It names me often, ſteels my Heart with Courage,
Enter Belvidere *deformed.*
And in a thouſand ſweet Notes comforts me;
What Beldam's this? How old ſhe is, and ugly,
Why does ſhe follow me?
Bel. Be not diſmaid, Son,
I wait upon thee for thy Good, and Honour,
'Twas I that now ſung to thee, ſtirr'd thy Mind up,
And rais'd thy Spirits to the pitch of Nobleneſs.
Sil. Though ſhe be old, and of a crooked Carcaſs,

Her Voice is like the harmony of Angels.
Bel. Thou art my Darling, all my Love dwells on thee
The Son of Virtue, therefore I attend thee;
Enquire not what I am, I come to serve thee,
For if thou beest inquisitive, thou hast lost me:
A thousand long Miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a Cave, where but mine own, no Foot treads,
There by mine Art, I found what danger, *Silvio*,
And deep distress of Heart, thou wert grown into;
A thousand Leagues I have cut through empty Air,
Far swifter than the sailing Rack that gallops
Upon the Wings of angry Winds, to seek thee.
Sometimes o'er a swelling Tide, on a Dolphin's back I ride,
Sometimes pass the Earth below, and through the unmov'd Center go;
Sometimes in a flame of Fire, like a Meteor I aspire,
Sometimes in mine own Shape, thus, when I help the virtuous,
Men of honourable Minds, command my Art in all his kinds;
Pursue the noble thought of War, from thy Guard I'll not be far,
Get thee worship on thy Foe, lasting Fame is gotten so.
Single *Syenna*'s Duke alone, hear thy Friends, thy Country groan,
And with thy manly Arm strike sure, then thou hast wrought thine own free Cure.
Sil. Some *Sybel* sure, some Soul Heav'n loves, and favours.
And lends her their free Powers, to work their Wonders?
How she incites my Courage?
Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many days ago,
Foresaw thy Love to *Belvidere*, the Dutchess Daughter, and her Heir;
Knew she lov'd thee, and know what past, when you were found i' th' Castle fast
In one anothers Arms; foresaw the taking of ye, and the Law,
And so thy innocence I lov'd, the deepest of my skill I prov'd;

Be

Be rul'd by me, for to this hour, I have dwelt about thee with my Power.

Sil. I will, and in the courſe of all obſerve thee,
For thou art ſure an Angel ſent to me.

Bel. Get thee gone then to the Fight, longer ſtay but robs thy right;
When thou grow'ſt weary I'll be near, then think on beauteous *Belvidere*,
For every precious Thought of her, I'll lend thine Honour a new Spur;
When all is done, meet here at Night; go and be happy in the Fight. [*Exit.*

Sil. I certainly believe I ſhall do nobly,
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Claudio, *and* Penurio.

Cla. Is ſhe ſo loving ſtill?

Pen. She is mad with Love,
As mad as ever unworm'd Dog was, Signior,
And does ſo weep, and curſe, for your Prevention,
Your croſſes in your Love; it frets me too,
I am fall'n away to nothing, to a Spindle,
Grown a meer Man of Mat, no Soul within me,
Pox o' my Maſter, Sir, will that content ye?

Cla. This Rogue but cozens me, and ſhe neglects me,
Upon my Life there are ſome other Gameſters,
Nearer the Wind than I, and that prevents me.
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
Prethee be true, be honeſt, do not mock me,
Thou knoweſt her Heart, no former Intereſt
She has vow'd a favour to? And cannot handſomely
Go off, but by regaining ſuch a Friendſhip?
There are a thouſand handſome Men, young, wealthy,
That will not ſtick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain ſo ſweet a Prize; nor can I blame her,
If where ſhe finds a comfort, ſhe deal cunningly,

I am a Stranger yet.

Pen. Ye are all ſhe looks for,
And if there be any other, ſhe neglects all,
And all for you: I would you ſaw how grievouſly
And with what hourly Lamentations.

Cla. I know thou flatter'ſt me; tell me but truth,
Look here, look well, the beſt Meat in the Dukedom,
The rareſt, and the choiceſt of all Diets,
Will I give thee, but to ſatisfie me;
That is, not to diſſemble; this rare Lobſter,
This Pheaſant of the Sea, this diſh for Princes,
And all this thou ſhalt enjoy, eat all thy ſelf,
Have good *Greek* Wine, or any thing belongs to it,
A Wench, if it deſire one.

Pen. All this, Signior?

Cla. All, and a greater far than this.

Pen. A greater?

Cla. If thou deſerve by telling truth.

Pen. A Wench too?

Cla. Or any thing; but if you play the Knave now,
The cozening Knave, beſides the loſs of this,
In which thou haſt parted with a Paradiſe,
I ne'er will give thee Meat more, not a Morſel,
No ſmell of Meat by my means ſhall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nouriſhing,
But to thy old part *Tantalus* again,
Thou ſhalt return, and there ſnap at a Shadow.

Pen. Upon this Point, had I intended Treaſon,
Or any thing might call my Life in Queſtion,
Follow'd with all the Tortures time could think on,
Give me but time to eat this lovely Lobſter,
This Alderman o'th' Sea, and give me Wine to him,
I would reveal all, and if that all were too little,
More than I knew; *Bartello* holds in with her,
The Captain of the Cittadel, but you need not fear him,
His Tongue's the ſtiffeſt Weapon that he carries.
He is old, and out of uſe; there are ſome other,
Men, young enough, handſome, and bold enough,

Could

Could they come but to make their Game once, but they want, Sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they are laid by then.

Enter Bartello.

You only are the Man ſhall knock the Nail in——
Bar. How now, *Penurio?*
Pen. Your Worſhip's fairly met, Sir.
You ſhall hear further from me, ſteal aſide, Sir.
Cla. Remember your Maſter for thoſe Chains.
Pen. They are ready, Sir.
Bar. What young thing's this? By his Habit he's a Merchant;
I fear he trades my way too, you dried Dog-fiſh
What bait was that?
Pen. Who, Sir, the thing went hence now?
A notable young Whelp.
Bar. To what end, Sirrah?
Pen. Came to buy Chains and Rings, is to be married,
An Aſs, a Coxcombe, h'as nothing in's Houſe, Sir;
I warrant you think he came to ſee my Miſtreſs?
Bar. I doubt it ſhrewdly.
Pen. Away, away, 'tis fooliſh;
He has not the Face to look upon a Gentlewoman,
A poor skim'd thing, his Mother's Maids are fain, Sir,
To teach him how to Kiſs, and againſt he is married,
To ſhew him on which ſide the Stirrop ſtands.
Bar. That's a fine Youth.
Pen. Thou wouldſt hang thy ſelf, that thou hadſt half his Power,
Thou empty Potgun.
Bar. Am I come fit, *Penurio?*
Pen. As fit as a Fiddle,
My Maſter's now abroad about his buſineſs.
Bar. When thou cam'ſt to me home to Day, I half ſuſpected
My Wife was Jealous, that ſhe whiſpered to thee.
Pen. You deſerve well the whilſt, there's no ſuch matter,
She talk'd about ſome Toys my Maſter muſt bring to her,

You muſt not know of.

Bar. I'll take no Note, *Penurio.*

Pen. No, nor you ſhall not, till you have it ſoundly.
This is the braveſt *Capitano Pompo.*

Enter Iſabella.

But I ſhall pump ye anon, Sir.

Iſab. Oh my *Bartello.*

Bar. Ye pretty Rogue, you little Rogue, you ſweet Rogue,
Away *Penurio,* go and walk i'th' Horſe-Fair.

Iſab. You do not love me?

Bar. Thou lieſt, thou little Raſcal;
There Sirrah, to your Centry.

Pen. How the Colt itches?
I'll help ye to a Curry-comb ſhall claw ye. [*Exit.*

Iſab. And how much doſt thou love me?

Bar. Let's go in quickly,
I'll tell thee preſently, I'll meaſure it to thee.

Iſab. No buſſes firſt? Sit o' my Knee, my brave Boy,
My valiant Boy; do not look ſo fiercely on me,
Thou wilt fright me with thy Face; come buſs again Chick,
Smile in my Face you mad thing.

Bar. I am mad indeed Wench,
Precious, I am all o' Fire.

Iſab. I'll warm thee better.

Bar. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my Bellows;
Ha, ye ſweet Rogue, you loving Rogue, a Boy now,
A Soldier I will get ſhall prove a Fellow.

Enter Jaquenet *and* Penurio.

Jaq. Miſtreſs, look to your ſelf, my Maſter's coming.

Bar. The Devil come, and go with him.

Pen. The Devil's come indeed, he brings your Wife, Sir.

Iſab. We are undone, undone then.

Bar. My Wife with him?
Why this is a diſmal Day.

Pen. They are hard by too, Sir.

Bar. I muſt not, dare not ſee her.

Iſab. Nor my Husband,

For

For twenty thousand Pound.
Bar. That I were a Cat now,
Or any thing could run into a Bench-hole,
Saint *Anthonies* Fire upon the Rogue has brought her;
Where shall I be? just i'th' nick o'th' matter?
When I had her at my Mercy? think, for Heav'n sake,
My Wife, all the wild Furies Hell has.
Pen. Up the Chimney.
Bar. They'll smoke me out there presently.
Isab. There, there, it must be there,
We are all undone else; it must be up the Chimney.
Bar. Give me a Ladder.
Isab. You must use your Art, Sir.
Alas, we have no Ladders.
Bar. Pox o'thy Husband,
Does he never mend his House?
Pen. No, nor himself neither;
Up nimbly, Sir, up nimbly.
Bar. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou mercileſs lean Rogue.
Pen. Will ye be kill'd?
For if he take ye———
Bar. Lend me thy Shoulder.
Pen. Soft, Sir,
You'll tread my Shoulder-bones into my sides else,
Have ye fast hold o'th' Bars?
Bar. A Vengeance bar 'em.
Isab. Patience good Captain, Patience; quickly, quickly.
Bar. Do you think I am made of Smoke?
Pen. Now he talks of Smoke,
What if my Master should call for Fire?
Bar. Will ye Martyr me?
Isab. He must needs have it.
Bar. Will ye make me Bacon?
Isab. We'll do the best we can; are all things ready?
Pen. All, all, I have 'em all.
Bar. Go let 'em in then,

Not

Not a Word now on your Life.

Pen. I hang like a Meteor.

Enter Lopez *and* Rodope.

Lop. You are Welcome, Lady.

Rod. You are too too courteous,
But I ſhall make amends, fair *Iſabella*.

Iſab. Welcome my worthy Friend, moſt kindly Welcome.

Rod. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his Foolery.

Lop. Some Sweet-meats Wife; ſome Sweet-meats preſently.

Bar. Oh my ſowre Sauce.

Lop. Away, quick *Iſabella*. [*Exit* Iſab.
Did you hear him?

Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, Sir.

Lop. Speak loud enough; dare ye at length but pity me?

Rod. 'Faith, Sir, you have us'd ſo many Reaſons to me,
And thoſe ſo powerfully———

Lop. Keep this Kiſs for me.

Bar. And do I ſtand and hear this?

Rod. This for me, Sir,
This is ſome Comfort now: Alas my Husband——
But why do I think of ſo poor a Fellow,
So wretched, ſo debauch'd?

Bar. That's I, I am bound to hear it.

Rod. I dare not lie with him, he is ſo rank a Whore-maſter.

Lop. And that's a dangerous Point.

Rod. Upon my Conſcience, Sir,
He would ſtick a thouſand baſe Diſeaſes on me.

Bar. And now muſt I ſay nothing.

Lop. I am ſound, Lady.

Rod. That's it that makes me love ye.

Lop. Let's kiſs again then.

Rod. Do, do.

Bar. Do, the Devil
And the grand Pox do with ye.

Lop. Do ye hear him? well——

Enter

Enter Penurio *and* Iſabella.

Now, what's the News with you?

Pen. The ſound of War, Sir,
Comes ſtill along; the Duke will charge the City,
We have loſt, they ſay.

Lop. What ſhall become of me then,
And my poor Wealth?

Bar. Even hang'd, I hope.

Rod. Remove your Jewels preſently,
And what you have of Wealth into the Cittadel,
There all's ſecure.

Lop. I humbly thank ye Lady;
Penurio, get me ſome can climb the Chimney,
For there my Jewels are, my beſt, my richeſt,
I hid 'em, fearing ſuch a Blow.

Pen. Moſt happily;
I have two Boys that uſe to ſweep foul Chimneys,
Truly I brought 'em, Sir, to mock your Worſhip,
For the great Fires ye keep, and the full Diet.

Lop. I forgive thee Knave, where are they?

Pen. Here, Sir, here;
Monſieur *Black*, will your ſmall Worſhip mount?

Enter two Boys.

1 *Boy.* Madam è be com to creep up into your
Chimney, and make you [*Boy Sings.*
Cleane, as any Lady in de World: Ma litla, litla frera,
and è,
Chanta, frere, chanta.

Pen. Come Monſieur, mountè, mountè, mount Monſieur
Muſtard-pot. [*Boy Sings.*

1 *Boy.* Monſieur è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou
Monſieur.

Pen. Mountè Monſieur, mountè dere be ſome fine
tings.

1 *Boy.* He will creep like de Ferret Monſieur.

Pen. Dere in the Chimney. [*The Boy above ſinging.*

1 *Boy.* He be de ſheilde due ſhauſon, Madam.

[*Boy goes in behind the Arras.*

Pen.

Pen. There's a Birds-neſt, I wou'd have ye climb it, Monſieur,
Up my fine ſinging, Monſieur; that's a fine Monſieur.
Lop. Watch him, he do not ſteal.
Pen. I warrant ye, Sir.
Lop. Theſe Boys are Knaviſh.
[*Boy within, Madam, here be de Rat, de Rat, Madam.*
Pen. I'll look to him tightly.
Lop. Lord, what comes here,
A walking Apparition?
[*Boy Sings upon* Bartello's *Shoulder.*
Iſab. Saint *Chriſtopher.*
Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my Husband it looks?
Bar. Get ye down Devil,
I'll break your Neck elſe; was ever Man thus chimnied?
Lop. Go pay the Boys well; ſee them ſatisfied.
Pen. Come, Monſieur Devils, come my Black-Berries
I'll Butter ye o' both ſides. [*Boy Exit.*
Iſab. Nay, ev'n look, Sir, are you cooled now, Captain?
Bar. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too;
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd ſhamefully.
Lop. You are welcome, Sir.
I am glad I have any thing within theſe Doors, Sir,
To make ye merry; you love my Wife, I thank ye.
You have ſhew'd your Love.
Bar. Wife, am I this? This odd matter,
This monſtrous thing?
Rod. You ought, but yet you are not;
I have been bold with you, Sir, but yet not baſely,
As I have Faith I have not.
Lop. Sir, believe it,
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your Treſpaſs;
We knew your Hour, and all this faſhion'd for it.
Bar. Were you o'th' Plot too?
Iſab. Yes by my troth, ſweet Captain.
Bar. You will forgive me, Wife?
Rod. You will deſerve it?

Bar.

Bar. Put that to th' venture.
Rod. Thus am I Friends again then,
And as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss ye.
Bar. And I'll kiss you, and you too ask Forgiveness,
Kiss my Wife *Lopez*, 'tis but in jest remember;
And now all Friends together to my Castle,
Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these Stories,
And let him be Chimney-swept in's Lust that glories.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Silvio *and* Belvidere *severally.*

Sil. Hail reverend Dame, Heav'n wait upon thy Stu-
dies.
Bel. You are all well met Son; what, is the Battel (ended?
Sil. Mother, 'tis done.
Bel. How has thy Honour prosper'd?
Sil. The Dutchess has the Day, *Syenna*'s Prisoner;
Arm'd with thy powerful Art, this Arm dismounted him,
Receiv'd him then on Foot, and fair Valour
Forc'd him mine own, this Jewel I took from him,
It hung upon his Cask, the Victor's Triumph;
And to the Dutchess now a Prisoner
I have render'd him; Come off again unknown, Mo-
ther.
Bel. 'Tis well done, let me see the Jewel, Son;
'Tis a rich one, curious set, fit for a Princess Burgonet;
This rich Token late was sent by the Dutchess, with
intent,
The Marriage next Day to begin; dost thou know what's
hid within?
Wipe thine Eyes, and then come near, see the beauteous *Belvidere*;
Now behold it.
Sil. Oh my Saint.
Bel. Wear it nobly, do not faint.
Sil. How blest am I in this rich Spoil, this Picture,
For ever will I keep it here, here Mother.
For ever honour it; how oft, how chastly

Have

Have I embrac'd the Life of this, and kiſt it?
Bel. The Day draws on that thou muſt home return,
And make thy Anſwer to the Dutcheſs Queſtion,
I know it troubles thee, for if thou fail in't.
Sil. Oh, I muſt die.
Bel. Fear not, fear not, I'll be nigh,
Caſt thy trouble on my Back, Art nor Cunning ſhall not lack,
To preſerve thee, ſtill to keep, what thy envious foemen ſeek;
Go boldly home, and let thy Mind no diſtruſtful croſſes find;
All ſhall happen for the beſt; Souls walk through ſorrows that are bleſt.
Sil. Then I go confident.
Bel. But firſt my Son, a thankful Service muſt be done,
The good old Woman for her pain, when every thing ſtands fair again,
Muſt ask a poor Boon, that granting, there's nothing to thy Journey wanting.
Sil. Except the Trial of my Soul to Miſchief,
And as I am a Knight, and love mine Honour,
I grant it whatſoever.
Bel. Thy pure Soul
Shall never ſink for me, nor howl.
Sil. Then any thing.
Bel. When I ſhall ask, remember.
Sil. If I forget, Heav'ns Goodneſs forget me.
Bel. On thy Journey then awhile, to the next croſs way and Stile
I'll conduct thee, keep thee true, to thy Miſtreſs and thy Vow,
And let all their Envies fall, I'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dutchess, Syenna, *and Lords.*

Syen. LADY, the ſtubborn War's more mild than you are,
That allows Ranſom, and the Priſoner taken———
Dutch. We muſt not be too haſty: Remember Sir,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us,
Burnt up our frontier Towns, made prey before ye
Both of our Beaſts, and Corn; ſlain our dear Subjects,
Open'd the fountain Eyes of thouſand Widows,
That daily fling their Curſes on your Fury;
What ordinary Satisfaction can ſalve this?
What haſty thought on Ranſome give a remedy?
You muſt excuſe us yet, we'll take more Counſel;
In the mean time, not as a Priſoner,
But as a noble Prince we entertain ye.
Syen. I am at your Mercy, Lady, 'tis my Fortune,
My ſtubborn Fate; the Day is yours, you have me,
The valour of one ſingle Man has croſs'd me,
Croſt me and all my hope; for when the Battels
Were at the hotteſt game of all their Furies,
And Conqueſt ready then to crown me Victor,
One ſingle Man broke in, one Sword, one Virtue,
And by his great example thouſands followed,
Oh how I ſhame to think on't, how it ſhakes me!
Nor could our ſtrongeſt Head then ſtop his Fury,
But like a Tempeſt bore the Field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me, with me he buck'led,
A while I held him play; at length his Violence
Beat me from my Saddle, then on Foot purſu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me Priſoner;
When I was gone, a fear poſſeſt my People.
Dutch. One ſingle Arm, in a juſt cauſe, Heav'n proſpers.
Is not this ſtranger Knight as yet diſcover'd,
That we may give his Virtue a due Honour?

Lord.

Lord. Not yet that we hear, Madam, but to that purpoſe
Two Days ago we publiſh'd Proclamations.

Enter Soto *with a Trumpet, and* Silvio.

Soto. Oh dainty Dutcheſs, here I bring that Knight
Before thy fragrant Face, that warlike Wight,
He that *Syenna*'s Duke, and all his Louts
Beat, as the Proverb ſeemly ſays, to Clouts;
He that unhors'd the Man o' fame to boot,
And bootleſs taught his Grace to walk afoot;
He that your Writings, pack'd to every Pillar,
Promis'd Promotion to, and ſtore of Siller,
That very Man I ſet before thy Grace,
And once again pronounce, this Man it was.
Dutch. A pretty fooliſh Squire, what muſt the Knight be?
Syen. Some Jugler or ſome Mad-man.
Sil. I was not ſo,
When thy faint Troops in Flocks I beat before me,
When, through the thickeſt of thy warlike Horſe,
I ſhot my ſelf even to thy Standard, Duke,
And there found thee, there ſingled thee, there ſhew'd thee
The temper of my Sword. 'Tis true, thou ſtood'ſt me,
And like a noble Soldier bidſt me welcome;
And this I'll ſay, more Honour in that Arm
I found and tryed, than all thy Army carried;
What follows, thy Impriſonment can tell thee.
Syen. His fair Relation carries Truth and Virtue,
And by thoſe Arms I ſee, for ſuch were his,
(So old, ſo ruſty) this may be he that forc'd me.
Sil. Do you know this Jewel, from your Cask I rent it,
Even as I clos'd, and forced ye from your Saddle;
Do you now remember me?
Syen. This is the Valour,
Madam, for certain he, it muſt be he,
That Day I wore this Jewel, you remember it.
Dutch. Yes, very well; not long before I ſent it.

Syen.

Syen. That Day I loſt this Jewel, in fight I loſt it,
I felt his ſtrokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my Cask: Take it again, Sir,
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of Honour.
Soto. My Father and my ſelf are made for ever.
Dutch. Kneel down, brave Sir; thus my Knight firſt I raiſe ye,
Gird on a Sword; next, General of my Army,
Give him a Staff; laſt, one in Counſel near me.
Now, make us happy with your ſight. How! *Silvio*!
[*Diſcovers himſelf.*
Have I on thee beſtow'd this Love, this Honour?
The Treaſons thou haſt wrought ſet off with Favours?
Unarm him preſently: Oh thou foul Traitor,
Traitor to me, mine Honour, and my Country,
Thou kindler of theſe Wars.
Sil. Miſtake not, Madam.
Dutch. Away with him to Priſon,
See him ſafe kept; the Law ſhall ſhortly, Sirrah,
Find better Titles for ye, than I gave ye,
Soto. This is the Youth that kill'd me, I'll be quit with him,
What a blind Rogue was I, I could never know him?
And 't pleaſe your Grace, I claim the Benefit
Of the Proclamation that proclaim'd him Traitor,
I brought him in.
Dutch. Thou ſhalt have thy reward for't.
Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then.
Dutch. Away with him.
Sil. Madam, I crave your Promiſe firſt, you are tyed to it,
You have paſs'd your Princely Word.
Dutch. Prove it, and take it.
Sil. This is the Day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace for my Appearance,
To anſwer to the Queſtion.
Dutch. I remember it.
Sil. I claim it then.
Dutch. If you perform it not,

The Penalty you claim too.
Sil. I not repent it;
If I abſolve the Words?
Dutch. Your Life is free then,
You have drawn a ſpeedy Courſe above my Wiſhes,
To my Revenge, be ſure ye hit it right,
Or I'll be ſure you ſhall not ſcape the danger.
Sil. My reſt is up now, Madam.
Dutch. Then play it cunningly.
Sil. Now, where's the Hag? Where now are all her Promiſes,
She would be with me, ſtrengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont ſtill to be near, to feel my Miſeries,
And with her Art, I ſee her no where now;
What have I undertaken? Now ſhe fails me,
No comfort now I find, how my Soul ſtaggers?
Till this hour never fear nor doubt poſſeſt me:
She cannot come, ſhe will not come, ſhe has fool'd me;
Sure, ſhe is the Devil, has drawn me on to Ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger.
Sye. He ſtands diſtracted, and his Colour changes,
Dutch I have given him that will make his Blood forſake him;
Shortly his Life.
Sye. His Hands and Contemplation
Have motion ſtill, the reſt is Earth already.
Dutch. Come, will ye ſpeak or pray? Your time grows out, Sir;
How every where he looks? He's at laſt caſt.
Enter Belvidere, *and ſecretly gives him a Paper, and* Exit.
Sye. His Colour comes again freſh.
Dutch. 'Tis a flaſh, Sir,
Before the flame burns out; can ye yet anſwer?
Sil. Yes Madam, now I can.
Dutch. I fear you'll fail in't.
Sil. And do not think my Silence a Preſage,

Or

Or *Omen* to my end, you ſhall not find it;
I am bred a Soldier, not an Orator:
Madam, peruſe this Scrowl, let that ſpeak for me,
And as you are Royal, wrong not the Conſtruction.

Dutch. By Heav'n you ſhall have fair play.

Sil. I ſhall look for't.

Queſtion.

TELL me what is that only thing,
For which all Women long;
Yet having what they moſt deſire,
To have it do's them wrong.

Anſwer.

'TIS not to be chaſte, nor fair,
Such Gifts Malice may impair;
Richly trim'd to walk or ride,
Or to wanton uneſpy'd;
To preſerve an honeſt Name,
And ſo to give it up to Fame;
Theſe are Toys. In good or ill
They deſire to have their Will;
Yet when they have it, they abuſe it,
For they know not how to uſe it.

Dutch. You have anſwer'd right, and gain'd your Life, I give it.

Sil. Oh happy Hag! But my moſt gracious Madam, Your Promiſe ty'd a nobler Favour to me.

Dutch. 'Tis true, my Daughter too.

Sil. I hope you will keep it.

Dutch. 'Tis not in my power now, ſhe is long ſince wander'd,
Stol'n from Court, and me; and what I have not
I cannot give: No Man can tell me of her,
Nor no ſearch find her out; and if not *Silvio*,
Which ſtrongly I believe———

Sil. Mock me not Lady,
For as I am a Servant to her Virtue,
Since my firſt Hour of Exile, I ne'er ſaw her.
Lord. That ſhe is gone, 'tis too too true, and lamentable,
Our laſt hope was in you.
Sil. What do I hear then,
And wherefore have I Life beſtow'd and Honour?
To what end do I walk? For Men to wonder at.
And fight, and fool? pray ye take your Honours from me,
(My ſorrows are not fit Companions for 'em)
And when ye pleaſe, my Life. Art thou gone Miſtreſs,
And wander'ſt Heav'n knows where? this Vow I make thee,
That till I find thee out, and ſee thoſe fair Eyes,
Thoſe Eyes that ſhed their Lights, and Life into me,
Never to know a Friend, to ſeek a Kindred,
To reſt where Pleaſure dwells, and painted Glory.
But through the World, the wide World, thus to wander,
The wretched World alone, no Comfort with me,
But the meer Meditations of thy Goodneſs;
Honour and Greatneſs, thus Adieu.

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay *Silvio*,
And Lady ſit again, I come for Juſtice.
Sil. What would ſhe now?
Bel. To claim thy Promiſe, *Silvio*,
The Boon thou ſwor'ſt to give me.
Syen. What may this be,
A Woman or a Devil?
Dutch. 'Tis a Witch ſure,
And by her means he came to untwiſt this Riddle.
Sil. That I am bound to her for my Life, mine Honour,
And many other thouſand ways for Comfort,

I here confeſs; confeſs a Promiſe too,
That what ſhe would ask me to requite theſe Favours,
Within the endeavour of my Life to grant,
I would, and here I ſtand my words full Maſter.
Bel. I wiſh no more; great Lady, witneſs with me,
The Boon I crave for all my Service to thee,
Is now to be thy Wife, to grant me Marriage.
Sil. How? For to marry thee? Ask again Woman,
Thou wilful Woman, ask again.
Bel. No more, Sir.
Sil. Ask Land, and Life.
Bel. I ask thee for a Husband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into Gun-powder,
She would make rare Crackers.
Sil. Ask a better Fortune,
Thou art too old to marry: I a Soldier,
And always married to my Sword.
Bel. Thy word Fool,
Break that, and I'll break all thy Fortunes yet.
Dutch. He ſhall not,
I am witneſs to his Faith, and I'll compel it.
Sye. 'Tis fit ye hold your word, Sir.
Sil. Oh moſt wretched.
Dutch. This was a Fortune now beyond my Wiſhes,
For now my Daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Sye. But not from me.
Dutch. You are ſharer in this Happineſs,
My ſelf will wait upon this Marriage,
And do the old Woman all the honour poſſible.
Sye. I'll lead the Knight, and what there wants in Dalliance,
We'll take it out in Drink.
Sil. Oh wretched *Silvio.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez *and* Iſabella.

Lop. Haſt thou ſent for him?
Iſab. Yes.
Lop. A young Man, ſay'ſt thou?
Iſab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.
Lop. And handſome?
Iſab. As the Town affords.
Lop. And dar'ſt thou
Be ſo far good, and Miſtreſs of thine Honour,
To ſlight theſe?
Iſab. For my Husband's ſake to curſe 'em,
And ſince you have made me Miſtreſs of my Fortune,
Never to point at any Joy, but Husband;
I could have cozen'd ye, but ſo much I love ye,
And now ſo much I weigh the Eſtimation
Of an unſpotted Wife———
Lop. I dare believe thee,
And never more ſhall Doubt torment my Spirit.

Enter Penurio.

Iſab. How now *Penurio?*
Pen. The thing is coming, Miſtreſs.
Lop. I'll take my ſtanding.
Pen. Do, and I'll take mine. [*Exit* Lopez.
Iſab. Where didſt thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a Cellar,
Where he has paid me titely, paid me home Miſtreſs,
We had an hundred and fifty Healths to you, ſweet Miſtreſs,
And threeſcore and ten Damnations to my Maſter;
Miſtreſs, ſhall I ſpeak a fooliſh word to ye?
Iſab. What's that, *Penurio?*
The Fellow's Drunk.
Pen. I would fain know your Body.
Iſab. How's that? How's that prethee?

Pen.

Pen. I would know it carnally,
I would conglutinate.
Isab. The Reason, Sirrah?
Pen. Lobster, sweet Mistress, Lobster.
Isab. Thy Master hears.
Pen. Lobster, sweet Master, Lobster.
Isab. Thou art the most precious Rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Most precious Lobster.
Isab. Do you see who's here? Go sleep, ye drunken Rascal.
Pen. Remember you refuse me arm'd in Lobster. [*Exit.*
Isab. Oh my lost *Rugio*, welcome, welcome, welcome,
A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.
Cla. Pray ye stay, Lady,
Do you love me ever at this rate? Or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your Husband,
More fervent on ye?
Isab. Can I chuse but love thee?
Thou art my Martyr, thou hast suffered for me.
Cla. Do you do this seriously?
'Tis true, I would be entertained thus.
Isab. These are nothing,
No Kisses, no Embraces, no Endearments,
To those———
Cla. Do what you will.
Isab. Those that shall follow,
Those I will crown our Love withal; why sigh ye?
Why look ye sad, my dear one?
Cla. Nay, faith nothing,
But methinks so sweet a Beauty, as yours shews to me,
And such an Innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer Siege.
Isab. Ha, you speak Truth, Sir.
Cla. I would not have it so.

Iſab. And now methinks,
Now I conſider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My Reaſon blinded.
Cla. Nay, I did but jeſt with ye.
Iſab. I'll take ye at your word, and thank ye for't, Sir;
And now I ſee no Sweetneſs in that Perſon,
Nothing to ſtir me to abuſe a Husband,
To ruin my fair Fame.
Cla. Good *Iſabella.*
Iſab. No handſome Man, nor any thing to doat on,
No Face, no Tongue to catch me, poor at all Points,
And I an Aſs.
Cla. Why do ye wrong me, Lady?
If I were thus, and had no Youth upon me,
My Service of ſo mean a way to win ye,
(Which you your ſelf are conſcious muſt deſerve ye,
If you had thrice the Beauty you poſſeſs, muſt reach ye)
If in my Tongue your Fame lay wrack'd, and ruin'd
With every Cup I drink; if in Opinion
I were a loſt, defam'd Man; but this is common
Where we love moſt, where moſt we ſtake our Fortunes,
There leaſt and baſeſt we are rewarded; fare ye well,
Know now I hate you too as much, contemn ye,
And weigh my Credit at as high a value.
Iſab. May be I did but jeſt.
Cla. Ye are a Woman,
And now I ſee your Wants, and mine own Follies,
And task my ſelf with Indiſcretion,
For doating on a Face ſo poor.
Iſab. Say ye ſo, Sir?
(I muſt not loſe my end) I did but jeſt with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your Faith; my *Rugio,*
Do you think I could forget?
Cla. Nay, 'tis no matter.
Iſab. Is't poſſible I ſhould forſake a Conſtancy,
So ſtrong, ſo good, ſo ſweet?

Cla.

Cla. A ſubtle Woman.
Iſab. You ſhall forgive me, 'twas a Trick to try ye,
And were I ſure ye lov'd me ———
Cla. Do you doubt now?
Iſab. I do not doubt, but he that would profeſs this,
And bear that full Affection you make ſhew of,
Should do——
Cla. What ſhould I do?
Iſab. I cannot ſhew ye.
Cla. I'll try thee, damned'ſt Devil; hark ye, Lady.
No Man ſhall dare do more, no Service top me,
I'll marry ye.
Iſab. How, Sir?
Cla. Your Husband's ſentenc'd,
And he ſhall die.
Iſab. Die?
Cla. Die for ever to ye,
The Danger is mine own.
Iſab. Die, did ye tell me?
Cla. He ſhall die, I have caſt the way.
Iſab. Oh foul Man,
Malicious bloody Man.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. When ſhall he die, Sir,
By whom, and how?
Cla. Haſt thou betraid me, Woman?
Iſab. Baſe Man, thou would'ſt have ruin'd me, my Name too,
And like a Toad, poiſon'd my virtuous Memory;
Further than all this, doſt thou ſee this Friend here,
This only Friend, ſhame take thy Luſt and thee,
And ſhake thy Soul, his Life, the Life I love thus,
My Life in him, my only Life thou aim'ſt at.
Cla. Am I catcht thus?
Lop. The Law ſhall catch ye better.
Iſab. You make a Trade of betraying Womens Honours,

And think it noble in to be luſtful,
Report of me hereafter——
Cla. Fool'd thus finely?
Lop. I muſt intreat, ye walk, Sir, to the Juſtice,
Where if he'll bid ye kill me——
Cla. Pray ſtay awhile, Sir,
I muſt uſe a Players ſhift; do you know me now, Lady?
Lop. Your Brother *Claudio* ſure.
Iſab. Oh me, 'tis he, Sir,
Oh my beſt Brother.
Cla. My beſt Siſter now too,
I have tryed ye, found ye ſo, and now I love ye,
Love ye ſo truly, nobly.
Lop. Sir, I thank ye,
You have made me a moſt happy Man.
Cla. Thank her, Sir,
And from this Hour preſerve that Happineſs,
Be no more fool'd with Jealouſie.
Lop. I have loſt it,
And take me now new born again, new natur'd.
Iſab. I do, and to that Promiſe tye this Faith,
Never to have a falſe Thought tempt my Virtue.
Lop. Enough, enough, I muſt deſire your Preſence,
My Couſin *Rodope* has ſent in all haſte for us,
I am ſure you will be welcome.
Cla. I'll wait on ye.
Lop. What the Project is——
Iſab. We ſhall know when we are there, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dutcheſs, Syenna, *Lords, and* Silvio.

Dutch. Joy to you *Silvio*, and your young fair Bride,
You have ſtolen a Day upon us; you cannot wooe, Sir.
Sil. The joys of Hell hang over me, oh Miſchief,
To what a Fortune has the Devil driven me?
Am I reſerv'd for this?

Syen. Beſhrew me, Sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair Bedfellow,
Let you alone to chuſe.
Sil. I beſeech your Grace,
'Tis Miſery enough to have met the Devil,
Not Mens Reproaches too.
Syen. How old is ſhe?
Dutch. A very Girl, her Eye delivers it.
Syen. Her Teeth are ſcarce come yet.
Lord. What goodly Children
Will they two have now; ſhe is rarely made to breed on,
What a ſweet timber'd Body?
Dutch. Knotty i'th' Back,
But will hold out the ſtronger; what a Noſe?
Syen. Ay marry, ſuch a Noſe, ſo rarely mounted,
Upon my Conſcience, 'twas the part he doted on.
Dutch. And that fine little Eye to it, like an Elephant's.
Lord. Yes, if her Feet were round, and her Ears Sachels.
Syen. For any thing we know.
Sil. Have ye no Mercy?
No Pity in your Bloods, to uſe a Wretch thus?
You Princes in whoſe Hearts the beſt Compaſſions,
Neareſt to thoſe in Heav'n, ſhould find fit Places,
Why do you mock at Miſery? fling ſcorns and baſeneſs
Upon his broken Back, that ſinks with Sorrows?
Heav'n may reward you too, and an Hour come,
When all her great Deſigns ſhall ſhew ridiculous,
And your Hearts pinch'd like mine.
[*Muſick in divers Places.*
Dutch. Fie Sir, ſo angry
Upon your Wedding-day? go ſmug your ſelf,
The Maid will come anon; what Muſick's this?
Syen. I warrant you ſome noble Preparation.
Dutch. Let's take our Places then.
Sil. More of theſe Devils dumps?
Muſt I be ever haunted with theſe Witchcrafts?

Enter

Enter a Maſquerado of ſeveral Shapes, and Dances, after which, enter Belvidere *and diſperſes them; before the Maskers, Enter two Preſenters, among which are* Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Iſabella, Rodope, Soto, Penurio, *and* Jaquenet.

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry Spirits, room,
Hither on command we come,
From the good old Beldam ſent,
Cares and Sorrows to prevent.
2 *Pre.* Look up *Silvio*, ſmile, and ſing,
After Winter comes a Spring.
1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint Fool, what may follow,
Eyes that now are ſunk and hollow,
By her Art may quick return
To their Flames again, and burn.
2 *Pre.* Art commands all Youth and Blood,
Strength and Beauty it makes good
1 *Pre.* Fear not then, deſpair not, ſing
Round about as we do Spring;
Cares and Sorrows caſt away,
This is the old Wives Holy-day.

[*Dance here, then enter* Belvidere.

Dutch. Who is this?
Syen. The ſhape of *Belvidere.*
Bel. Now *Silvio,*
How doſt thou like me now?
Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.
Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer, mark me well too,
For if thou troubleſt me, I vaniſh inſtantly;
Now chuſe wiſely, or chuſe never,
One thou muſt enjoy for ever.
Doſt thou love me thus?
Sil. Moſt dearly.
Bel. Take heed Fool, it concerns thee nearly.
If thou wilt have me young and bright,
Pleaſing to thine Eye and Sight,

Courtly,

Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed leſt thy Fame do fall,
I ſhall then be full of ſcorn,
Wanton, proud, beware the Horn,
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All conſuming, nothing getting,
Thus thy fair Name comes to ſetting.
But if old, and free from theſe,
Thou ſhalt chuſe me, I ſhall pleaſe;
I ſhall then maintain thee ſtill,
With my Virtue and my Skill,
Still increaſe and build thy Name,
Chuſe now *Silvio*, here I am,

Sil. I know not what to ſay, which way to turn me,
Into thy ſoveraign Will I put my Anſwer.

Bel. I thank ye, Sir, and my Will thus rewards ye,
Take your old Love, your beſt, your deareſt, *Silvio*;
No more Spells now, nor further Shapes to alter me,
I am thy *Belvidere* indeed. Dear Mother,
There is no altering this; Heav'n's Hand is with it;
And now you ought to give me, he has fairly won me

Sil. But why that Hag?

Bel. In that Shape moſt ſecure ſtill,
I follow'd all your Fortunes, ſerv'd, and counſell'd ye.
I met ye at the Farmers firſt, a Country-wench,
Where fearing to be known, I took that Habit,
And to make ye laughing ſport at this mad Marriage,
By ſecret aid of my Friend *Rodope*
We got this Mask.

Sil. And I am ſure I have ye.

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Dutch. You ſee it muſt be,
The Wheel of Deſtiny hath turn'd it round ſo.

Syen. It muſt, it is, and curs'd be he that breaks it.

Dutch. I'll put a Choice to you, Sir; ye are my Priſoner.

Syen. I am ſo, and I muſt be ſo, till it pleaſe you——

Dutch.

Dutch. Chuſe one of theſe, either to pay a Ranſom,
At what a rate I ſhall ſet it, which ſhall be high enough,
And ſo return a Free-man, and a Batchelor,
Or give me leave to give you a fit Wife,
In honour every way your Grace's Equal,
And ſo your Ranſom's paid.

Syen. You ſay moſt nobly,
Silvio's Example's mine, pray chuſe you for me.

Dutch. I thank ye, Sir, I have got the maſtery too,
And here I give your Grace a Husband's freedom:
Give me your Hand, my Husband.

Syen. You much honour me,
And I ſhall ever ſerve you for this Favour.

Bar. Come, *Lopez*, let us give our Wives the Breeches too,
For they will have 'em.

Lop. Whilſt they rule with Virtue
I'll give 'em Skin and all.

Iſab. We'll ſcratch it off elſe.

Sil. I am glad ye live, more glad ye live to honour,
And from this Hour a ſtronger Love dwell with us;
Pray you take your Man again.

Cla. He knows my Houſe, Sir.

Dutch. 'Tis Sin to keep you longer from your Loves,
We'll lead the way; and you young Men that know not
How to preſerve a Wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their Soveraign Wills, and pleas'd they are.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fifth Volume.

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